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A WILD INTERVIEW

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WITH HEROIN

20 Q WITH
DAVID HASSELHOFF
OF BAYWATCH

NANCY
SINATRA

SHE DOES IT
HER WAY

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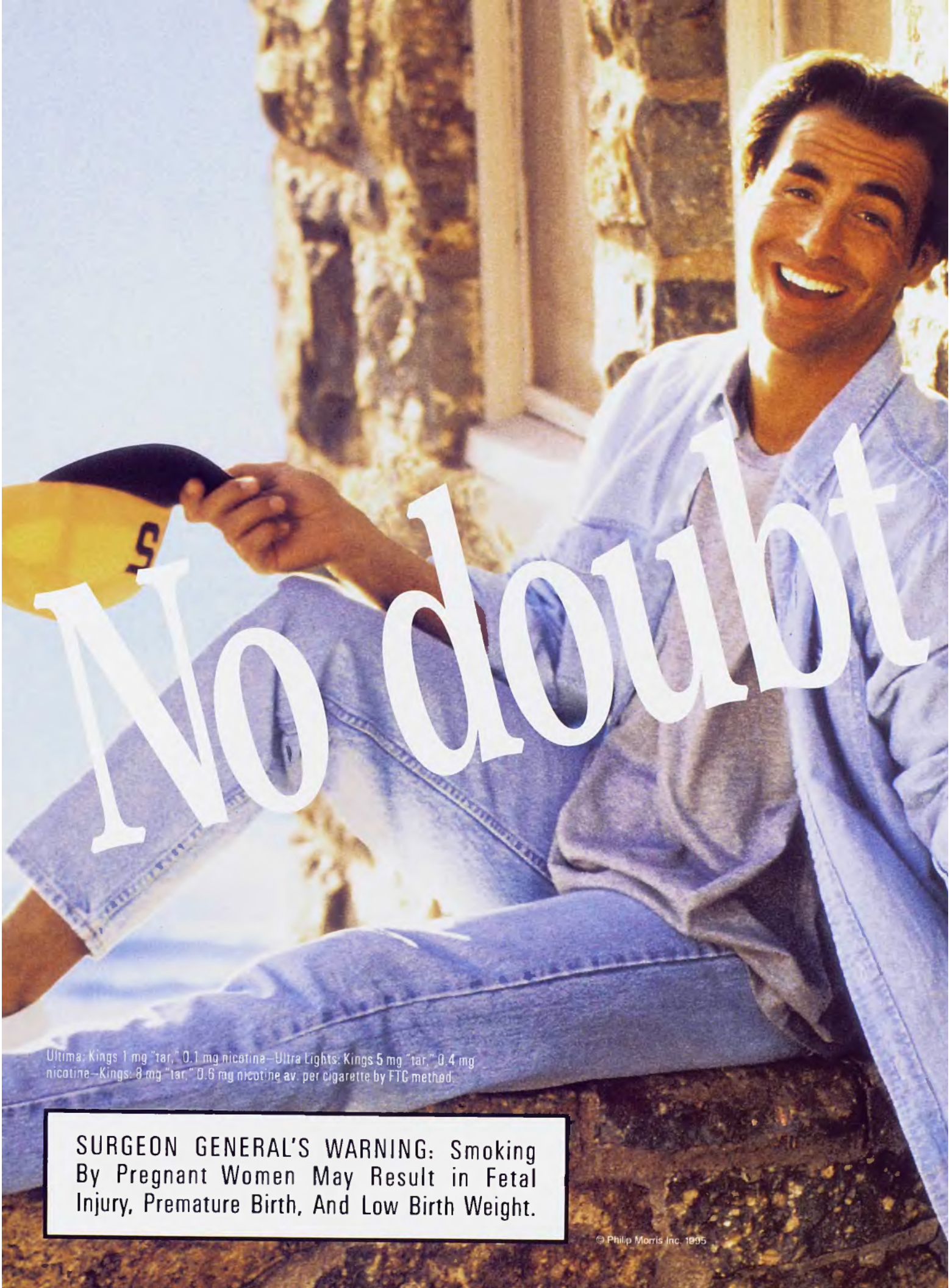

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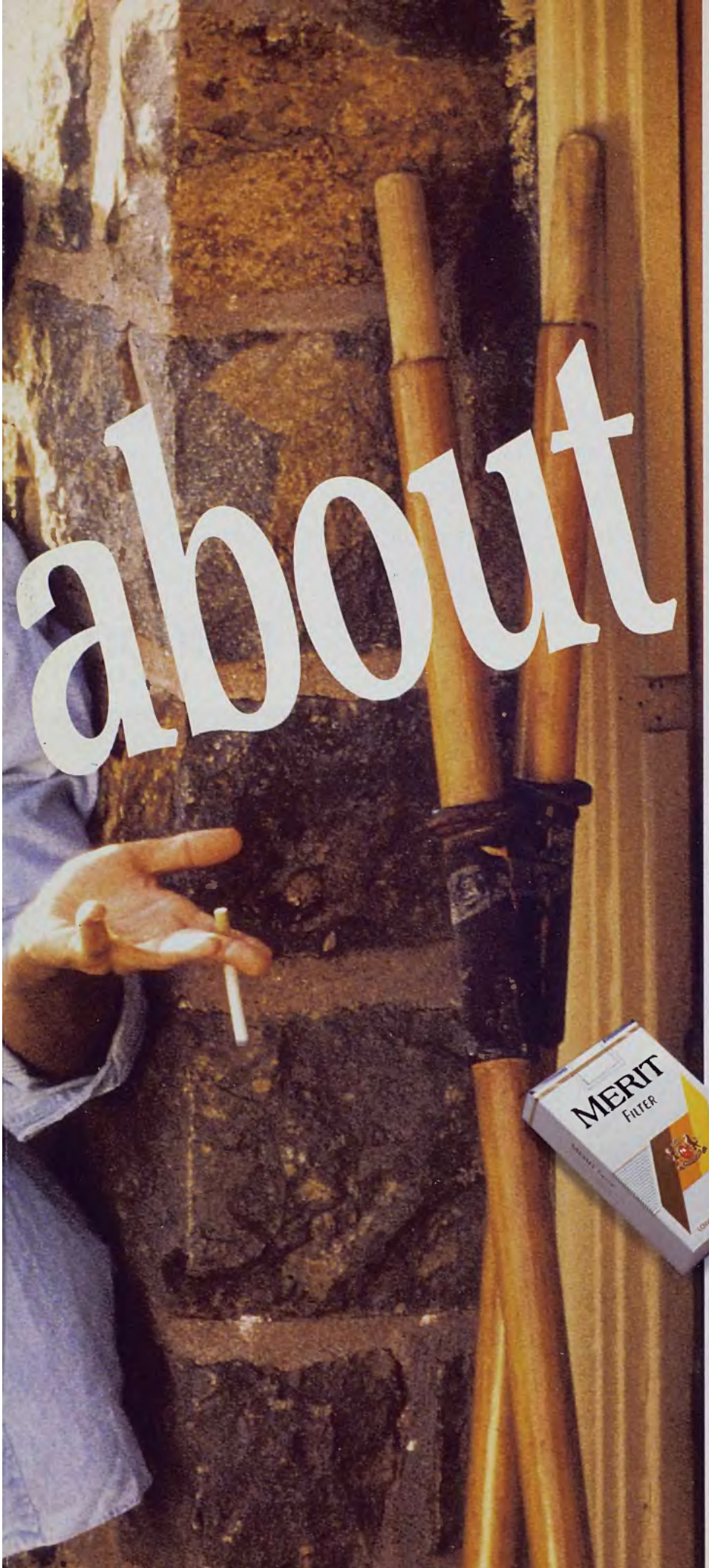

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HER FAMOUS FATHER brought her to our attention with a song in the Forties, and she seized the spotlight for herself in 1966 with *These Boots Are Made For Walkin'*. Now, decades later, **Nancy Sinatra** captures our interest again. America's favorite boot-scooter is making a comeback—with a new CD—and we have pictures that will leave you crooning. Helping the Chairman's daughter swing for the camera was cool-cat photographer **Stephen Wayda.** Another famous daughter feeling the summer wind on her skin is **Jeanie Buss,** whose dad, Dr. Jerry Buss, owns the Los Angeles Lakers. Heir Jeanie says she posed to promote herself and her hockey team, the L.A. Blades. Completing our hat trick of women who break the mold is **Camille Paglia.** Since her first best-seller, *Sexual Personae*, which celebrates male power and aggression, Paglia has tried to change the direction of the women's movement. But can it be done by such a rebel? In an interview conducted by Contributing Editor **David Sheff,** Paglia makes fun of Naomi Wolf's and Gloria Steinem's hair, talks about stalking Catherine Deneuve at Saks and relates how she nearly assaulted a flirtatious woman who wouldn't have sex with her.

Some comebacks are scary. In Los Angeles, the death of River Phoenix didn't slow the resurgence of heroin use among young wanna-bes. These days smack is potent enough to smoke, and a lot of Hollywood types are nodding in assent. Reporter **Mark Ehrman** examines the new junk aesthetic in *Heroin Chic* (illustrated by **Istvan Banyai**). Then **Dan Greenburg** takes a look at the end of the line with *The Warden Was a Killer*, the story of Michael Marcum. He has run the big house from the inside as a convict and from the outside as a warden. His success with prison reform is a strong argument against the three-strikes-and-you're-out theory.

Elmore Leonard also knows about the pokey: He's the king of crime novels. Among his fans is director Quentin Tarantino, whose *Pulp Fiction* contained Leonard-like characters. Tarantino has even optioned four of Leonard's novels. In a *Playboy Profile*, **Lawrence Grobel** weighs the writer's growing influence, and Leonard returns the favor by telling him what it's like to watch an autopsy. Fast-rising **Thom Jones** brings us *Quicksand*, an erotic romp in Tanzania featuring Ad Magic, a direct-mail man in love with a Danish doctor. **Scott Miller** did the illustration.

Things get even saltier in a *20 Questions* with **David Hasselhoff,** the beachy keen star and producer of TV's biggest hit, *Baywatch*. Contributing Editor **David Rensin** gets Hasselhoff talking in good humor about his upcoming *Baywatch Nights* and the perils of finding a 22-short in his swim trunks. Though Hasselhoff was out of work for a few years, his well-tanned story pales in comparison to **Tom Jones'.** Before you scorn Jones' bulging career, lighten up with **Steve Pond's** satirical analysis in *Doin' the Resurrection Shuffle* (artwork by **Mitch O'Connell**). Love him or hate him, but one thing is undeniable: Jones has balls. And as *1995 Playboy Music* makes clear, even with acts such as Pearl Jam and Toni Braxton, there's still plenty of room for Mr. Tight Pants.

This year, rather than weighing the uncertain future of each team, our diamond ringer **Kevin Cook** rips apart the strike in *Playboy's 1995 Baseball Preview*. So turn to yourself instead of the TV. Staffers **David Stevens, Beth Tomkiw, James R. Petersen** and **Linda Strom** did, and they gather the best advice for getting back in shape into a *Spring Tune-Up*. Of course, you can always hide in the monochromatic duds sported by actor **Christopher Lambert** in *Singular Sensations*, shot by photog **Andrew Eccles.** Finally, you can admire our earth-first Playmate, **Cindy Brown,** a natural babe who cleans up any environment she's in.

WAYDA

SHEFF

EHRMAN

BANYAI

GREENBURG

GROBEL

JONES

MILLER

RENSIN

POND

O'CONNELL

COOK

(clockwise from top) STEVENS, TOMKIW, PETERSEN, STROM

ECCLES

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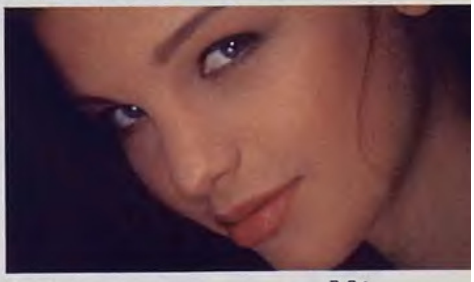

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COVER STORY

America's favorite boots are on the move again. Twenty-nine years after her number one hit *These Boots Are Made For Walkin'*, Nancy Sinatra has launched a comeback and is again leaving her mark on popular culture. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn and shot by Stephen Wayda. Thanks to Alexis Vogel for styling Nancy's hair and makeup. Our Rabbit—you guessed it—gets the boot.

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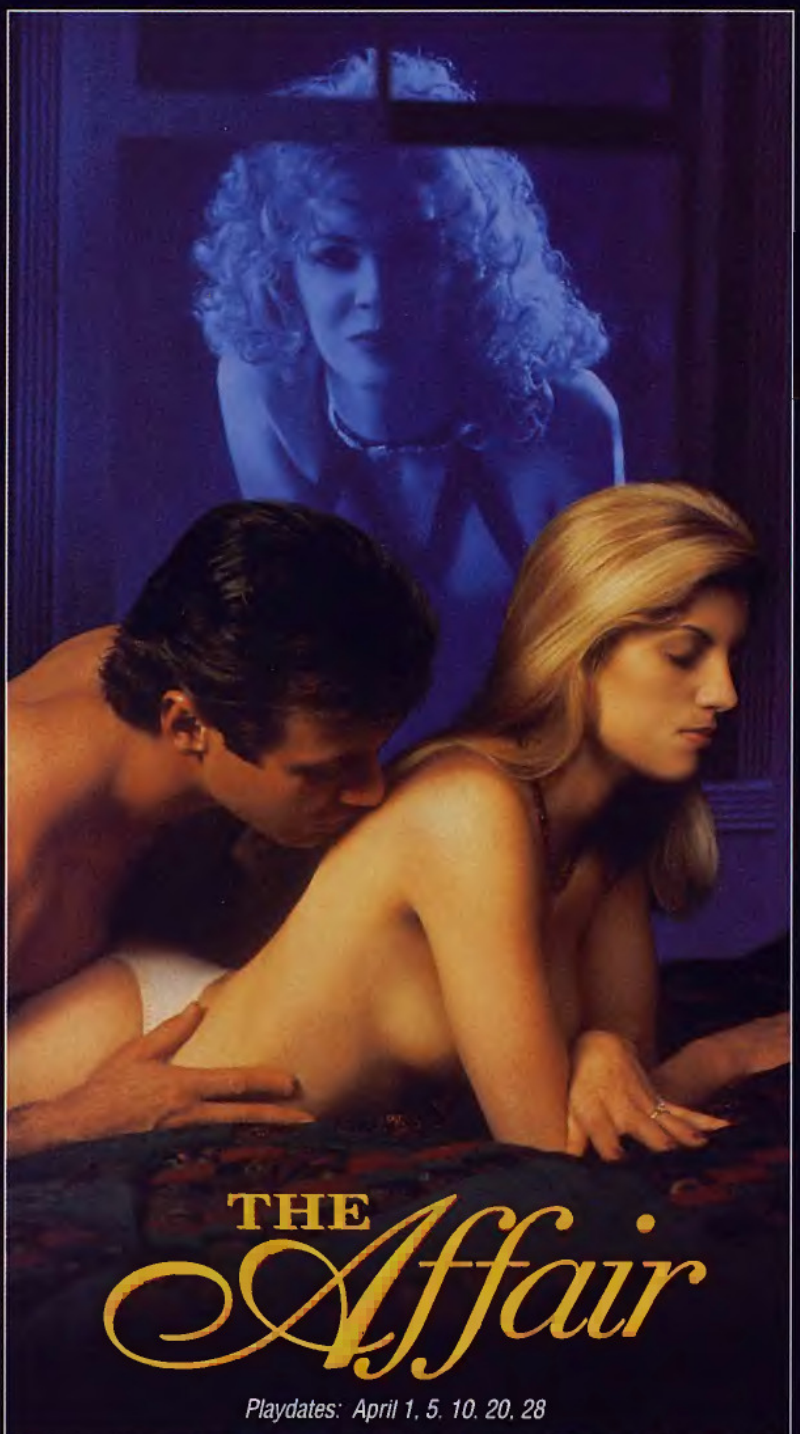

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INTERNATIONAL SEX SURVEY

Why is there always so much hoopla among journalists about who has the most scientific data? I thought your *International Sex Survey* (February) was fun. I also learned some interesting stuff about cultural differences that will make for snappy conversation.

Lynn Collins
Chicago, Illinois

Playboy's International Sex Survey shows that nobody makes love the "right way." American men have anal sex far more than Japanese men do. German men fantasize about their own partners far more than Americans do. Brazilians visit prostitutes far more than the Dutch. These people are neither normal nor abnormal. They simply experience and express their sexuality in ways that make sense to them. It's important to know what you desire and to communicate effectively with your partner. That's what social scientists and pyschologists should focus on.

Marty Klein
Palo Alto, California

As an analyst of the 1983 *Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* and the 1994–1995 surveys of gays and lesbians in *The Advocate*, I have recognized the value of nonscientific surveys when a random selection of respondents would be too costly or otherwise unfeasible. The recent University of Chicago study is based on rigorous scientific methodology, yet it shows why surveys based on volunteer respondents can also be useful. For example, the Chicago study found that people with active sex lives masturbate more than people without steady partners. Anyone who has paid attention to magazine sex surveys in the past few decades already knows this. Although reader surveys cannot tell us what proportion of all Americans engage in a particular sex act, they can reveal much about how social factors influence expressions of sexuality. Your new *International Sex Survey* adds the dimension of cultural variation. Thanks for the provocative findings.

Janet Lever
California State University
Los Angeles, California

Your *International Sex Survey* is engaging reading, but it's flawed. Six thousand respondents are less than 600 per country, so a few other people giving different answers could change many of the conclusions. Your survey, the University of Chicago's and every other one I've seen have things in common, one of which is a lack of interest in checking results against reality.

David Carl Argall
La Puente, California

Why wasn't Italy represented in the survey? As an Italian American, I feel this is discriminatory. Perhaps Italians would have dominated every category, causing embarrassment to all other countries.

Jim Ferrari
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The survey is interesting and your figure of 6000 respondents sounds substantial, but no one was identified by sex, sexual preference, age or income. Why?

Robert Fisher
Owego, New York

When you ask people to participate in a voluntary sex survey, you tally respondents who show up. Unfortunately, the Italians did not duplicate our questionnaire exactly, so we had to take a pass. All questions about sex, sexual preference, age, etc., were included in the questionnaire. Some countries answered the demographic questions consistently, some didn't. Without a uniform body of evidence, we would have given an unbalanced picture.

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

Robert Scheer, in "Alien Logic" (February), makes it sound as if illegal aliens are scapegoats. In truth, such unlawful

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immigrants destroy the chance of legitimate citizens to earn a living. The logging industry used to pay professionals $250 a day to cut trees. In a recent timber harvest, illegal aliens were used at $10 an hour, but this didn't lower the cost of machined wood. If you call the INS to complain, agents say they're too busy down at the border.

Sinclair Cullen
Greenville, California

Scheer is correct when he suggests that our current political focus on illegal immigrants is cruel, mean-spirited and hypocritical. But he misses the larger issue. Does every person in the world have the right to live in the U.S., in defiance of immigration laws? The standard of living in any country is the total of what is produced divided by the number of people who share it. If we want to protect our future, then we must decide that those who are in violation of our laws have only one right: humane treatment while they are being escorted out.

Noel de Nevers
Salt Lake City, Utah

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

In an otherwise excellent interview with Tim Robbins (February), I was disappointed when Marshall Fine asked him what it was like to go to bed with Susan Sarandon. That was embarrassing.

Christopher Boyle
Santa Barbara, California

I remember being annoyed by Tim Robbins' self-righteous behavior at the 1993 Oscars. In the *Interview*, he wonders what would be an appropriate place for political comments. An interview is a fine place; so is an ad, a political rally or a newsletter.

Susan Jacobs
Redwood City, California

Inquiring minds want to know what caused Marshall Fine to get stupid at the end of the Tim Robbins interview. Congratulations to PLAYBOY for not airbrushing Fine's remarks and to Robbins for not decking him. It's just one more reason why Robbins is half of one of the coolest couples on the planet.

Robert Lee Hefter
Wanamassa, New Jersey

MEN AND WOMEN

As an avid reader of both the *Men* and *Women* columns, I want to commend Asa Baber and Cynthia Heimel for their accomplishments. The only problem I have with them is that they champion their causes to the detriment of each other. Here's a chance for PLAYBOY to break new ground and start a trend: equal rights for all without demeaning either sex.

John Oldmixon
Orlando, Florida

LOOK WHO'S FORTY

Wow! Extraordinary! Spectacular! *Life Begins at Forty* (February) is breathtaking. Now that you've shown us the fabulous women in this age group, please don't let this be the only time you'll feature them.

James Marsh
Danvers, Massachusetts

Tom Selleck once said in an interview that the adage that men gain character as they get older and women just get older isn't true. Your pictorial proves it.

Michael Stahl
Huntsville, Alabama

This issue is timely for me, as I just turned 40. Victoria Jacobs is a dish.

Monte Alcanter
Torrance, California

My compliments to cover woman Victoria Jacobs. (Let's not call her a cover

girl.) She gives me reason to believe that life does begin at 40.

Ronald Anders
Columbia, South Carolina

MEN

Asa Baber hit the nail on the head with his February column, "A New Kind of Rush." College fraternities are facing new prejudices. Baber's message of reevaluation should be taken seriously. On the other hand, with self-righteousness taking almost every college hostage today, it's comforting to know there is still a place that adheres to tradition, where men can get together and share views.

Rick Eggleston
Phi Omega Chi Chapter of
Alpha Chi Rho
North Adams, Massachusetts

Asa Baber's February column is outdated. I was promoting those ideas in the Seventies and Eighties as chapter president of one of the nation's leading fraternities. Frats have been part of the American college tradition for more than 100 years. While some of the members may be guilty, at one time or another, of the extremes Baber describes, it is rare that the public hears the other side of fraternity life. Many of us raise funds for charitable organizations, and we are well represented in the top business and political institutions in America. There must be some substance to fraternity life.

Kevin Nagle
El Dorado Hills, California

GREAT SCOTT

As a person of mixed Asian descent, I applaud Playmate Lisa Marie Scott (February). Asian Americans are often caricatured with rice, chopsticks and martial arts. You did not portray her as an exotic novelty from the Orient but rather as what we Americans all are—different people with unique histories.

Louie Garcia
Los Angeles, California

I have never written to PLAYBOY before because I've never had anything important to say. But now I do: Lisa Marie Scott is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

Louie Morales
Park Ridge, Illinois

I hope I speak for many readers when I request that more Amerasian and Asian beauties such as Lisa Marie be represented in your magazine.

Tully Atkinson
San Clemente, California

THE PETTY GIRL

Many thanks for the George Petty retrospective (February). I was just a kid when Petty's works appeared in *True Magazine*. I still have several framed from the old magazines. Those copies are about 50 years old. Now I can save your February issue too.

John Norton
Toronto, Ontario

I'm probably one of the coolest people in America because I own some of the *Esquires* that featured Petty girls in the Thirties.

Tony Marrota
Winchester, Massachusetts

JULIE LYNN

Finally, I have a reason to learn how to program my VCR. Congratulations to Julie Lynn Cialini (*The Right Stuff*, February) on her *Price Is Right* gig.

David Kveragas
Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

Seagram's
Extra Dry
Gin
THE PERFECT GIN
Seagram's Extra Dry Gin
©1994 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, N.Y., N.Y. Seagram's Gin. 100% Neutral Spirits Distilled From Grain. Alc. 40% By Vol. (80 Proof).

IF YOU'RE LUCKY, THERE'LL BE SOME BUMPS ALONG THE WAY.

THE BUMPY SUNSET

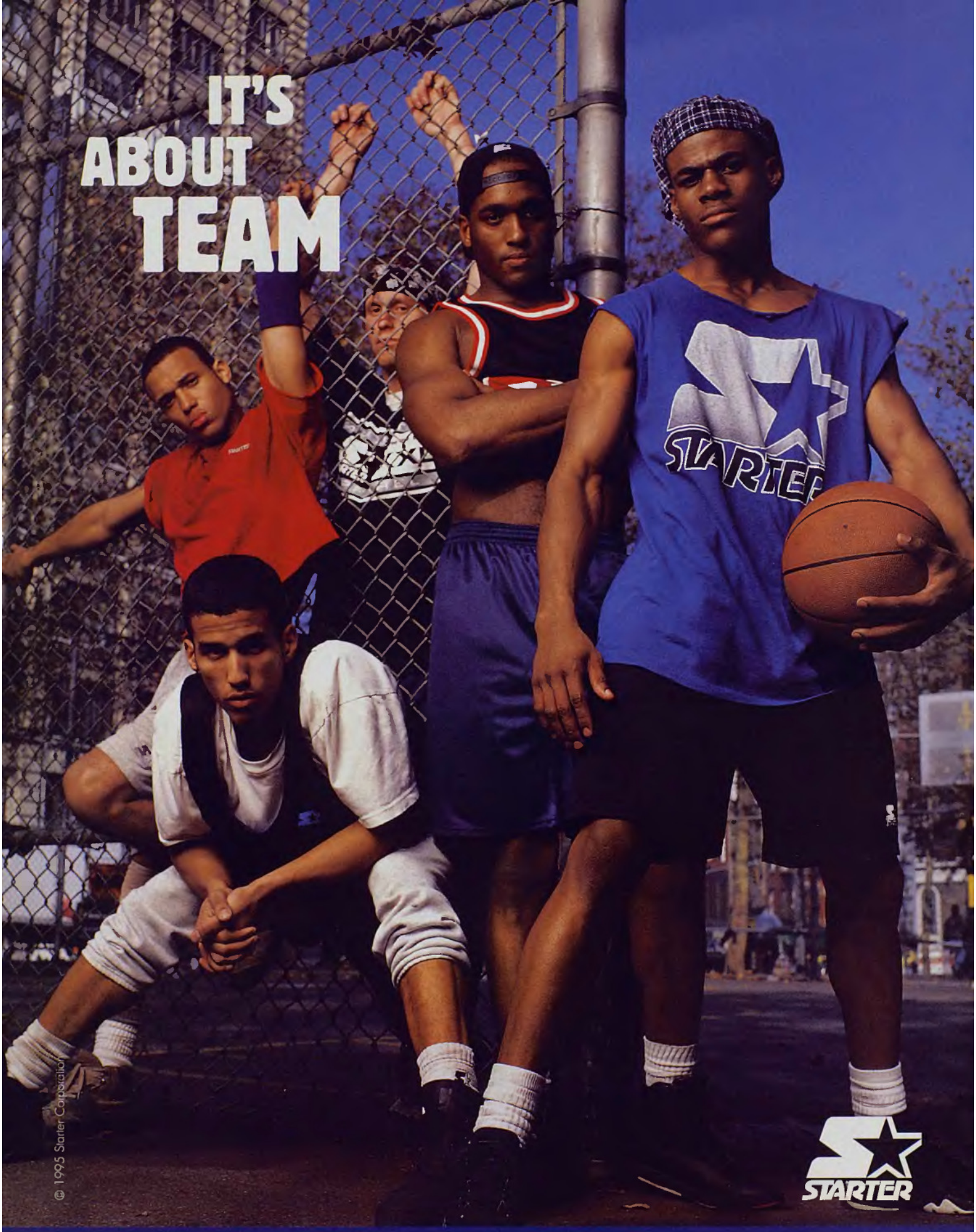
Start with Seagram's Gin over ice.

Add orange juice to taste

and a dash of grenadine.

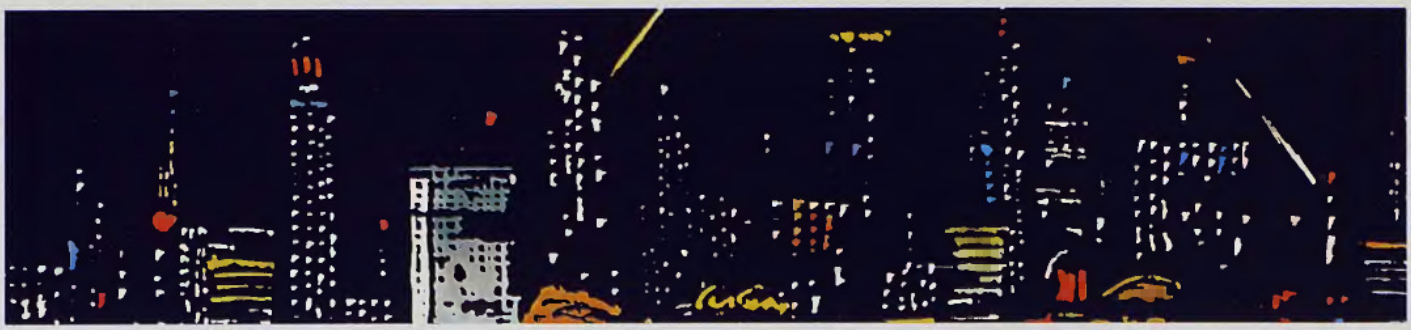
Garnish with lime.

THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE.



GENUINE STARTER STUFF, SEEN ON THE COURT AT WEST 4TH ST.,NYC.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HOOK, SLICE AND SINKER

Jim Reid found his calling when he dove to the bottom of a water hazard at the Rolling Hills golf course in Longwood, Florida. "What I saw was amazing," he says. "The entire bottom was solid white. Thousands of golf balls. White gold!" He retrieved 2000 golf balls and sold them to the course manager for ten cents each—about his weekly earnings as an employee at Disney World. Next, he started a company called Second Chance—he dives for and shines up old balls and sells them for half the price of new balls. In 1993, when Second Chance grossed about $1 million, he sold the company for $5.1 million. "The only thing that could hurt," he says quite seriously, "is if someone comes up with a floating golf ball." A hungry alligator could also affect his bottom line.

NOTES FROM BELOW THE BELTWAY

Among new phrases for masturbation currently circulating in Washington, D.C. are "firing the surgeon general," "giving Dr. Elders the one-hand salute" and "minding your Elders."

BEACHIN' REMARK

From the land of sunshine, orange juice and cranky retirees comes the following bumper sticker spotted on Miami's South Dixie Highway: IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I DRIVE, THEN STAY THE HELL OFF THE SIDEWALK.

WHY WE LOVE ENGLAND

This year British plumbers were issued new guidelines designed to eliminate sexist words from their everyday speech. One of the rules is that henceforth ball cocks and stopcocks must be referred to as "float-operated valves."

WHY WE LOVE INDIANA

It was a line worthy of Solomon—or at least Groucho Marx. When Evansville, Indiana judge Robert Lensing decreed that a tattoo of the word fuck be removed from the hand of a teenage boy, he was informed that the procedure would cost $800. Lensing replied, "For $400, can't we just make him a UK fan?"

POWER BABES

For its third annual special issue of "Women in Entertainment," *The Hollywood Reporter* decided its profiles would include "a woman's age as standard journalistic practice and as an attempt to destigmatize that issue." It's clear in the article that some women reveal their stigmata proudly; others, less so. About a quarter of the publication's "Power 50" refused to tell their age. While a few women hid behind a thirty- or forty-something tag, Joan Scott, president of Writers & Artists Agency, was noted as replying to the age question with "Are you kidding?" But the brassiest reaction came from Dawn Steel, president of Atlas Entertainment, who replied with a simple but direct "Fuck you."

BOOBY PRIZE

Now we get the takes-a-licking part: Peter Doughty, a British civil servant, recently won a £10,000 innovation award from Timex for his work on a device that will revolutionize how women's breasts are measured. When his wife read him an article that said seven in ten women wear badly fitting bras, Doughty modified his previous invention—a box lined with light sensors and diodes that measure foot size in three dimensions—and produced a prototype that measures the size and volume of a breast. With a box in every store, Doughty hopes women will be able to measure their breasts "without having a shop assistant handle them."

ILLUSTRATION BY "SKIP" LIEPKE

SICK SANTAS

We applaud the ingenuity of *Washington Post* readers who were invited to come up with bad ideas for Christmas toys. Among our favorites: the Pee-wee Herman pull toy, the Humpy Puppy (batteries not included), the Learn-About-Puberty Chia Pet; the Cuisin Art (turns Mommy's food processor into a spinning paint tool) and Islamic Strip Poker ("Lose a hand, lose a hand").

MAGIC FINGERS

According to *American Medical News*, doctors at the Medical College of Georgia and engineers at the Georgia Institute of Technology are developing an artificial finger that will allow a physician to electronically touch a far-off patient with a degree of feeling as realistic as actual physical contact. Whether this would make for a more or less comfortable prostate exam probably depends on the patient; however, the implication for the future of phone sex is stunning.

ARMAGEDDON: FILM AT 11

When the end of the world arrives, how will the media report the big event? During downtime from e-mailing, some hackers on the Internet assembled a list of possible headlines: *USA Today*, WE'RE DEAD; *The Wall Street Journal*, DOW JONES PLUMMETS AS WORLD ENDS; *People*, CHARLES AND DIANA: IT'S REALLY OVER; *The National Enquirer*, O.J. AND NICOLE, TOGETHER AGAIN;

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Since 1991, sales of razors and razor blades for women have increased by 50 percent—a rise attributed to the fashion trend of shorter skirts.

QUOTE

"Now you see guys kissing. Man, I tell you, it would be a cold day in hell before I would kiss somebody on the other team."—FORMER BOSTON CELTICS STAR KEVIN MCHALE

GOVERNMENT SHEIKHDOWN

The number of citizens in Kuwait: 600,000. Percentage of adult citizens who are employed by the Kuwaiti government: 92.

THE BABY BELL CURVE

Percentage of teenage pregnancies that are unplanned: 60 to 70. Percentage of pregnant women in their 40s whose conditions were unplanned: 60 to 70.

BEAN COUNTING

Percentage of people in the U.S. who drink coffee: 53.8. Percentage of Americans who buy gourmet coffee: 22.1. Average amount downed each day by men: 2.1 cups; by women: 1.6 cups. Percentage who drink it black: 38. Of all coffee sold in U.S., percentage that is decaf: 15. Average annual yield of one coffee tree: 1 to 1.5 pounds of coffee beans.

SAFE HOUSES

Percentage of American households that have an electronic security system: 16. Percentage of new homes under construction that offer such protection: 76. Average time a burglar spends on a residential break-in: 4 minutes.

HOLD THE ANCHOVY

According to Domino's Pizza, the changes in tips for pizza deliveries to members of Congress since last November's election: 3 percent increase by Democrats, 12 percent decrease by Republicans. Percentage increase in national pizza sales during broadcasts of *NYPD Blue*: 4; percentage increase if the episode has nudity in it: 7.

WHAT'S MY LINE

Number of Americans who have a home-equity line of credit: 5.1 million (8 percent of all home owners). Average amount borrowed against the equity: $18,459. Percentage of borrowers who use the borrowed money to buy a car: 30.

COLLEGE ELECTIVES

In a 1994 survey of 1225 University of Virginia undergraduates, the number who were sexually active: 796 (65 percent). Of the sexually active students, number who said that their partners were of the opposite sex: 720 (90.4 percent); number who said their partners were of the same sex: 65 (8.2 percent); number who had partners of both sexes: 11 (1.4 percent).

GET TO WORK, NEWT

Estimated number of Washington-based lobbyists for each of the 535 members of Congress: 149.

ENTITLEMENTS

In 1992, amount the U.S. Department of Agriculture gave to the American Soybean Association to advertise its product: $10.4 million. Amount given to Gallo Wines in 1991 to pitch its product: $5.1 million. Amount given to M&M/Mars to boost sales of candy bars: $1.1 million. Amount given to McDonald's to drum up business for Chicken McNuggets: $465,000. Approximate yearly handouts from the department's Market Promotion Program: $100 million. —BETTY SCHAAL

and our favorite, of course, *Playboy*, GIRLS OF THE APOCALYPSE.

MEATBALL HERO

A Greek pizza deliveryman working in divided Cyprus happened to find himself on the other side of the UN-controlled buffer zone and was jailed on the Turkish side of the island. He was trying to deliver pizza to a UN post.

HIDDEN AGENDA

After all, he masterminded a new development plan, hustled $1.2 million in grants to spruce up the sewage plant and built a park for the town. So what if he has a habit of exposing himself? Thus the citizens of Friendsville, Maryland reelected Spencer Schlosnagle to a fifth term as mayor by almost 2 to 1. They dismissed the fact that he'd been convicted of waving his willie in a parking lot on New Year's Eve 1992 and at motorists on I-68 in 1993 and that he faces charges for an encore performance last May. Presumably, the electorate felt that since he didn't hold it against them, they wouldn't hold it against him.

WHEN A MANATEE LOVES A WOMAN

In a study of manatees, an endangered species, researchers at Florida Atlantic University have discovered that these big aquatic mammals are sexually aroused by the caresses of human divers. Apparently, the scientists are contemplating whether or not manatee massages inspire more manatee matings—with other manatees, that is.

LICENSE TO STEAL

Why were Arizona's colorful new environmental license plates so popular with the public and unpopular with police? Cops said the tags were almost impossible to read after dark—which presumably made them ideal for speeders, getaway cars and vans. The plates have been redesigned for nocturnal visibility.

MORE THAN A MOUTHFUL

In the past we have reported that conceptual artist Ronnie Nicolino is working on his dream to string brassieres across the Grand Canyon. In the meantime, he and 200 volunteers formed a two-mile-long sculpture in Stinson Beach, California made of 21,000 34C-size sand breasts. Despite the thematic similarities of his projects, Nicolino denies that he's obsessed with breasts. "I can be detached enough," he says, "to at least be an observer." Our position exactly.

BUT WE LOVE THE SMELL OF CORDITE IN THE MORNING

We note with apprehension that the help-wanted ads of Smith & Wesson, the gun manufacturer, promise a "smoke-free environment."

Post cards we have received from ICEHOUSE admirers.

GREAT ICEHOUSES ACROSS AMERICA.

the Arctic Icehouse (good for shelter)

the Northern Icehouse (good for fishing)

the Texas Icehouse (good for sweating)

the Plank Road Icehouse (good for drinking)

The best thing about our Plank Road ICEHOUSE is that it's ice brewed so there's never any watered down taste. Just more of what you want in a beer. Which makes it a whole lot smoother and easier to drink than any of those other ice places.

Thanks for reading our ad.

From the Plank Road Brewery, A tiny division of the Miller Brewing Co. Milwaukee, WI. Where we're dedicated to being dedicated.

P.S. We hope you enjoy ICEHOUSE, as long as you enjoy it responsibly. NO exceptions!

©1994, Ice Beer, Plank Road Brewery, Milwaukee, WI.
Ice Brewed Ale: CA, OR, TX and WA

WIRED

ERGO COMPUTING

If your wrists ache after a day of pounding the keyboard, you're not alone. The growing number of people suffering from repetitive strain injuries has sent manufacturers back to their design shops for ways to help you sit long and tall—and without pain—in the office saddle. One such company, Neutral Posture Ergonomics, offers chairs designed to replicate the stress-free posture of astronauts floating in zero gravity. Priced between $400 and $700, the chairs adjust in ten ways. Everything from the armrest height to the inflatable lumbar

STEVE DINNINO

support can be customized. Tired of your flat, wrist-wrenching keyboard? Microsoft sells the Natural Keyboard ($99), which angles the keys to encourage better posture and a straighter, more natural wrist position. Health Care Keyboard Co. serves up a radical solution: Its $795 Comfort Keyboard System is divided into three pieces that are set on tracks so they can be rotated into a variety of positions. Mouse users who would like to reduce their clicking should check out Kensington's Thinking Mouse ($90 to $100), which features four buttons that can be programmed to perform repetitive tasks with a single click. Interestingly, many of the more expensive products are classified as medical devices, so your insurance company may foot the bill—with a doctor's order.

CD: THE NEXT GENERATION

A new breed of music CDs set to debut this spring will give you almost as much to see as to hear. Backed by compact disc standard-bearers Philips and Sony, the CD Plus titles play as standard audio discs on conventional CD spinners. But when installed onto a CD-ROM–equipped PC, they come alive with full-motion video clips, song lyrics, artist biographies and minidocumentaries. Sony will release the first CD Plus offerings—an EP of Alice in Chains' *Jar of Flies* and a two-disc treatment of *Bob Dylan Greatest Hits, Volume 3*. We also hear that Atlantic is at work on a Stone Temple Pilots CD Plus, and rival labels such as Warner Bros., Geffen, BMG and MCA have Plus projects on the burner, too. Microsoft's Windows 95 operating system, expected to hit stores in August, is ready with CD Plus discs. In the meantime, you can use Plus titles in Windows by installing driver software that either will come with the mixed-media CDs or can be downloaded by modem.

THE SPORTS PAGE

It's a late inning of a tight game and you're squirming in a plastic box seat, scanning the scoreboard. An out-of-town score hasn't changed for more than 30 minutes and you have a lease payment riding on that game. What do you do? Subscribe to the Wireless Sports Channel. Transmitted over Motorola's Embarc Wireless Broadcast Network, the WSC delivers professional and college sports scores, sports news, weather reports and even betting lines to special al-

DAN CLYNE

phanumeric pagers or PCs equipped with a receiver ($99). And info is updated every five minutes when games are in progress. Subscription fees range from $50 to $60 per month depending on the package you choose. A similar service from AT&T Wireless Services called Flashpoint requires an alphanumeric pager that will cost about $200. Then, for $20 per month, you can receive sports, stock market and news updates.

WILD THINGS

With Sony's CPJ-100 Liquid Crystal Video Projector (pictured below), the best seat in the house could be your king-size bed. That's because a unique rotating base on the three-pound portable device allows you to project images from your TV, VCR, laser disc player or camcorder onto a screen, woll or even the ceiling. Features include built-in stereo speakers, a projected image size of six to 100 inches, o 55-wott bulb that lasts through 400 hours of use and a worldwide AC adapter. The price: $1100. • Attention speed racers: The $400 Valentine One Radar Locator with laser warning offers the longest range of any radar detector on the market. In addition, a multichannel sensor provides 360 degrees of coverage, and blinking arrows point you in the direction of lurking law enforcement officers. • For those of you with itchy controller fingers, the fall of 1995 will mark the debut of several interactive game systems. Nintendo plans to introduce its Ultra 64 cartridge-based machine for less than $250. Sega's Saturn and Sony's Play Station, both CD units, will hit stores sometime before the holidays. And even Apple will enter the ring with a multimedia system called Pippen that's based on the 603 Power PC chip. The price will be about $500.

MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

Office slackers won't find a better tool for at-the-desk lollygagging than ***Monty Python's Complete Waste of Time.*** This cheerfully subversive disc is full of surprises, but none of its activities take much concentration—in fact, concentration isn't particularly rewarded. One section of the central "brain" interface offers games: Flying swine drop lethal turds, you can save a chicken from one dreaded fate only to have it meet another or you can bash public figures over the head with a hammer. Other sections direct you to locations where clicking on virtually any inch of the screen produces favorite video clips and songs from the classic BBC television series *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, scoldings ("Who told you to click here?") or clever graphics. For serious time wasters, there's an Intergalactic Success contest that makes you hunt down clues scattered throughout the game. But most of us will settle for installing the Desktop Pythonizer, with its random rude farting and belching noises. (By 7th Level, for Windows, $60.)

Even if you follow all the rules, the government will still screw you. No, we're not referring to our new Congress. We're talking about the Hand of God, the government by the people, for the people and out to kill the people in ***Hell: A Cyberpunk Thriller.*** Set in Washington, D.C. in the year 2094, the game pits you, a former federal agent targeted for death, against a cast of wicked characters, including one played by Hollywood psycho Dennis Hopper. He's Mr. Beautiful, a devilish crime boss who controls the gates between D.C. and hell. (There is a difference!) Your mission is to determine why the Hand wants to "scrub" you out—and to do so you need to search for clues hidden in *Hell*'s gorgeously rendered 3D world. You also get to blow up demons and other creeps along the way, as well as meet up with some familiar faces, including supermodel Stephanie Seymour as a trash-talking holographic demolitions expert and Grace Jones as the Hand's dictatorial leader. Be warned—*Hell: A Cyberpunk Thriller* is truly hell to install. But if you're used to tooling with your PC's config.sys and setup files, this paranoid vision of the future will provide hours of twisted entertainment. (By Gametek, for DOS, $80.)

With ***Wing Commander III: Heart of the Tiger,*** the promise of interactive movies has finally been caught in a box and put on store shelves. This $4 million cinematic star saga—the biggest-budget CD-ROM game to date—spans four discs and includes about four hours of video, lots of snappy dialogue and impressive three-dimensional sets, plus characters played by Mark Hamill, Malcolm McDowell and porn graduate Ginger Lynn Allen. The game's battle scenarios are enough to tie your trigger finger in knots. But to be successful on this mission, you need people skills, too: If you talk nasty to your wingman, he might desert you just when the Kilrathi—the big, nasty, catlike aliens that threaten this universe—are about to fill you with ion bullets. Until NASA arms the space shuttle and invites you on board, this is the closest you're likely to get to real shoot-'em-ups in outer space. (By Origin, for DOS, from $50 to $65.)

Stephanie Seymour—hot in hell

ONLINE

Those of us with at least half a life don't have the time or the desire to spend hours looking for the hottest spots on the World Wide Web. That's why several clever sites offer direct links to the Web's more interesting Home Pages. Here are a few to check out. (Remember, newbies, you need to type http:// before each address.) Yahoo (akebono.stanford.edu/yahoo): Comprehensive list of Web sites organized by categories such as art, business and entertainment. • Stingray Web Stop (stingray.ess.harris.com/): Includes a section called "Get Hooked on the Internet," with links to news and sports pages, movie databases, online magazines and more. • Top 25 (www.digital.com/gnn/wic/top.toc.html): The name says it all. • Cool Site of the Day (www.infi.net/cool.html): A new cool site every 24 hours, plus monthly lists of past selections. • The Ultimate Band List (american.recordings.com/wwwofmusic/ubl.html): Direct links to all the music- and band-related pages on the Web. • Bookwire (www.bookwire.com): Book info galore with connections to online booksellers, publishing houses, libraries, etc. • Netsurfer Digest (www.netsurf.com/nsd/index.html): Weekly electronic zine that guides you to interesting news, places and resources on the Net. • The Best of the Web (wings.buffalo.edu/contest/): This awards site recognizes the best Web page of 1994 and the top commercial, educational and entertainment spots, among others, and it features a World Wide Web Hall of Fame. • Metaverse (metaverse.com): Created by former MTV jock Adam Curry, this site includes a lengthy "list of links that will blow you away," according to Curry, as well as a not-to-be-missed item titled Cyber Sleaze, featuring daily entertainment gossip.

Hamill and Allen winging it

CYBER SCOOP

My, those are lovely Pentiums you're wearing: A California company called Silicon Valley Ware Inc. is profiting from Intel's PR nightmare by using the defective chips in a line of men's and women's jewelry. The cost of wearing Intel outside? Between $10 and $25, depending on whether you opt for a bracelet, cuff links, earrings or a key chain.

As *Johnny Mnemanic*, a film starring Keanu Reeves, Ice-T and Dolph Lundgren, hits the big screen this summer, look for Sony Imagesoft to release its own small-screen CD-ROM version. Both are based on the story from William Gibson's classic cyberpunk collection *Burning Chrome*, and both are high on the wired world's hits list.

DIGITAL DUDS

Gregory J.P. Godek's Romantic Adventures: This $50 disc-based title for Windows offers such profound advice as "Make a point to always kiss her before parting" and "Let her warm her cold feet on you in bed." We'll take a pass.

Microsoft's Bob: We like Bob's no-manual approach to personal computing, but this Windows operating system shell is more Barney than Bill Gates.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

MUSIC

ROCK

WORKING WITH *Twin Peaks* composer Angelo Badalamenti, who served as producer and co-writer, Marianne Faithfull moves into Edith Piaf territory with ***A Secret Life*** (Island). Thirty years after *As Tears Go By*, Faithfull has become a great pop voice. Whether she's intoning a fluffy mystification such as *The Stars Line Up* or delivering lines from Shakespeare, she's singing in the tradition of French and Italian balladeers, and she provides a far more interesting listening experience than, say, Jacques Brel. But this is not the best material she's ever produced. In fact, with a couple of exceptions (such as *Losing*), it's a long way from the intimate biographical songs that we have come to associate with her. As Faithfull ought to know, it's one thing to sound intimate; it's another thing to be intimate. —DAVE MARSH

Want to amaze your friends and confound your enemies? Tell them you have a copy of Eric Clapton's follow-up to last year's blues tribute, *From the Cradle*. Then slap on Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab's CD, John Mayall's ***Blues Breakers With Eric Clapton,*** and watch them marvel over Eric's playing and the incredible sound quality. Then hit them with the punch line: Clapton recorded this masterpiece almost 30 years ago. *Blues Breakers* was the album on which Clapton found his voice. Here, he created the vocabulary of modern blues-rock guitar. The only thing that will astonish you more than Clapton's incendiary playing is the sound quality that the engineers rediscovered in the master tapes. As with all the Sound Lab reissues, you'll swear the musicians are jamming right in your living room. —VIC GARBARINI

Why mince words? North Carolina's Archers of Loaf are aesthetes—definitive indie rockers. Like their perfect 1993 album, *Icky Mettle*, the brand new ***Vee Vee*** (Alias, 2815 W. Olive Avenue, Burbank, CA 91505) is for connoisseurs of guitar noise, clever rage, camouflaged catchiness and jagged tempos. As such, *Vee Vee* will irritate anyone who is not plugged in to the alternative circuit and will delight anyone who is. Tough noogs for the naysayers, serious fun for the rest of us. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Professor Trance & the Energizers, ***Shaman's Breath*** (Island): New Age anthropology discovers the rave, and we think it's about time. Trance dancing is too much fun to be left to the exclusive domain of teenagers on ecstasy. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

KONSTANTIN VALOV

Marianne Faithfull's *Secret Life*.

What's Noam Chomsky doing in our music pages?

RAP

One of last year's best soundtracks was for the movie *Above the Rim*. Dr. Dre supervised the collection—a sharp, diverse look at contemporary black pop. The soundtrack to ***Murder Was the Case*** (Death Row/Interscope), a short film directed by Dre and starring Snoop Doggy Dogg, isn't quite so good. The movie is a vanity project, but the 15 tracks on the album are diverting even if too much of *Murder* is simpleminded Los Angeles gangbanging. The collection reaffirms the emergence of R&B and rap as this decade's most important trends.

Most people will pick up *Murder Was the Case* to check out Snoop's eerie remix of the title track, or the hectic horror of Ice Cube and Dr. Dre's *Natural Born Killaz*. But it's the female vocalist Jewell who steals the show. She creatively covers two great Seventies songs, namely the Isley Brothers' *Harvest for the World* and Shirley Brown's *Woman to Woman*. Jewell also turns in some sexy backing vocals for Tha Dogg Pound's *What Would U Do?* She's definitely competition for Mary J. Blige.

In contrast, Jodeci's collaboration with Tha Dogg Pound, *Come Up to My Room*, is tepid, while gangsta raps like Slip Capone and CPO's *The Eulogy* and Young Soldierz' *Eastside–Westside* are redundant. Nate Dogg, who's had success collaborating with Warren G., does turn in a tasty midtempo R&B song, *One More Day*. —NELSON GEORGE

Two New York crews with best-selling debuts have toughened their follow-up messages without brutalizing them. Digable Planets' ***Blowout Comb*** (Pendulum EMI) emphasizes Afrocentrism and gets its jazzy groove from live musicians. Fu-Schnickens' ***Nervous Breakdown*** (Jive) shifts the focus from kung fu to East Flatbush and pulls out the stops on *Sum Dum Monkey*, as technically breathtaking a rap as you could hope to hear. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

WORLD MUSIC

In Western music, drums usually provide the backbeat. But in Africa, drums often take center stage. Ghanaian percussionist and composer Obo Addy lets his talking drums tell the story while haunting flutes provide the backdrop on ***The Rhythm of Which a Chief Walks Gracefully*** (Earthbeat/Warner Bros.). Addy uses folk traditions to blend ancient and modern music, creating a true African masterwork. —VIC GARBARINI

JAZZ

The Clifford Brown–Max Roach Quintet may have been the best jazz band of the Fifties. The double disc ***Alone Together*** (Verve) provides plenty of evidence. True to its title, the set focuses on the individuals. Disc one spotlights the quicksilver Brown, including his sessions with strings and with vocalists Sarah Vaughan and Helen Merrill. Disc two follows Roach's career after Brown's fatal auto accident in 1956. Too few of the tracks feature Sonny Rollins, who joined the band in late 1955. Still, it's a great time capsule.

Do you love piano? On ***I Remember Duke, Hoagy & Strayhorn*** (Telarc), Ahmad Jamal offers ballads that feature some of his most emotive playing. San Francisco's Jessica Williams now plays her imaginative piano on the small Jazz Focus label (2217 23rd St. SW, Calgary, Alberta T2T 5H6). Both ***Arrival,*** her solo disc and ***Momentum,*** with a trio, are highly recommended. For a more contemporary keyboardist, try Billy Childs' ***I've Known Rivers*** (GRP). It travels from the acoustic soul of the title track, inspired by a Langston Hughes poem, to the full-blown fusion of *Realism*. —NEIL TESSER

SPOKEN WORD

The other day I saw the words CHOMSKY KNOWS scratched into the wall of a toilet stall. This is how word of Noam Chomsky tends to spread: You hear the guy, your life changes and you share the

Boost Your Sexual Confidence.

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Archers of Loaf *Vee Vee*	9	8	6	8	8
John Moyall *Blues Breakers With Eric Clapton*	7	9	9	6	8
Noom Chomsky *The Role of the Medio in Monufocturing Consent*	8	8	8	10	10
Marianne Faithfull *A Secret Life*	7	7	7	8	7
Various artists *Murder Was the Cose*	6	9	8	7	8

AL'S DINER DEPARTMENT: After **Weezer** re-created the diner from *Happy Days* for their video *Buddy Holly*, band member **Matt Sharp** said **Al Molinaro** is "the **Magic Johnson** of acting—when he walks on the set, good players become great." Does the **Fonz** know?

REELING AND ROCKING: **Morgan Freeman** plans to play a former blues drummer who owns a Memphis club called Muddy's in *Taft*. . . . **Carole Bayer Sager** is working with **Neil Diamond** on music for **Steven Spielberg's** animated film, *Balto*. . . . With **Monkee** fever loose in the land, there are talks about reuniting the four in a feature film for their 30th anniversary in 1996. The band has agreed to participate.

NEWSBREAKS: If you haven't heard **Ministry's** version of **Dylan's** *Lay Lady Lay*, you're missing something. . . . New albums are on the way from **David Bowie, Tripping Daisy, Blind Melon, Meat Loaf** (this summer) and **Sheryl Crow**. . . . The Motown Masters Series will include **Gladys Knight and the Pips, Smokey Robinson, Michael Jackson,** the **Supremes, Diana Ross,** the **Temps, Marvin Gaye** and the **Jackson 5.** All are scheduled to be released in 1995 with updated sound quality and new packaging. . . . Some street people in Berkeley, California have released their own CD, *Telegraph Street Music*. The tracks include punk, rap, spoken word, folk and a man who is known around town for singing show tunes off-key. It's for sale at Amoeba Music and other stores in Berkeley. . . . Now that the **Stones** have broken their own box-office record in the U.S., they are looking for new challenges, including performing in places such as Moscow, Istanbul and Beijing. Can't you hear a million Chinese singing "I can't get no satisfaction"? . . . Following the success of **Green Day,** the band's managers plan to start a record company, 510 Records, after G.D.'s area code. . . . **Sir Mix-a-Lot** has landed a series role in a syndicated show called *The Watcher*. He plays the title character, who narrates from a Las Vegas hotel. . . . A spring American tour is in the works for **King Crimson's** reunion, with **Robert Fripp, Adrian Belew, Tony Levin** and **Bill Bruford** committed to the shows. . . . Currently, the only way you can buy **Frank Zappa's** last album, *Civilization, Phaze III*, is by mail order from Barking Pumpkin. Eventually, it will appear in stores. Meanwhile, **Matt Groening,** creator of *The Simpsons* and a friend of Zappa's, is planning a theatrical production based on the album, using instructions left by Frank. . . . **Counting Crows** are recording in New Orleans with **T-Bone Burnett** again producing. . . . **Paul McCartney** is looking for American students to apply to his Liverpool Institute for the Performing Arts, an international academy for music, dance, acting and career management. Write to Dera and Associates, 584 Broadway, Suite 1201, New York, NY 10012. . . . While there will be fewer big acts doing stadium shows this summer, the lineup is pretty cool: **R.E.M., Tom Petty** and **Stevie Wonder** will be or already are touring. Both **Pearl Jam** and **Green Day** plan to play outdoors without Ticketmaster (they'll sell tickets through an 800 number), and Lollapalooza will be back. Miller Genuine Draft beer will present **Jimmy Page** and **Robert Plant's** tour, which will benefit Second Harvest, a network of food banks. Sounds good to us. —BARBARA NELLIS

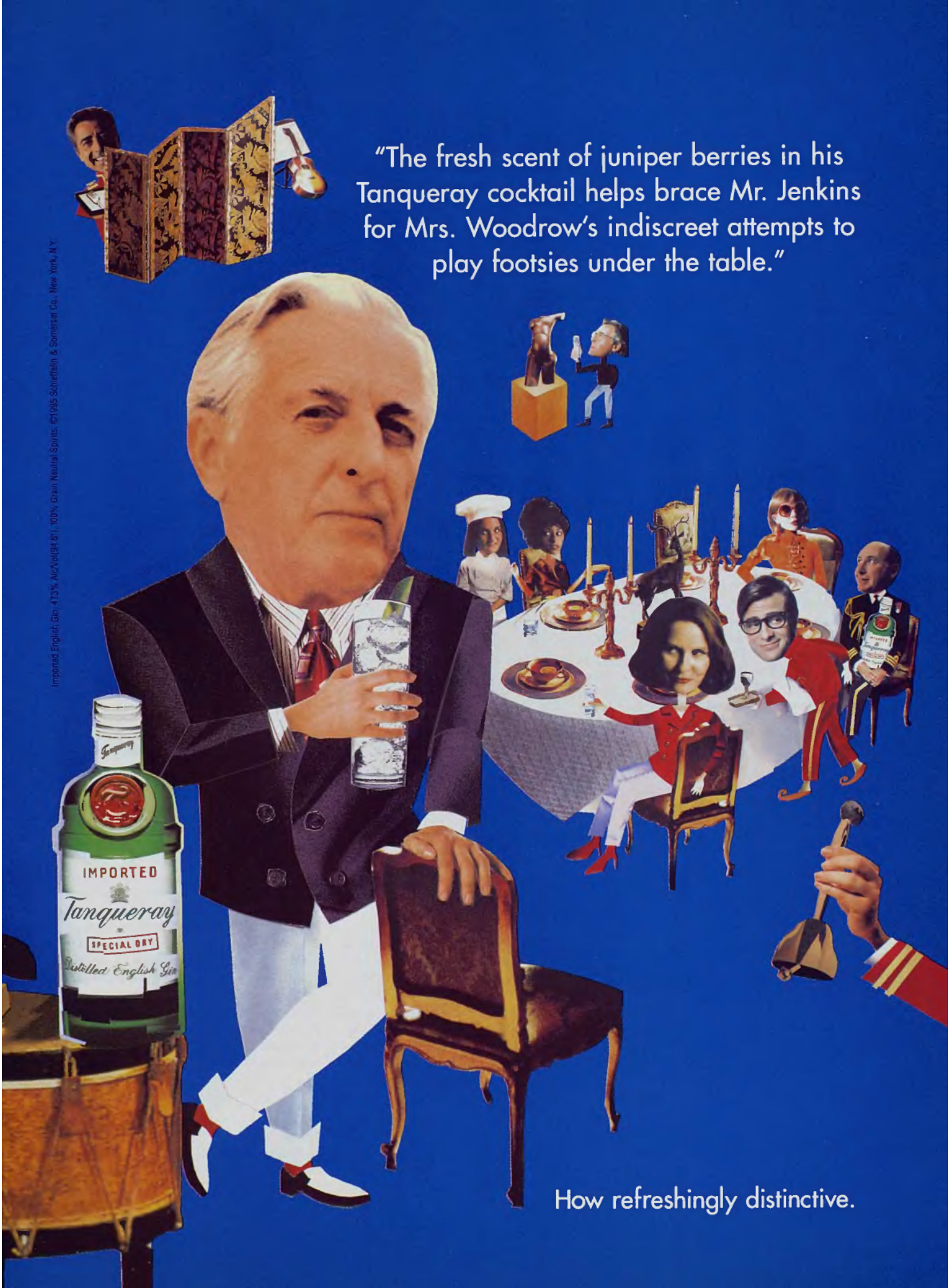
news however you can. He has been called the most quoted living human. As a professor at MIT, he is one of the most important linguists of the 20th century. What does this have to do with popular music? Well, as an anarchist, Chomsky has long been a hero to the punk subculture (Bad Religion put one of his lectures on the B side of a single). As punk has permeated other forms of rock, Chomsky's influence has spread. Pearl Jam, for example, plugged Chomsky in a live radio concert, and producer Don Was plans to sample some of Chomsky's aphorisms for a compilation album. If you want to be hip, you have to listen to Chomsky. So where do you find him on tape? Send away to Radio Free Maine (P.O. Box 2705, Augusta, Maine 04338, 207-622-6629), which has a vast catalog of his lectures—along with those of other dissident heroes—on audiocassettes and videocassettes. ***The Role of the Media in Manufacturing Consent*** is a particularly bracing analysis of the recent elections and the propaganda offensives of the American ruling class in the past 25 years. If you find the truth exhilarating, Noam Chomsky provides a better buzz than rock and roll. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

R&B

The Complete Stax-Volt Singles Volume 3: 1972–1975 (Fantasy): You have to be kind of fanatical to want a set that plays out over ten discs. This box chronicles the fall of Southern soul and the label's inability to come to terms with funk and disco. But Eddie Floyd, Frederick Knight, the Soul Children and—most of all—Isaac Hayes and the Staple Singers more than keep a devotee's attention. Guess that makes me one. —DAVE MARSH

The Best of Excello Records (Avi): As great a crackpot enterprise as American music ever created, Excello had a roster that included one genius—Slim Harpo. The label also produced one trash masterpiece—the Gladiolas' original *Little Darlin'*. There's also stuff that's too bizarre for us to classify: the Blues Rockers' *Calling All Cows* and *Rollin' Stone* by the Marigolds lead the parade. If you like your R&B languid and loony, this is it. —D.M.

With more radio stations programming Seventies and Eighties R&B, it's not surprising that there's been a glut of compilation albums. The latest is ***Smooth Grooves*** (Rhino), four volumes of love songs, many of which also scored as crossover hits. Earth, Wind & Fire's *Reasons*, the Manhattans' *Shining Star* and Teddy Pendergrass' *Love TKO* are three of my favorites, but if you listened to the radio any time in the past 15 years, there should be something here for you. Catch the originals before one of Dr. Dre's acts covers them. —NELSON GEORGE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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE FILM ***Amateur*** (Sony Classics) is another off-the-wall demicomedy by writer-director Hal Hartley, whose three previous works—*The Unbelievable Truth*, *Trust* and *Simple Men*—have established his reputation as a film poet unfettered by rules. Here, an amnesiac (Martin Donovan) who can't recall his former career as a pornographer meets an ex-nun (Isabelle Huppert) with problems of her own. She writes stories for a porno magazine and claims to be a latent nymphomaniac who has never had sex. Their budding relationship is complicated by the appearance of several unsavory characters, including the amnesiac's wife (Elina Lowensohn), who pushed him out a window and left him for dead after he forced her to perform in his films. Huppert plays Hartley's game with her usual deadpan savoir faire. What results is a mildly subversive action movie with a smidgen of mainstream sophistication. ¥¥½

•

Breathing hard but moving steadily to superstardom, David Caruso can give the back of his hand to skeptics who thought he was being reckless when he left *NYPD Blue*. Returning to the big screen in ***Kiss of Death*** (Twentieth Century Fox)—a complete recycling of the 1947 hit—Caruso looks damned good in the pivotal role originated by Victor Mature. In a first-rate production directed by Barbet Schroeder, from a fresh new screenplay by Richard (*The Color of Money*) Price, Caruso plays Jimmy Kilmartin, a car thief whose attempt to go straight is sabotaged by his corrupt cousin (Michael Rapaport). After a bungled heist, Jimmy goes to prison again, leaving his wife (Helen Hunt of TV's *Mad About You*) to the whims of a mob headed by an eccentric psycho known as Little Junior (Nicolas Cage scores in this role, which launched Richard Widmark's movie career). Jimmy gets out of jail only to find himself cornered in a treacherous underworld where there is no justice unless he helps the D.A. set a trap for Little Junior. This intelligent, suspense-laden *Kiss of Death* pumps raw energy into a familiar genre and boosts Caruso's image as a New Age Cagney. ¥¥¥

•

Actor Bob Balaban stays cool behind the camera as co-author (with John McLaughlin) and director of ***The Last Good Time*** (Samuel Goldwyn). The screenplay seldom sparkles, but there is quiet assurance in Balaban's approach to this December–May romance between Joseph (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a retired Brooklyn violinist, and Charlotte (Olivia D'Abo), the battered waif he rescues from an abusive boyfriend. Until the girl reawakens his somnolent sexuality, Joseph just practices, stares out the window, visits his lewd chum (Lionel Stander) at a nearby nursing home and fends off a geriatric flirt named Ida (Maureen Stapleton). When Charlotte starts to sleep over, then sleeps with him, Joseph is rejuvenated—no longer obsessing about his beloved late wife who used to dance naked by firelight. Trusting his two capable performers, Balaban makes their impromptu affair seem as unadorned as a Mozart duet. ¥¥

Lowensohn: X-rated in *Amateur*.

Pornographers and thieves fall out, church fathers falter and lovers take their lumps.

•

Having wowed festival audiences at Toronto, Edinburgh and Sundance, the astonishing, controversial ***Priest*** (Miramax) propels British director Antonia Bird into film's front ranks. *Priest* also offers a star-making title role to Linus Roache as young Greg Pilkington, a homosexual priest whose many problems with faith, celibacy and the sanctity of the confessional may provoke an uproar among religious zealots. Assigned to a working-class parish in Liverpool, Father Greg is appalled to discover that his fellow churchman, Father Matthew (Tom Wilkinson), has been sleeping with their beautiful resident housekeeper (Cathy Tyson). The young priest is also tortured by his own compulsive forays into gay bars, where he falls for a guy named Graham (Robert Carlyle). His conscience is sorely tested again when a 14-year-old parishioner (Christine Tremarco) tearfully confesses to being sexually assaulted by her dad. Tempted to breach his vow of confidentiality, Father Greg feels suffocated by sin and self-doubt. He even curses his savior ("you smug, idle bastard") in a series of emotional crises that keep the screen sizzling. Despite a few musical lapses (the soundtrack of smarmy pop tunes by the church choir is no help), *Priest* still registers as a passionate and hypnotic look at one man's moral Armageddon. ¥¥¥¥

•

The Hollywood rat race is revisited once more in ***Swimming With Sharks*** (Trimark), a B movie with a class A performance by Kevin Spacey (see *Off Camera*). Spacey's sardonic portrayal of a vicious movie mogul is as funny as it is fierce. Every razor-sharp edge is exposed when he labels his hungry young assistant (Frank Whaley) an "ink spot" and advises him: "Out here it's kill your parents, fuck your friends and have a nice day." Writer-director George Huang comes up with some gritty dialogue, though a few abrupt melodramatic turns are the film's undoing. Whaley seems too boyish to be convincing as the vengeance-bound worm who turns violently on his mentor and has a steamy affair with an ambitious producer (Michelle Forbes, shiningly chic and brittle). In the end, *Sharks* has real impact because Spacey's bite leaves teeth marks. ¥¥½

•

Changing fashions in hairstyles and women's wear almost upstage the rest of ***Mina Tannenbaum*** (New Yorker Films), a modish French tragicomedy by writer-director Martine Dugowson. Two young Jewish women (Romane Bohringer as Mina, Elsa Zylberstein as Ethel) meet in Sixties Paris as muddled teenagers and continue their touch-and-go relationship into the Nineties. Mina becomes an artist who loses faith in herself, while Ethel prospers as a pushy journalist who gets the man they both want. The movie ends sadly, but both women have charm and insight to spare. ¥¥½

•

Writer-director Steven Soderbergh's ***The Underneath*** (Gramercy) is a provocative tale of crime, passion and punishment. More conventional than his *sex, lies and videotape*, this psychological suspense drama stars Peter Gallagher as Michael, a Texan trying to put his screwed-up life back together. He is a

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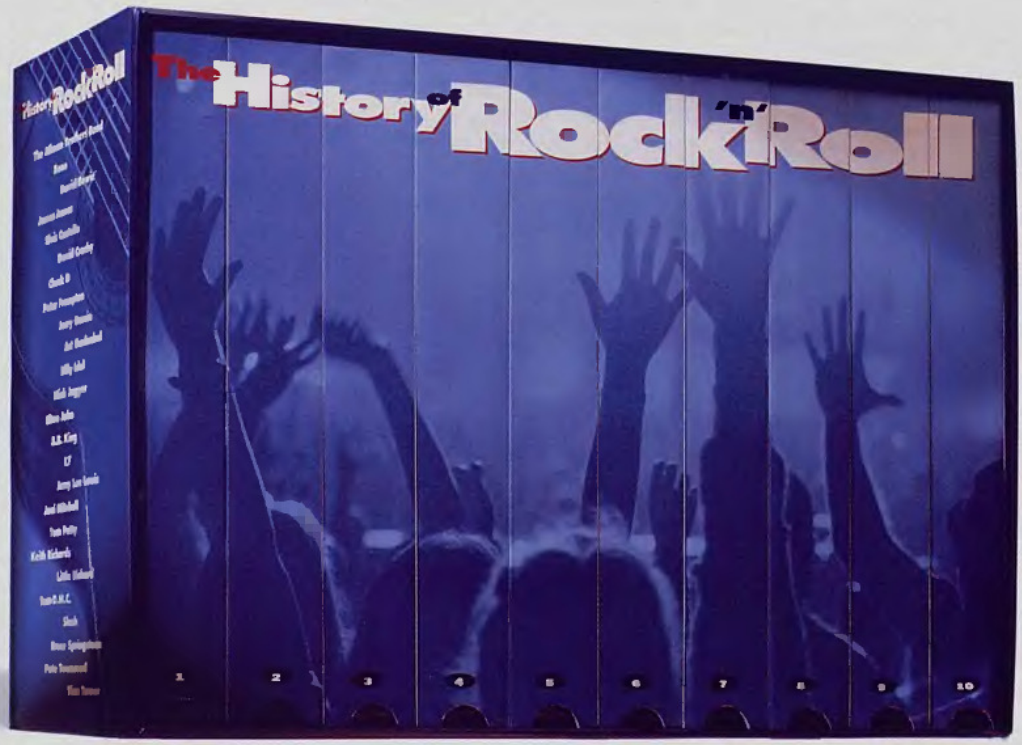

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Spacey: From ballyhoo to the Bard.

OFF CAMERA

An actor's actor who prefers the Broadway stage to cinema, **Kevin Spacey,** at 35, is edging toward movie stardom in spite of himself. "I'm having a year in which I'm pretty much *out there*," he says over breakfast at a Greenwich Village restaurant. A 1991 Tony Award winner for his stage role in Neil Simon's *Lost in Yonkers*, Spacey will co-produce and star this fall in a play called *National Anthems*. Meanwhile, he's showing up on the big screen in three movies: *Swimming With Sharks* (see review); *The Usual Suspects*, as a talkative crook named Verbal Kint; and the highly anticipated *Outbreak*, with Dustin Hoffman ("A sort of medical thriller. I'm a pretty funny good guy"). Spacey is well-remembered for previous film work as the weaselly office manager in *Glengarry Glen Ross* and as a comically caustic hostage in *The Ref*. He is slated for a role in *Seven*, starring Morgan Freeman and Brad Pitt, and is also making a documentary in collaboration with Al Pacino (a close friend) about actors doing Shakespeare.

Spacey is a California-bred New Yorker who graduated from The Juilliard School hungry "to really make it in about 15 minutes."

A workaholic and "voracious reader," he spends his spare time—when he has any—"traveling, jet-skiing or playing chess." He expects to make lots of good career moves in the next ten years: "I want to do some Shakespearean roles before I'm too old. I'd like to play Iago, Benedick and Richard II. I can get a play produced using my name. I don't think I can get a movie, though. They always want something that's perfect, but there's no such thing as a perfect screenplay. I can't really bother with all that crap. That's why my first allegiance will always be to the theater."

habitual gambler who reads self-help tomes and returns home to Austin for his widowed mother's wedding after running out on his debts and his sultry ex-wife (Alison Elliott). She happens to be deeply involved with a club owner and racketeer, played sneeringly by William Fichtner. Haunted by her and hassled by his brother (Adam Trese), a cop seething with sibling rivalry, Michael blunders into another doomed scam. To give away the last-reel surprises would be unfair, but *The Underneath* scores as the portrait of a good-looking loser for whom disaster seems an inevitable second nature. ¥¥¥

•

The androgynous style of certain current pop stars comes to mind throughout ***Farinelli*** (Sony Classics). Set in 18th century Europe but subliminally modern, French filmmaker Gérard Corbiau's eye-filling period drama is based on the life of the famous Italian castrato whose glorious singing voice enthralled the crowned heads of Europe for decades. The titular Farinelli, as portrayed by Stéfano Dionisi, is a brilliant, tortured misfit ("without balls, neither man nor woman," says one withering critic). Although the composer Handel (Jeroen Krabbe) promises him golden opportunities, Farinelli remains tied to his brother, Riccardo Broschi (Enrico Lo Verso), who writes most of his music. In the movie's erotic sequences, the two brothers collaborate as seducers—women fall into bed with Farinelli, who brings them to climax but lets the virile Riccardo finish the act. Feuds with Handel and Riccardo, plus a close relationship with a rapt admirer named Alexandra (Elsa Zylberstein again), fuel a circuitous plot that tinkers with historical accuracy. Musically and theatrically, the movie is a masterwork—with two first-rate voices, male and female, digitally blended to approximate the hero's astonishing range. For *Farinelli*, discerning audiences should shout "Bravo!" ¥¥¥¥

•

An adolescent drug addict's gradual descent from high school athletics to a living hell is tracked step by step in ***The Basketball Diaries*** (New Line), a grueling movie version of Jim Carroll's autobiography. Similar urban horror stories have been a screen staple since *The Man With the Golden Arm* (1955) and other cautionary tales. Leonardo DiCaprio, an Oscar nominee for last year's *What's Eating Gilbert Grape*, delivers another smashingly realistic performance in the lead role. On film, despite the good acting, *Diaries* is episodic, repetitive and depressing. Maybe you had to be there. But would you want to have been? ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Amateur (See review) Hard-core amnesiac meets a nympho nun. ¥¥½
The Basketball Diaries (See review) A full-court press on hard drugs. ¥¥
Before Sunrise (3/95) Falling in love with love while touring Vienna. ¥¥¥½
Bulletproof Heart (4/95) Cupid aims at a hit man with a contract to kill. ¥¥
Circle of Friends (4/95) On being young, restless and Irish. ¥¥¥
Exotica (4/95) Show-and-tell shenanigans in a strip club. ¥¥
Farinelli (See review) Stylish saga of a superb castrato. ¥¥¥¥
Heavenly Creatures (1/95) Kiwi take on two giddy homicidal teens. ¥¥¥½
Kiss of Death (See review) Caruso revives his big-screen career. ¥¥¥
The Last Good Time (See review) A geriatric gent's hurrah. ¥¥
Little Odessa (4/95) In Brooklyn, the Russian Mafia rides high. ¥¥½
The Madness of King George (3/95) Everdysfunctional British royals. ¥¥¥
Martha & Ethel (4/95) A couple of nannies you'll never forget. ¥¥¥½
Miami Rhapsody (2/95) Infidelity sunny-side up, Southern style. ¥¥¥
Mina Tannenbaum (See review) Two French girls' long friendship. ¥¥½
Murder in the First (3/95) Bacon sizzles as an Alcatraz inmate. ¥¥¥½
Muriel's Wedding (4/95) Bright comedy regarding a resolute bride-to-be. ¥¥¥
Nina Takes a Lover (4/95) Marital infidelity with a twist of wry. ¥¥½
Once Were Warriors (4/95) An abused Maori wife turns the tables. ¥¥¥
Priest (See review) Scathing drama about an anxiety-ridden gay Catholic getting hot under the collar. ¥¥¥¥
Queen Margot (3/95) Adjani dolls up a dark, epic history. ¥¥¥
Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker (Listed only) True love goes awry in a highly scenic Chinese blowup. ¥¥¥
Roommates (4/95) A foxy grandpa made memorable by Peter Falk. ¥¥¥¥
Shallow Grave (4/95) Easy money puts friendship to the final test. ¥¥
Strawberry and Chocolate (3/95) A homosexual in Havana flails away at what's left of Cuban politics. ¥¥¥
The Sum of Us (4/95) Tolerant dad and gay son get along down under. ¥¥½
Swimming With Sharks (See review) Hollywood predators at large. ¥¥½
The Underneath (See review) Charming born loser tries one more scam. ¥¥¥
Vanya on 42nd Street (2/95) Fine cast and a sharp David Mamet screenplay make Chekhov's classic soar. ¥¥¥½

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¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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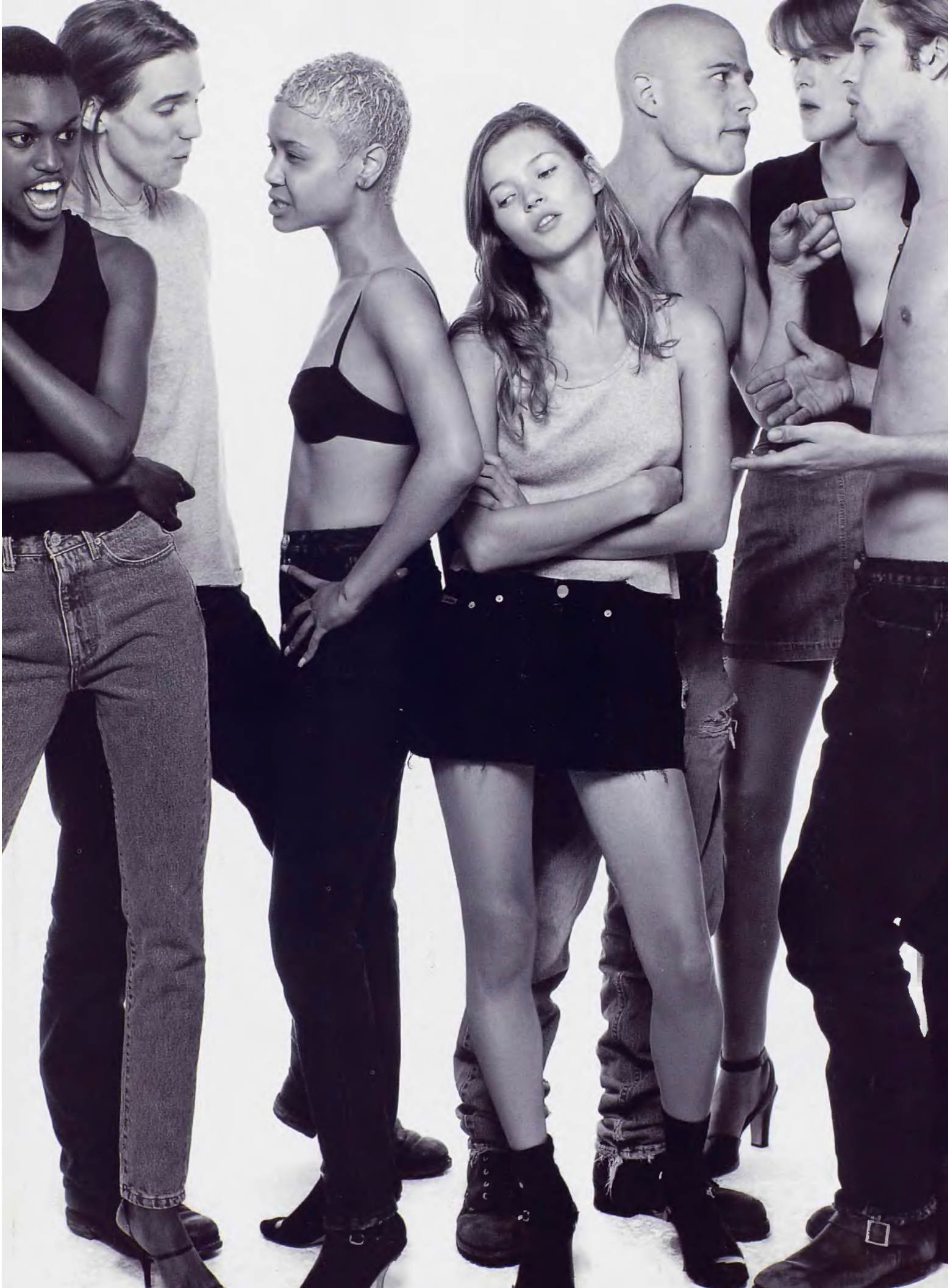

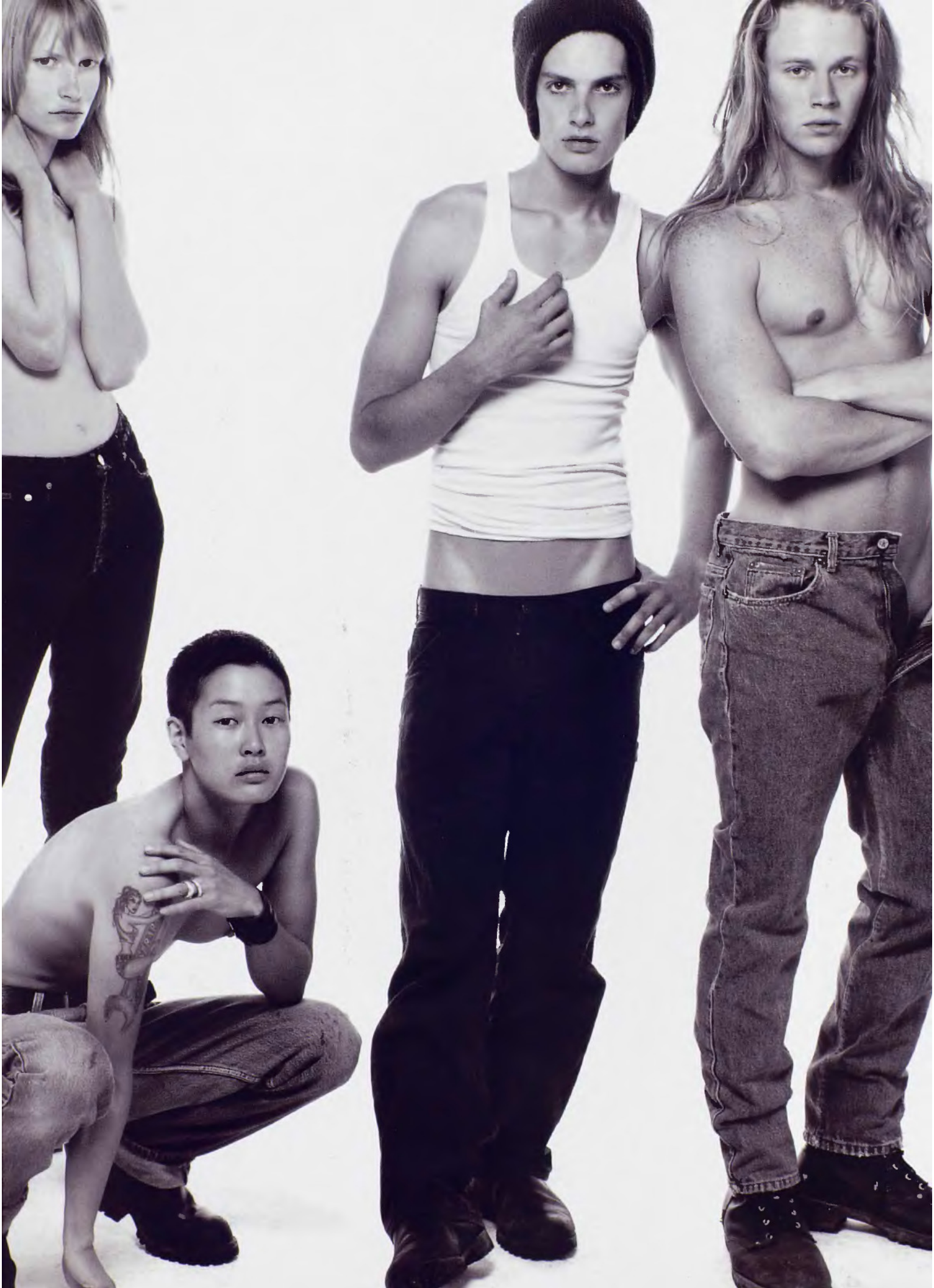

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"I like films with conviction," says music legend **Quincy Jones**. The maestro's top ten? *Citizen Kane, The Godfather, Apocalypse Now, Close Encounters of the Third Kind, The Informer, Boyz N the Hood, The Last Emperor*—and the comedies *Being There, The Odd Couple* and *Enter Laughing*. When rewinding his favorites, Jones is a sucker for good direction. "In *Last Emperor*, when Bertolucci moves us outside through the billowing cloth door to see thousands of people in beautiful costumes, and all you can hear is the sound of the wind—no orchestra—that's a brave choice. That's where the heart and the soul come out. When it all falls together like that, there's nothing like it." —SUSAN KARLIN

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

The stars of Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers* weren't the first cinematic pair to take to the highway. With its cheap motels, cool convertibles and dusty streets, the road flick is as American as apple pie—though never quite so wholesome. Our video road map includes:

Easy Rider (1969): Sometimes pointless, often meandering, yet still a classic that captures the restless romance of the road. Notable for launching Nicholson and giving Fonda rogue status.

Thelma & Louise (1991): Sarandon and Davis flee men and the law in the best ladies-only road pic ever. Great chemistry, awesome scenery and newcomer Brad Pitt as a hitchhiking cowboy stud.

Bonnie and Clyde (1967): Glamorous gangsters on the lam in Arthur Penn's brilliant saga of the real-life desperadoes. Beatty and Dunaway are heartless and heartbreaking as the doomed pair.

Wild at Heart (1990): When a mother from hell puts a contract out on her daughter's beau, the lovers hit the asphalt. Dern and Cage are poor man's Marilyn and Elvis; David Lynch provides his trademark weirdness.

The Getaway (1972): Sam Peckinpah's edge-of-your-seat chase flick finds ex-con Steve McQueen and wife-moll Ali MacGraw at the center of pistol-packed mayhem. Baldwin and Basinger did a flat 1994 remake.

Badlands (1973): Martin Sheen, Sissy Spacek and Warren Oates scare and score in chilling re-creation of Charlie Starkweather's murder spree of the Fifties. The dusty scenery alone should have taken the Oscar.

The Sugarland Express (1974): Prison escapee and wife tear-ass through Texas, ducking state troopers in an attempt to reclaim their kid. Goldie Hawn gives fuel to Spielberg's first big-screen effort.

Midnight Run (1988): Bounty hunter Robert De Niro can't seem to bring in neurotic fugitive Charles Grodin. Surprise sleeper proves that De Niro can actually be funny. —ELIZABETH TIPPENS

VIDBITS

Do the less-than-sovereign escapades of Charles and Di leave you wondering if some of the bloom is off the royal rose forever? ***The Windsors: A Royal Family*** (MPI, $79.98) tracks five generations of oft-madcap monarchs in four volumes, with a dash of recent regal dirt. . . . If rock-and-roll royalty is more to your liking, time-warp through Time Life's ***The History of Rock and Roll*** (ten volumes, $160), from the first twang on a Les Paul six-string to today's rap and hip-hop. The encyclopedic effort features 250 tunes and 204 interviews. . . . Chute 'em up with ***Colorado Cowboy: The Bruce Ford Story*** (Kino, $24.95), a video rodeo starring the five-time world champ and king of the bareback buckaroos. The black-and-white documentary copped a cinematography prize at the 1994 Sundance Festival. . . . Prepare for a royal blush as two kings—and one queen—of stand-up headline a trio of Showtime specials from Paramount ($12.95 each). The titles tell all: ***Denis Leary: No Cure for Cancer, Joan Rivers: Abroad in London*** and ***Tim Allen: Men Are Pigs.*** . . . From Video Action Sports comes ***Mad Beef: An Inline Felony*** ($19.95), a crash course on daredevil street skating, in which the best blades in New York and Los Angeles duel to near-death. The spoilsport vid box warns couch jocks not to try it at home. We won't.

LASER FARE

Take me to your remaster. Among the spruced up titles from Pioneer, in both wide-screen and pan-and-scan formats: Terry Gilliam's ***Time Bandits,*** Robert Redford's ***Ordinary People*** and the still-amusing Arnold Schwarzenegger action film, ***The Running Man.*** . . . Voyager's documentary release, ***François Truffaut: 25 Years, 25 Films,*** is a French kiss to the pioneer of the New Wave. The digital transfer is superb and the supplementary material includes trailers, audition clips, commentary (by Spielberg, no less) and the rarely seen short, *Les Mistons* (1957). Other Truffaut from Voyager's Criterion Collection: ***The 400 Blows*** (1959), ***Jules and Jim*** (1962) and ***Two English Girls*** (1971). *Bon spectacle!* . . . Laser fans may notice yet another code making its debut on the jacket to Paramount's ***Clear and Present Danger***: AC-3. That's short for Dolby Surround AC-3 Digital, which refers to an upgrade in the more familiar Dolby Surround and Pro Logic audio processes. With the right equipment, AC-3 gives you a fuller sound. Without it, you're stuck doing what the rest of us do: enjoying the movie. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DON'T MISS	***Forrest Gump*** (Oscar's big pic finds Hanks embodying a crack in bell curve; camera wizardry ensures rewinds aplenty), ***The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*** (women wanna-bes cross outback in 1994's quirky hit).
ACTION	***The Specialist*** (Stallone, Stone, Woods and TNT to spare; Sly fans will forgive the limp plot), ***The River Wild*** (macho rapids-runner Meryl Streep saves otherwise waterlagged hostage drama; Kevin Bacon is the creepy raft pirate).
COMEDY	***Bullets Over Broadway*** (thugs and starlets take center stage in dazzling Woody fluff; memorable work by Wiest, Tilly and Palminteri), ***Barcelona*** (Navy rover boy visits down-in-dumps cousin in Spain; arch but amusing Whit Stillman trifle).
ECLECTIC	***Hoop Dreams*** (high schoolers shoot for big time as scouts cherry-pick in the ghetto; superb urban epic that happens to be a documentary), ***Clerks*** (low-budget B&W study depicts daily ennui of slacker shopkeeps; a four-letter howl).
X-RATED	***Blue Bayou*** (Deidre Holland stars in Cajun fantasy; steamy action, decent story and—yes!—new camera angles), ***Blonde Justice 3*** (divorcée seeks company of hot dancer Janine; bad news: too much girl-girl, good news: they're all stunning).

STYLE

DUFFER DUDS

When a sport is hot, the clothes score, too. Fortunately, in the case of golf, it's not the clownish pants that have taken to the streets but rather the subtle golf jacket in traditional plaids and solid twills. The perfect complement to jeans or chinos, this classic waist-length style can be worn as a casual alternative to a sports coat or in place of lightweight outerwear such as a jean jacket. Among our favorite options are the cotton twill golf jackets from Polo by Ralph Lauren, available in navy, poppy and a variety of khaki shades with plaid undercollars and cuffs. Designer John Bartlett used a blend of viscose and polyester to create his short, solid-colored khaki golf jacket. There are also the sleek-looking blue madras linen style from CK Calvin Klein and Basco's tan plaid linen-rayon blend zip jacket. And should you want to take a swing at more than just the jacket, you'll be glad to know that Tommy Hilfiger and Alexander Julian will be joining Polo by Ralph Lauren to offer complete golfwear lines that will keep you dressed to the tee.

DEPREPPING THE V

Think V-neck sweaters are too Beaver Cleaver? Think again. The latest looks, designed to be worn on their own or with a T-shirt rather than a preppy buttondown shirt, come in hot colors with interesting patterns and textures. New Republic's luxurious Sea Island cotton Henley sweater, for example, features a high V-neck and comes in shades of brown, black, melon and celadon (a grayish yellow green, according to Merriam Webster). The Perry Ellis label lives up to its all-American image with a loosely knit linen-blend beige sweater featuring a black diamond pattern and a high, rolled V-neck. Gentry Portofino offers a steel-blue ribbed cotton-and-linen one with decorative wooden buttons. For built-in air-conditioning during the sticky days of summer, try Laundry Industry's navy linen mesh-knit sweater with a moderate V, or its high V cotton-and-nylon knit bouclé sweater in white or anthracite (a.k.a. charcoal). And iconoclastic German designer Wolfgang Joop offers geometric-blocked V-neck sweaters in wool, cotton and cashmere with colors ranging from black to Day-Glo green.

HOT SHOPPING: BOSTON

"No more snow" is the catchphrase for Boston in May, the month that the Boston Pops opens its season and warm breezes draw shoppers outdoors to the hip galleries, restaurants and boutiques in the Newbury Street area. Allston Beat (348 Newbury St.): Locally designed Original Pimpgear, a fun line of brightly colored T-shirts that play on famous logos. • Alan Bilzerian (34 Newbury St.): Creatively designed menswear from Europe and Japan. • Underground Snowboards (860 Commonwealth Ave.): This is the East Coast's top shop for skateboard threads. • Beat Nonstop (86 Massachusetts Ave.): Cool buys for the counterculture, including rave gear and techno records. • Mama Kin (36 Lansdowne St.): Aerosmith front man Steven Tyler's new entertainment complex near Fenway, showcasing up-and-coming bands and off-Broadway theater.

CLOTHES LINE

Sportsman-actor **John Clark Gable,** the 34-year-old son of "the King of Hollywood," says he dresses up in Yves Saint Laurent tuxedos and suits but is most comfortable going the cowboy way in Big Star jeans, Tony Lama boots and Triple Beaver Stetsons. When Gable isn't making movies (his most recent role was in *A Burning Passion: The Margaret Mitchell Story* on NBC), he can be found in Killy ski apparel on the slopes or in a Simpson firesuit and helmet while racing open-wheel formula cars and Ford pickups. "I have a 1000-mile race through Mexico coming up," says Gable, who frankly doesn't give a damn that he puts his life on the line with each high-speed event.

THE ACID TEST

Alpha hydroxy acids have been the hot age-defying ingredient in women's grooming products for the past few years—and now men have a shot at this fountain of youth, too. Extracted from natural sources such as fruits and sugarcane, AHAs work by sloughing off dead cells and helping the skin retain moisture. Wisely, several companies have developed special men's versions that also prepare the skin for a close shave. Moisturizing AHA products for guys include New West's Up Up & Away, Polo Sport Face Fitness AHA Moisture Formula and Lift Off from the Aramis Lab Series. If you prefer your AHA as an aftershave, there's A+ from Aramis and Alpha Hydrox' Skin Fitness for Men in formulas for dry, oily and sensitive skin. Because AHAs can make even the toughest skin sensitive, be sure to put on some SPF 15 before going outdoors.

MARTIN HOSTMAN

STYLE METER

TIES	IN	OUT
STYLES	Traditional 3¾" to 4" widths; silk and linen iridescent blends	Stiff twills; bulky knits; bolas; bow ties before five P.M.
PATTERNS	Solid, horizontal-striped and textured wavens; tone-on-tone jacquards	Stuffy reps; large flower-power prints; tiny, neat patterns
COLORS	Pastels such as pale blue and yellow; bright hues with a soft sheen	Quiet, conventional shades (such as burgundy) with matte finishes

Where & How to Buy on page 155.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

EVER SINCE the waning days of J. Edgar Hoover's reign, the Federal Bureau of Investigation has had a public relations problem. Recent criticism of trigger-happy, malicious and bureaucratic feds may, however, be washed aside by ***Hard Evidence*** (Simon & Schuster), David Fisher's impressive portrait of the FBI Criminal Laboratory. This book reveals exciting advances in forensics at this center for crime detection, and it details case after case in which scientific analysis has foiled contemporary criminals.

Every year, the lab on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C. performs almost a million examinations on 200,000 pieces of evidence sent from law enforcement agencies all over the country: "It might be trace evidence: a speck of paint, lead that a bullet has left on a bone, human cells from a drop of blood. Or it might be as large as a skull or a chunk of wall that has to be lifted into the building by a crane. Once the entire contents of a suspected serial killer's apartment arrived by van." The FBI lab technicians become involved with cases that make the headlines because they are so well equipped to study evidence.

Citing cases both famous and forgotten, Fisher dazzles the reader with the lab's sophisticated technology. Fisher says Green Beret Dr. Jeffrey MacDonald was denied an appeal on the basis of a Hair and Fibers Unit report. In Tacoma, Washington, DNA evidence from the lab identified the rapist of an elderly woman with Alzheimer's disease, even though the victim had no memory of the crime. The Special Photography Unit even analyzed pictures for the case of the *Twilight Zone* movie, in which actor Vic Morrow and two children were killed when a helicopter crashed during filming. Through photogrammetry, the technicians measured exactly how high the helicopter was when the pilot lost control of the craft, a key element in the outcome of the case.

Hard Evidence offers an intriguing, confidence-inspiring tour of the FBI's lab. Fisher never lets the reader forget—despite the fascination of these technological marvels—that this is science in the service of justice.

Journalistic memoirs are often self-congratulatory attempts to fortify an author's fading reputation by rehashing large chunks of history through personal anecdotes. Jacques Leslie—foreign correspondent in Vietnam and Cambodia for the *Los Angeles Times*—makes no pompous claims in ***The Mark*** (Four Walls Eight Windows). Instead, he takes readers back into the mind of an adventurous young reporter in Saigon at the height of the Vietnam war and relives the confusion, fear, wonder and excitement of it all with an engaging honesty.

STEVE ROSWICK

Hard Evidence: The FBI's cutting-edge lab.

State-of-the-art detection techniques, Vietnam memoirs and new turf for mystery writers.

By his own account, Leslie was "the greenest reporter who ever set foot in Vietnam," a Yalie who didn't know an AK-47 from an M-16. He quickly learned that although many of his colleagues were more seasoned, most of them shared a not-so-secret obsession with the thrill of the war zone.

His self-formulated sense of mission indicates both youthful romanticism and absurd egotism: "With the inflated gravity of a 25-year-old, I considered myself the sole journalist who told the truth. Nearly every other correspondent was compromised, I thought, by his indifference or his embrace of false ideology, or by the requirements of his publication."

Leslie gradually discovers that a journalistic exclusive develops from a dogged pursuit of instincts and from the courage to take risks, to edge "closer and closer to death." While visiting a combat area, Leslie is hit with a piece of shrapnel from North Vietnamese shelling that kills two men nearby. The high point of his experience as a war correspondent comes during a cease-fire, when he and a colleague drive into Viet Cong territory and observe life behind enemy lines.

Leslie feels that he answered the big questions of his life in Indochina. This memoir, however, suggests he experienced an exhilaration and intensity of focus during his Vietnam years that will leave him forever restless.

Contemporary mystery writers have found murder and mayhem in places as unlikely as 12th century monasteries and 21st century spaceships. The latest crop of whodunits proves there are still territories to be gumshoed. ***The Last Housewife*** (Doubleday) by Jon Katz, ***Ill Wind*** (Putnam) by Nevada Barr and ***The Neon Smile*** (Simon & Schuster) by Dick Lochte each tread new turf.

Katz finds inspiration in the issues boiling close to home in suburban New Jersey. The feminist principal of the local school is murdered and Kit Deleeuw—a veteran of Katz' two previous Suburban Detective mysteries—is called in to help defend a woman proud to call herself "the last housewife." The primal emotions of family life explode among the malls and tree-lined streets where Deleeuw hunts down a murderer.

Barr finds crime in Colorado's Mesa Verde National Park, where alcoholic, widowed park ranger Anna Pigeon consults the spirits of the ancient Anasazi when a fellow ranger is found dead, mysteriously hidden in a Hopi kiva. Barr makes the environment of the park and the routines of the keepers an integral part of this well-written puzzle.

Lochte probes the decadence and violence of his native New Orleans and comes up with a complex crime novel. *The Neon Smile* ranks with the best mysteries being written today. Private detective Terry Manion is contacted by a tabloid TV show to dig into a murky murder case. Thirty years earlier, a black militant leader died in his jail cell at the same time a serial killer was slicing up women in the Big Easy. Manion's deceased mentor, J.J. Legendre, had worked on both cases. The story shifts between 1965 and the present with lots of twists as Terry retraces his teacher's steps to uncover new connections. This suspenseful, stylishly written novel is peppered with references to other cop and detective stories that will delight veteran mystery readers.

BOOK BAG

Chip-Wrecked in Las Vegas (Mead Publishing), by Barney Vinson: Take a romp through the casino capital of the world in this bizarre collection of true stories and rare photos of old Nevada.

A Day in the Life: The Music and Artistry of the Beatles (Delacorte Press), by Mark Hertsgaard: A fresh look at the music that changed history based on newly available archival material, studio documents and interviews.

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FITNESS

By JON KRAKAUER

Last summer I was fit. It required four months of flogging unwilling flesh, but by August I felt honed, and I swore I would stay that way. In October, though, the weather turned dirty, so I didn't get out on the bike quite as much as I'd intended. Then the holidays arrived. Not wanting to be a party pooper, I ate heartily and drank with purpose. I also missed a session or two at the gym. Actually, I stopped going altogether.

Well, spring is here, and someone sneaked in while I wasn't looking and replaced my once hard body with a squishy sack of flab. It's time to haul my sagging butt off the couch.

Starting over from scratch is a forbidding prospect. Choosing an effective motivational tool, say the fitness experts, will make it considerably less so. If you're the gambling type, you might find that a modest wager does the trick. In a study recently conducted at Michigan State University, researchers found that people who bet $40 that they could adhere to a fitness program for six months had a 97 percent success rate. Participants who bet nothing had only a 20 percent success rate.

Alan Mikesky, director of the Human Performance and Biomechanics Laboratory at Indiana University–Purdue University, recommends finding a training partner to help you stay on track. "On days you don't feel like working out," he says, "you'll know that he or she is at the gym waiting for you. Guilt and peer pressure are excellent motivators."

But before you begin any program, you need to figure out what you want to accomplish. If, like me, your primary aims are general fitness and developing lean, functionally strong muscles rather than a massive bodybuilder's physique, Seattle-based fitness expert Peter Shmock recommends an exercise regimen he calls segment circuit training.

It's an efficient way to get in shape. According to Shmock, a two-time Olympic shot-putter who for the past eleven years has been director of conditioning for the Seattle Mariners: "I've had people make significant progress by working out as little as 30 minutes twice a week." You won't bulk up like Schwarzenegger on this program, but you will develop both stamina and overall conditioning.

Good old pumping iron is integral to Shmock's program. What makes his

DARREN THOMPSON

COMING BACK FROM THE COUCH

method so effective is that it transforms ordinary weight lifting into a quasi-aerobic activity, so your heart and lungs get a workout while you are engineering stronger muscles. "Let's say you have time for a half-hour workout," Shmock explains. "That should allow you to complete two 15-minute segments of four exercises each: something for the legs, the arms and the trunk, followed by a piece of purely aerobic work."

A typical session might go like this: For the first segment, start with stretching, followed by five minutes of warm-up on a stair machine. Then two sets of squats for the lower body, two sets of bench presses for the upper body, two sets of Russian twists for the trunk and two minutes on a stationary bike at 90 rpm. The second segment consists of two sets each of lunges, lat pulls and crunches and one minute on an ergometric bicycle at 100 rpm. Three minutes of cooldown on the bike and—presto!—your workout is over. If you have more time, tackle a third or even a fourth segment; it will result in even faster gains.

When starting out, Shmock suggests selecting weights that allow you to do ten to 12 repetitions per set. As you become stronger, gradually increase the number of reps to 18 per set. And to enhance the cardiovascular component of the workout, try to keep the rest periods between exercises to a maximum of 60 seconds, reducing rests to 20 to 30 seconds as your conditioning improves.

For each exercise, practice the movement slowly and carefully until you get the hang of it, then try to snap off each lift as quickly as possible, aiming for speed without sacrificing control or good form. "You should try to make each exercise appear effortless," says Shmock, "even when it's not. Grunting and grinding, squirming your butt against the bench, straining until your eyeballs pop out—that's extremely counterproductive. There isn't an elite athlete in any sport who trains that way. Imagine, instead, doing a graceful dance with the weights."

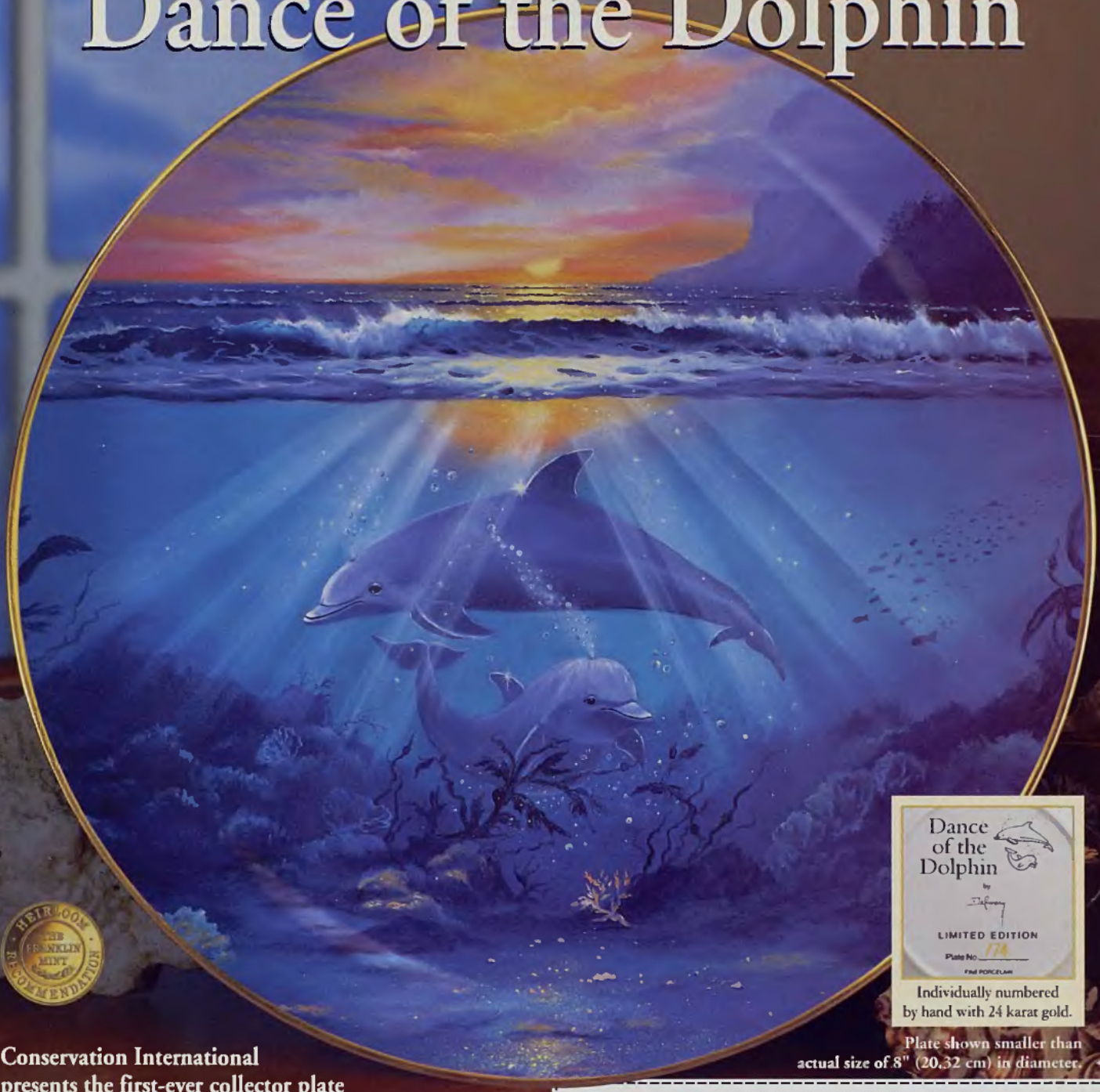
Too many of us, Shmock declares, believe training is supposed to be a painful, masochistic struggle. "I used to think that way myself," he admits. "But after retiring from Olympic track-and-field competition, I came to understand an amazing thing: One of the reasons I hadn't maximized my talents is that I had trained too hard, and it was detrimental to my performance.

"It's important to apply yourself," he continues, "but don't go at it so hard that you do harm. Most of the people I see lifting weights in gyms insist on trashing their bodies day after day. They don't realize that they'd progress faster if they visited the gym less often. Twice a week is enough for most people. If you go much more than that, you're doing work just for the sake of doing work—which is fine if you have some psychological need to do that. But it probably does nothing to maximize fitness."

Shmock advises that you "leave each workout with something in reserve for the next workout. Sure, some days you'll push yourself to the limit because it feels good. That's normal. But a hard workout should be followed by an easy one."

The idea is to adopt an exercise program that is flexible and enjoyable enough to hold your interest. "Think long-term," urges Mikesky. "Break the painful cycle of starting every spring and stopping every fall. It's OK to take some time off once in a while—in fact, it's probably a good idea. But I'm talking two to three weeks, not six months."

Dance of the Dolphin



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MEN

By ASA BABER

REGAN DUNNICK

THINK LIKE A GIRL

My buddy Dufo called me the other day and invited me out to a sports bar for a beer and a burger.

It turned out that Dufo wanted to talk about the women in his life—or perhaps I should say the absence of women in his life. "What am I doing wrong, Ace?" he asked. "I keep thinking women will like me. I'm a normal guy, right?"

"Sure, Dufo," I said. "You're OK."

"So why can't I find a woman who will stick with me? One or two dates—if I can even get a date—and then they drop me like a hot rock."

"Women are difficult to please these days," I said, nodding. "There's a lot of fickleness out there, Dufo."

"I don't understand it. I'm decent-looking. I'm built like a linebacker. You'd think they'd like me. I hunt deer with a bow and arrow, I fish with a light line and I consistently hit my drives 300 yards. What's wrong with that?"

"You're a real man's man, Dufo," I said, "but that's your problem."

"What do you mean?" Dufo asked.

I laughed. "You played football in high school and college, you're a Gulf war vet and you stay in shape. You're 33 and you own your own construction company and you say what you think, bluntly and succinctly. That's all bad news, Dufo."

"Bad news?" he asked. "I thought those were good things."

"No wonder you can't keep a woman in your life," I said. "You're not a sensitive man of the Nineties. You're a Neanderthal with a pickup truck. You have a case of terminal masculinity, good buddy. It'll never work."

"But I've always been a regular guy. What can I do?" Dufo asked.

"You have to change your act if you want to get along with women today, Dufo. You have to cater to them."

"But I can't stop hunting and fishing. And I won't give up golf. What else do they want from me?" he asked.

"Just shut up about all that manly stuff," I said. "Don't talk about it. Women don't care about that crap."

"What do they care about?"

"Girl things," I said.

"Girl things?" Dufo asked. "I'm a guy. I don't know about girl things."

"Precisely your problem," I said. "You're the kind of guy who would take a date to see *Dumb and Dumber*."

"Hey, I did that! She hated it."

"Of course she did. *Dumb and Dumber* is a boy movie. Guys shitting and farting and letting mucus run out of their nostrils? We laugh at it, but girls despise it. If you had thought like a girl, you would have known that. Repeat after me, Dufo: 'Think like a girl, think like a girl.'"

"Think like a girl, think like a girl," he said, grimacing. "I don't like saying it, Ace."

"Tough shit, man. You want to get along with women? Then say 'Think like a girl' over and over, even in your sleep. Practice thinking like a girl, night and day. Reprogram yourself. Think like a girl or die of hairy palms, Dufo."

"You've got to help me, Ace."

"OK, listen up. Lesson number one: Talk more. Talk all the time. You're the strong, silent type. That's no good. Girls talk. And talk and talk. You have to learn to chatter. Talk about your morning, your afternoon, your evening, your feelings, your relationships, your hair, your bath oil, your most recent facial, your favorite soap opera, your favorite talk show, your mother, your plans for the future, your bridal gown——"

"My bridal gown?" Dufo yelled. "I'll never wear a bridal gown."

"Dufo, every sensitive man of the Nineties has a bridal gown picked out for himself. At least the pattern. Carry your bridal gown pattern around in a lunch box. Show it to the women you meet. They'll find that very feminine and nonthreatening."

"I hate this. What else?"

"You have to learn to cook. Not just chicken and spaghetti, either. Cook really fancy shit: lots of sauces and seasonings and salads and pâtés from all over the world. You have to talk about your cooking, too. It's not enough just to do it."

"This is bad news, Baber."

"I'm not done. There's more. You've got to have a channeler."

"A channeler?"

"Yeah, women are into channeling now. Channelers are people they've never met who talk with them on the phone and tell them their future. They talk for many hours—and for many bucks an hour."

"That's a scam. You ask 'What's my future?' and they tell you and you hang up fast. Two minutes, max."

"You're not thinking like a girl, Dufo. Nothing exists for women until it's been talked to death. Only when it has been picked to the bare bones does it have life."

"I'll never get that," Dufo said.

"You will if you want a relationship, my amigo. Women are running the show these days. They expect us to be just like them, and they won't trust us until we are."

"Anything else?" Dufo asked.

"No phone call exists until it has lasted at least 45 minutes. No dinner exists unless it has three courses, two wines and pine nuts sprinkled on everything. Romantic films are good, action films are bad. Fluffy sweaters are in, blue workshirts are out. Ballet is in, strip clubs are out. Remember, it takes years for a man to be able to think like a girl."

Dufo looked at me for a minute, then stared off into space. When he glanced my way again, I thought I saw a softer look in his eyes.

"Pass the pine nuts, Ace," he said. "By the way, I'm a plus size, probably a 24. And I want my gown in white satin with Irish lace, a sweetheart bodice and a long train."

"Do you want a wreath or a veil?"

"I haven't decided," Dufo said.

FALLING FOR FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

During the latest Los Angeles floods, my Saab, a cranky car at the best of times, spitefully developed a leaky sunroof. I drove around in my mobile wading pool, looking at macho jeepy vehicles tearing straight through mud slides.

"I'll buy one of those, too. No more wimpy sedan shit!" I decided with glee. Then my stomach contracted in dread and I broke into a sweat. The ordeal I was about to face is the grisliest of womanly duties.

Car shopping. Actually speaking with car salespeople who will sneeringly ask me about color choice. Endlessly reading consumer magazines. Coming across those words: Cylinder. Dual overhead cams. Turbo. Power train. Rack and pinion. Alternator. Wheelhouse. Crankcase. Camshaft. Skid pad.

Not one of those words makes even an iota of sense to me. Tell me that a camshaft is absolutely anything, and I'll believe you. It cools the engine. It regulates fuel. It is a lovely collection of porcelain snuffboxes. And what the hell is turbo? How about torque?

But you can't ask. You have to go into the car dealership with a "don't fuck with me, sucker" vibe that will make the sales dude roll over, play dead and give you the car for $500 under invoice.

I sauntered into a Ford dealership. The Ford Explorer is like a pair of jeans, an item beyond status or image because everyone has one. I like this in a car. I wouldn't mind having a car project the image I want to convey to the world: "This driver is a left-wing, dog-loving, cynical but vulnerable girl desperado."

"Explorer? Got just a few left," said the sales guy with a slimy English accent. "What color you want? Have you seen the vanity mirror?"

"Color means nothing to me, ditto vanity," I said airily. "Tell me about the engine and the cup holders."

"This one's a V6," he said.

I nodded knowingly. He wasn't fooled. He smirked and further expounded on color choices. He assured me that although this was a 1994, the 1995s would be unchanged and wouldn't be in until summer. Buy today and get a deal. The vehicle rattled during the test-drive. The controls looked very rent-a-car.

"Are you interested in four-wheel drive?" he asked.

TIMOTHY COOK

I panicked and fled.

Four-wheel drive? Isn't four-wheel drive for WASPs in Ralph Lauren who water-ski? Do I want to water-ski?

I went to one of those megabookstores, the singles bars of the Nineties, took a bunch of car books and repaired to a sofa. Read. Tried to read.

I would come to a term like power train, look it up in the glossary, read the definition and still know nothing. My brain stamped its dainty little foot and said, "This area only receives information pertaining to Stephane Kelian shoes, the fat content of Ben & Jerry's Chunky Monkey, dead humorists and the various permutations of McCoy pottery over the past seven decades."

Why do women's brains boycott car info? Can we blame men for this? Is it genetic? Show me a woman who says she understands how cars run and I'll show you a woman who is lying.

I drove along, my ankles splashing in the now mosquito-infested puddles in the Saab, frantically studying every SUV (that much I learned) that went by, hoping for inspiration. I saw something very cute. It had a ladder and running boards and funny little extra windows. It was a Land Rover Discovery. Too adorable.

The Isuzu salesman definitely wanted to date me. He touched me incessantly and walked so that I kept bumping into him. At one point he put his arm around my neck and pulled me along. "You can afford $399 a month," he crooned in my ear.

At the Toyota dealership the salesman told me he was an out-of-work race-car driver whose wife had lost her job and that they have five kids. I was so worried I almost bought the car, though it seemed a little dinky.

"That would be a 'pity close,'" said my friend Scott, former car sales guy. "Of course he was lying! He has to close the deal. Did he try the TO?"

The TO, he said, is when one salesperson can't close, so he turns over the customer to another salesperson and then another. A hard TO is when they get your car keys and "lose" them. You can't leave, so they keep showing you cars. Scott worked at a place where they regularly threw the keys on the roof of the building.

"Statistics show that women pay more for cars than men do," said Scott. "Who knows why?"

I know why. We're too timid to fight, not assertive enough to say no, afraid it would be impolite to walk away.

I drove the Land Rover Discovery for hours with my friend Cleo. We both felt insanely powerful being higher than everybody, like Thelma and Louise—but we'd survive plunging over a cliff. We even went off-road, over actual rocks. It was tremendous fun. Off-roading means you get to pretend to be athletic even if you have no ability at all.

A week after I test-drove the Explorer, I saw commercials for the new, totally different 1995 model, out right now.

I read every car and SUV magazine imaginable, I prowled the Internet for information, I checked crash-test results and pretended to myself I knew what disc brakes were. I was going to be sensible. I might not have known what I was doing, but all those consumer magazines would tell me. I would buy the safest, most practical vehicle in the world. I researched for months.

So I think I'll go for that precious Discovery with the cute ladder. It's the highest-rated SUV.

But only if they have the right color.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My fiancée and I have been together for two years. One night we were fooling around and she asked if I had a fantasy. I told her I did but that she wouldn't be happy if I were to reveal it. She proceeded to get me so hot that I blurted it out: I want to sleep with her and her sister at the same time. She seemed to get turned on by this, so I gave her details and we ended up having great sex. Later that night she said it would never happen and she got angry at me. Every once in a while, I masturbate at the thought of the three of us together. Should I tell her about this?—P.C., Washington, D.C.

Wasn't this an episode of "Seinfeld"? Don't tell her about your masturbation fantasy. Your fiancée got turned on in bed by it because she was in bed and turned on. But with her feet back on the floor, the reality of what was pulsing through your head (and elsewhere) stirred jealousy, shock or sibling rivalry. It sounds like it will be impossible to persuade her to consider a threesome, so relax and enjoy your fantasy for what it is.

A friend told me that women who shave their pubic hair have longer orgasms because the area is more sensitive. Any truth to that? And what is the best method to remove pubic hair if my lover gives me the go-ahead?—W.V., Orlando, Florida.

If hairless vaginas guaranteed better orgasms, why would any woman stop at a bikini wax? The simple answer: Results vary. Some women find that shaving their pubic hair transforms them into heightened sexual beings (cross your fingers), in part because it exposes the mons veneris (Latin for "mound of Venus," after the Roman goddess of love), the sensitive area just above the labia. Stimulation of the mons drives many women wild—more so if there's not a wall of hair in the way. Other women, freshly shaved, suffer from the worst discomfort they've ever felt and vow never to do it again. Should your lover decide to try it, use blunt-nose scissors to trim the hair to about a quarter-inch, then invite her to take a shower with you to help open her pores. Apply shaving cream formulated for sensitive skin, and use a floating-head razor and gentle strokes. Naturally, you should be especially careful around her labia (if she's nervous, let her finish the job). Once the hair is removed, apply moisturizer, towel it off, purr like a kitten and do a final once-over with your tongue.

How secure is electronic mail, and what precautions can I take to keep it private? One day, when I'm running for office, will an old e-mail of mine surface that says "I've always wanted to get into your trousers"? And will a simple denial by me put the issue to rest, or will there

be some electronic proof that links the e-mail to me?—G.D., Houston, Texas.

Because it's fairly easy to fake the return address on electronic mail, you'd probably be able to argue that it was fabricated by your geek opponent. To prevent that scenario, you can encrypt your sensitive correspondence so that only a recipient with the proper decoder can read it. With electronic mail, however, nothing is foolproof—your friends may still rat you out if the price is right. If you are posting intimate details to Internet discussion groups such as alt.sex.upside.down or alt.sex.dreams.Newt, better to make use of a remailer, which forwards your messages after deleting the return address. Contact the Electronic Privacy Information Center at info@epic.org for more information about keeping your online fetishes as discreet as possible, or point your World Wide Web browser to http://www.digicash.com/epic/. To access an easy remailer interface, point your Web browser to http://www.c2.org/remail/bywww.html.

As I approach middle age I detect, much to my dismay, slight changes in my sexual performance. For instance, it takes longer to reach orgasm and my ejaculate appears to be less in quantity than in my younger days. Could you summarize the typical sexual changes that occur as a man ages into his 50s and 60s?—C.J., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

The level of testosterone (the hormone that fuels your sex drive) begins to drop gradually after the age of 55 or 60. You'll keep producing sperm well into your 80s or 90s, but it will get harder to become and stay erect, and your erections will be less firm. The intensity of, and the amount of fluid produced by, your ejaculations will drop, and you'll need more time to rest—perhaps as long as 24 hours—before another round. Your climax may be shorter and you'll feel less need for the release. Also, your prostate gland becomes larger, your scrotum hangs lower and you'll see minor declines in sexual markers. Instead of waking up six times a month with a boner, it'll be five. Instead of an erection that rises 20 percent above the horizon, you'll be able to level a table. Instead of 100 orgasms a year, you'll have 50. Discouraged yet? Don't be. Many, many couples in their 50s and 60s (and beyond) enjoy great sex lives—including plenty of extended foreplay. And look on the bright side: You're making more money than when you were in your 20s.

I read that a new plastic condom is available in Europe. Supposedly, it allows for greater sensitivity and is a lot thinner than latex. What's the scoop?—P.V., St. Petersburg, Florida.

It's not a miracle condom, but the new Avanti is made of polyurethane, a substance that is twice as strong as latex, and it is thin. Manufactured in Britain by London International, the condom hit the U.S. market in states west of the Rockies last November, with a national rollout expected by this fall. The FDA, which regulates condom makers' claims that their products prevent pregnancy and the spread of disease, won't allow the manufacturer to say either about Avanti until U.S. clinical trials are complete early next year. In the meantime, Avanti is marketed only as an alternative for people allergic to latex. But early lab tests have found that the patented, odorless plastic holds both viruses and sperm in check. Unlike latex, plastic condoms also stand up to oil-based lubricants such as petroleum jelly or baby oil. We've come a long way, baby, since English riding coats were made of linen.

Please help. I'm having trouble finding a travel agent who is willing to go that extra mile for my needs. I have had a number of agents who seem to act like they are nothing more than booking clerks. Should I be tipping my agent, or bringing gifts?—W.M., Westminster, California.

There are four professionals you shouldn't pick out of the phone book: your surgeon, your defense lawyer, your priest and your travel agent. Some agents act as though they work at convenience stores, shoving you into the unfriendly skies without even a bon voyage. Others realize that planning a vacation can be more stressful than not taking one at all. The more your agent knows about you—what you think of stopovers, whether you prefer aisle seats, what time of day you like to travel—the better job he or she can do getting you on your way. We think the best way to find a reliable agent is through word of

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mouth. Ask friends or relatives about their experiences with both business and leisure trips (agents may specialize). Once you've found someone you can brag about, there's nothing wrong with bringing back a small gift after a particularly harrowing itinerary goes smoothly. Agents also love referrals.

Recently the battery in my car died from what was diagnosed as benign neglect. I failed to check the fluid periodically and the battery passed away from dehydration. My mechanic suggested I replace it with a maintenance-free battery that contains gel instead of water. I went along, but now I'm curious: How does this one compare with the old wet-cell batteries I'd been using since I bought my first car in 1936?—S.H., Costa Mesa, California.

Maintenance-free batteries are much less of a hassle than their older cousins. Unlike wet cells, low-maintenance and maintenance-free batteries use gel or paste alloys to slow the chemical reaction between metal plates in the battery cells and an electrolytic mixture of sulfuric acid and water. That reduces the rate at which water breaks into hydrogen and oxygen and escapes.

I'm a 21-year-old woman who has had my fair share of lovers, including my best male friend. We've fucked in motels, showers, his room, my room, on the coffee table, on the hood of my car. Once I even gave him a blow job in the middle of a traffic jam: The truck ahead of us thought he was honking the horn because he was in a hurry, when the truth is he came so hard he was pounding my head against the steering wheel. A few nights ago he introduced me to his new girlfriend over the phone. She asked me if I enjoyed hugs and suggested that the three of us could share some. Is she talking about sex, or am I just so horny that I interpret everyday conversation as an invitation for a threesome?—J.S., St. Louis, Missouri.

The more important question is: What are your plans for your male buddy? You've had great sex and a good friendship—aren't you curious about where the combination might lead? Once you've resolved that, move on to this possible ménage à trois. Ask your friend what he has told his girlfriend about you, and why. Does she understand your relationship? If she's pursuing a threesome, everybody involved has to be willing, and comfortable with sharing more than just casual sex.

I'm probably one of the few virgins who subscribes to PLAYBOY, both to find out more about sex and to learn what men like. I'm sure I'll be a great lover when the right person comes along, but until then, I'm curious about what men really think about women who are virgins. Do they respect us, or do they think, What's wrong with her?—P.L., Madison, Wisconsin.

Many men find nothing more exciting than a virgin who waits and waits and waits and then decides to sleep with him. Godspeed to the man who warrants that attention from you. Virginity has become somewhat in vogue, a choice not unlike vegetarianism. If you want to know how men will react, you have to examine why you're a virgin. If it's to appease some far-off teaching about what gets you into heaven, you may well get the reaction, "What's wrong with you?" If it's because you don't feel ready for the powerful rush of adding sex to your life and prefer to make it part of a serious relationship, many suitors will find that appealing (little-known fact: Many men remain virgins for the same reason). Your boyfriends will still want to sleep with you, and badly. How long they can put up with the frustration varies from man to man; how long you put up with their excessive whining is your call.

A few years ago I was going out with an older woman who taught me a lot of sexual techniques. The one I enjoyed most was what she called "reverse head." I stripped naked and lay facedown on the bed. She placed two pillows under my stomach to elevate my ass. After tying my hands behind my back, she placed her hands on my buttocks and began squeezing them and spreading them apart. As soon as she began blowing softly on my anus and cock, I was rock-hard. She gently sucked my testicles and ran her tongue back and forth on the underside of my penis before taking me in her mouth and giving me the best head I've ever had. Forgetting the preliminaries of tying and rubbing and the rest, I still wonder why the upside-down position seemed to add unusual pleasure to what otherwise was everyday fellatio.—J.K., Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Everyday fellatio? Is there such a thing? Besides the delicate care she gave your gonads, your lover knew the secret of control. She had you where she wanted you, and your inability to respond other than by moaning and biting the sheets made it even more of a turn-on.

While shopping for compact discs, I noticed that the store also sells CD repair kits. I had always assumed that a scratched CD was a lost CD. How do these repair kits work, and are they worth the trouble?—M.V., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Repair kits can return most scratched discs to working order without much effort. Quality compact disc players have built-in error correcting to handle minute scratches, fingerprints or dirty spots on the playing (shiny) side of the disc. A scratch on the label side is more serious and usually means you'll have to replace the CD. Deeper scratches in the thick plastic protecting the playing side can usually be smoothed out with a mild abrasive. That's what you get in repair kits. Your success will also depend on what kind

of damage you're dealing with: Because of the way a CD is manufactured, a circular or spiral scratch will be more of a challenge than a scratch that runs from the center to the edge.

On the day I was born, my grandfather bought a bottle of 100-proof whiskey. He gave it to me when I turned 21, and it's now 25 years old. I understand that aging improves the quality of whiskeys, but what characteristics are affected? Is there a time when the quality peaks?—J.W., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

It's a misconception that bottled liquor improves with age. The age is measured by the time it spends in the barrel, taking flavor from the wood before being bottled. Some whiskey fans prefer their booze aged five to six years; others like the heavier flavor of 10 to 12 years of aging or longer. If your whiskey was sealed properly, it will taste the same now as it did the day your grandfather purchased it—if anything, it may have lost some of its character and flavor. With that in mind, we can't think of a better way to impress a worthy young lady than to break open an heirloom.

After we got married, my wife and I had sex a lot before she went back to her job. But now we're both so exhausted that we rarely make love except on weekends. Is there anything we can do to get back that old enthusiasm the rest of the week?—N.G., Omaha, Nebraska.

Domeena Renshaw, director of the Loyola Sex Therapy Clinic in Chicago and author of "Seven Weeks to Better Sex" (Random House), suggests you set your alarm to ring 90 minutes after you go to sleep. Then jump in the shower together, crawl back into bed and make love. Many couples find that the catnap and hot water revitalize them (others find it can be downright dangerous if one partner is a grumpy snoozer). It's worth a try, and if it doesn't work, at least you can sleep in a few minutes longer in the morning since you've already taken a shower. You might try making love in the morning by setting your alarm an hour early, though Renshaw says many overly ambitious couples cheat and use the time to get a head start on the day. Our suggestion: Exercise before you hit the sack. It will boost your energy and keep you in shape, and your lovemaking can become part of the routine. We can't think of any better motivation to get in and out of the gym in a hurry.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. (E-mail: advisor@playboy.com.) The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.*

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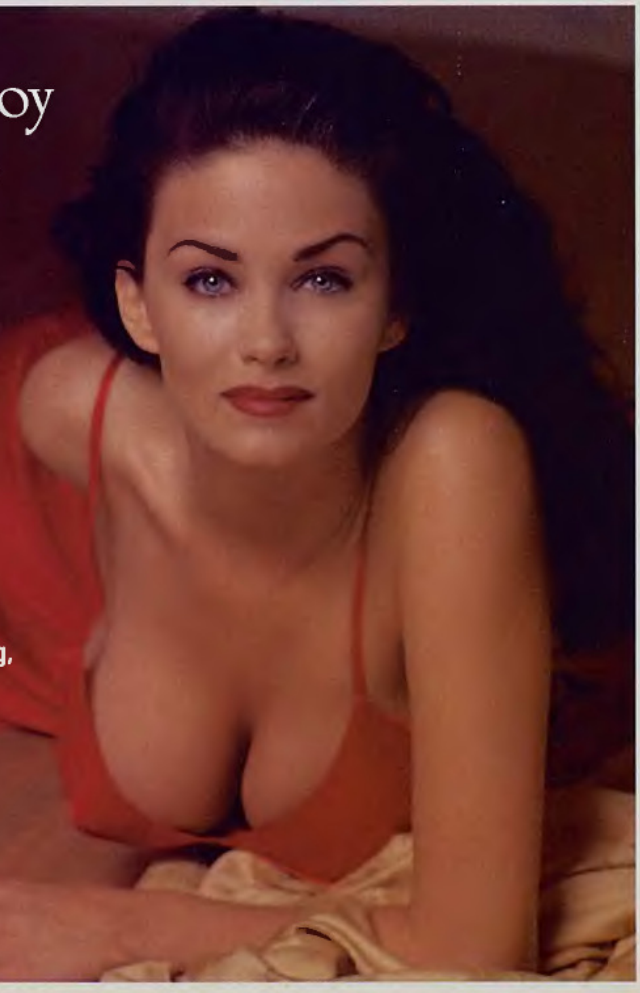

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MASTURBATION 101

what if schools taught solo sex?

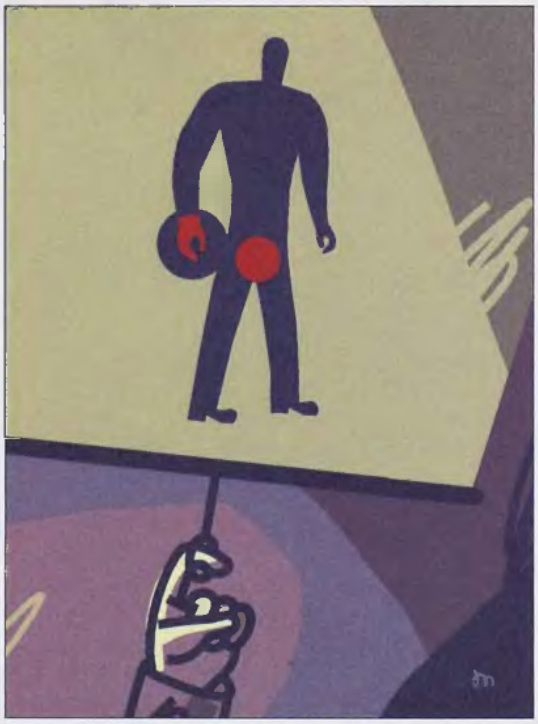
By CHIP ROWE

Like so many things having to do with sex, the political discussion of masturbation was over almost as soon as it began. Outspoken Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders stated the obvious (that teens masturbate), and President Clinton fired her before the Republicans could glom on to masturbation as a rallying cry. Voters were deprived of the chance to hear Republicans mumble themselves into oblivion debating the party line on beating off. There were a few jokes—"Clinton did it at Oxford but insists he never came"—and muted outrage from the religious right, but little else.

Consider what might have been had Clinton taken a stand. Promote masturbation as a national health objective, and the GOP is without a platform. Jerking off doesn't create unwed mothers or welfare babies, and no one has ever gotten AIDS from playing with himself. The hand that is holding oneself cannot also fire a Kalishnikov. And when was the last time a killer facing execution put the blame for his troubles on excessive masturbation?

Studies have shown that masturbation plays an important role in sexual development and growth. According to some surveys, nine in ten men, and six in ten women, have masturbated. That tells us, simply, that women are better liars—and that you're abnormal if you don't whack off. You don't need a survey to figure out that more Americans masturbate than vote.

Introduced full-force into school curricula, masturbation could boost our sagging educational system. A recent study found that men and women with advanced college degrees reported masturbating more than those who hadn't earned a high school diploma. Besides reassuring kids that it's OK to spend quality time with themselves, masturbation theory could be used to teach a myriad of subjects other than sex. Consider language arts. Masturbation provides a treasure trove of metaphor and would encourage more ambitious efforts in composition class. There must be at least 100 euphemisms for male masturbation (and another 100 specific to women), among them fanciful descriptives such as dancing with the one-eyed sailor, fastening the chin strap on the helmet of love, unleashing the alabaster yak and playing the single-string air guitar. The euphemistic overkill indicates how much puritanism chokes the issue, so to speak.



GREG MARLY

Masturbation could also spice up a history class or lesson. For example, after many years of castrating themselves to appease the god Moloch, the ancient Phoenicians decided that masturbating into a fire was a simpler, and far less painful, sacrifice. Centuries later, Mark Twain, inspired by the biblical tale of Onan being slain by God for spilling his seed, gave a speech at the Stomach Club in Paris on the science of onanism. Nineteenth century entrepreneurs such as Sylvester Graham (the cracker mogul) and John Harvey Kellogg (of cereal fame) got their starts by campaigning against masturbation. And though the Puritans may have worked hard and kept decent hours, they weren't above the temptation to yank the plank: In 1650, one Samuel Terry stood outside a church in Springfield, Massachusetts during the Sunday sermon "chafing his yard to provoak lust." Terry, who later became a town constable, is now someone's great-great-great-grandfather.

For their part, the Republicans should have realized that discussing anything, including masturbation, in an academic environment is guaranteed to dissuade even the most hardcore thrill seekers, especially teenagers. What would a textbook chapter on whacking off possibly have looked like, anyway?

SO YOU WANT TO MASTURBATE

Take your penis (see glossary) *firmly but gently in your right or left hand.* (If you don't have a penis, see Chapter 3: "Am I a Girl?") *For best results, your penis should be free of confines, such as tight briefs, and extended away from your body. Remember how you aimed your toy rockets so they wouldn't hit anything? Keep that in mind.*

As you touch your penis, its spongy tissues may expand. When this happens, begin stroking slowly, ever so slowly. Now faster, faster still, faster! Good job. You're really hauling now! Grab your balls!

Oops. It's OK. Don't be alarmed: That just means you're done. Wasn't that interesting? Don't mention it to anyone.

Ah, what might have been. Had he rallied support for his surgeon general rather than fire her, Bill Clinton could have brought masturbation into the classroom—where it belongs.

DEFENDING PORNOGRAPHY

The interview with Nadine Strossen (*The Playboy Forum*, February) is brilliant. She is a clear thinker in a time when ideological advocacy has eclipsed objectivity in the legal community. Title VII applies when an individual is discriminated against because of gender. Congress never said anything about desexualizing the workplace. It was clearly aiming at intentional conduct that creates an environment in which women cannot work, not at expressions that some find offensive. For the courts to decide what expression is acceptable is contrary to every freedom we value in this country. Strossen's interview should be required reading for everyone in the legal community.

Kyle Kelley
Los Angeles, California

I'm a recent graduate of George Mason University, and I thought Nadine Strossen might want to check out its "voluntary" speech codes enacted last year. The rule book states the following: no staring at gays who are holding hands, don't stare too long at someone with disabilities (how long is too long?), don't act surprised when a minority does a good job on a task, and other such gems. We're talking political correctness that would rival Amherst and Berkeley.

Cesar Soriano
Fairfax, Virginia

Nadine Strossen's take on sexual harassment in the workplace is right on target. From personal experience, I know how twisted situations can become. Recently I was fired when it was discovered that I had files "of a questionable nature" on my computer. I was called to my boss' office and asked why I had a picture of a topless woman in my system. I explained that I had actually downloaded the picture from the company's internal database. He scoffed, said that couldn't be true and terminated me on the spot for improper use of company equipment. When I interviewed with another company, they informed me that I would not be hired because my previous employer said I had been fired for housing pornographic material on my computer. Consequently, I cannot get a job because I have been labeled a sexist—a tough label to shake.

Richard Jones
Los Angeles, California

"Defending Pornography" is a gem. I especially enjoyed Nadine Strossen's comments about restrictive speech in the classroom. I'm sure her sentiments would be appreciated by J. Donald Silva, the suspended University of New Hampshire professor covered in "Kangaroo Campus" (*The Playboy Forum*, October). After his suspension, he refused the suggested counseling and took his case to federal court, seeking reinstatement, back pay and damages. Silva came out on top, receiving an out-of-court settlement of $230,000. But he won much more—an elevated standard for protected speech in an academic setting.

Satchel Oaks
New York, New York

Nadine Strossen shattered my view of the American Civil Liberties Union as an organization of opportunistic lawyers. You could have titled this piece "Defending Common Sense" and applied Strossen's arguments to gun ownership, library censorship, the abortion debates or even the Republican Contract With America and gotten the same cogent result.

Roy DeSimone
Essex Junction, Vermont

INTERNET ACCESS

As the debate over freedom of information on the Internet heats up and the country plunges toward conservatism, those who believe that all ideas are equally valuable and that all people have the right to express their ideas applaud your move into this medium. We need some major players on our side: large, visible and conscious of what the public actually wants.

Greg Shearer
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

HOOPLA

Congratulations on "The Great Sex Survey Hoopla" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). The fact that James Petersen took a good, hard look at the *Sex in America* survey and found it wanting restores my faith in independent thinkers. I was amused by Petersen's amazement that he still finds sex magical. He is right—despite survey

FOR THE RECORD

SOFT-PEDALING PIRACY

"One might best describe his actions as heedlessly irresponsible and, at worst, as nihilistic, self-indulgent and lacking in any fundamental sense of values. [Allowing this case to proceed could criminalize the conduct] of the myriad of home computer users who succumb to the temptation to copy even a single software program for private use. It isn't clear that making criminals of a large number of consumers of computer software is a result that even the software industry would consider desirable."

—COMMENTS OF U.S. DISTRICT COURT JUDGE RICHARD STEARNS, AFTER HIS DISMISSAL OF A WIRE FRAUD INDICTMENT AGAINST AN MIT STUDENT WHO RAN A FREE COMPUTER BULLETIN BOARD THAT HELPED OTHERS OBTAIN PIRATED SOFTWARE

proclamations to the contrary, there is such a thing as a rosy afterglow.

Tom Howard
Lakeland, Florida

So the recent and controversial sex survey reveals that a whole lot of nothing is going on in America. James Petersen seems both doubtful and dismayed. I don't share his reaction. I suspect the sex survey is more true than it is false. Here's what I think happened: The sexual revolution began in the Sixties when 77 million baby boomers came of age and discovered their raging libidos. Sociologists believe that most human sexual activity occurs between the ages of 15 and 35. That now leaves most boomers out in the cold. As with the transformations of St. Paul and St. Augustine, boomers are the new prudes. One can only guess how many former hippies and disco babies now embrace family values and conservatism. Twenty years ago, I'd have spent Saturday night at a disco looking for music and a hot date. Now Saturday night means a date with the Capital Gang on CNN.

Larry Larson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The press alternately touted and booed the results of the *Sex in America* survey. If comparing the dimensions of our libidos is of such great interest to the public, let's talk about the real experts in this game—Catholics. In his new book, *Sex: The Catholic Experience*, the Reverend Andrew Greeley concludes that Catholics have sex more often, approach sex more playfully and are more likely to enjoy sex than are non-Catholics. Greeley combined his own research with surveys of more than 4400 people to conclude: "Catholics may well be repressed, but they're less repressed than others." How's that for hoopla?

Mark Forbes
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

LIBIDO

PLAYBOY has mentioned *Libido*, the magazine of erotic arts, in *Forum* before. Thought you'd like to know it's back in the news. Booksellers Barnes & Noble and the assistant manager of its Kenwood store in Cincinnati are up on misdemeanor charges for selling a copy of *Libido* to an 11-year-old girl. The girl's father *(concluded on page 46)*

PERSONALS

desperately seeking sanity

By STEPHANIE GOLDBERG

Imagine your perfect date. What are you drawn to? What do you avoid? Be discriminating. Now, keep it to yourself. You may be breaking the law—at least according to the *Harvard Law Review*, which apparently can't tell the difference between illegal discrimination and exercising free choice in affairs of the heart.

"Racial Steering in the Romantic Marketplace," an anonymous article that was published last year in the *Review*, may be the most persuasive argument yet for converting the alma mater of 18 Supreme Court justices into Cambridge's newest strip mall.

The article was written by a student who advocates a new field of regulation. No, it's not the environment or outer space; it's those romantic personal ads that are now a part of most metro newspapers. As in "SWF, 35, 5'5", 135 lbs., wants blah, blah, blah for long moonlit walks on the beach, etc." So what's wrong with them?

Plenty, it seems. According to Ms. or Mr. Paper Chase, the practice of advertising your race and stating a racial preference ought to be against the law. For one thing, it reinforces negative values. "Beliefs in the naturalness of same-race relationships stem, at least in part, from centuries of moral and legal prohibitions of interracial unions."

But how about those ads in which a person advertises a preference for someone of a different race? That's bigoted, too, says the Harvard article. "Regardless of the advertiser's intent, this type of ad is set within a historical context of slavery and colonialism, in which white men have traditionally viewed minority women as concubines or chattel."

Besides, racial preferences can be misleading, the author points out. "For example, the white woman who seeks a white man may actually be seeking someone who sails, plays golf and likes the music of the Beach Boys."

Granted, stereotyping is a nasty thing, but do we really have the right to tell people with whom they should sleep? Well, maybe not. Eventually the author (unmasked by a legal journal as Lisa Peets) admits in the *Review* that this theory may not meet the Constitution's idea of freedom. "Restricting the use of racial signifiers does, however, raise profound First Amendment concerns because a state-imposed restriction on advertising infringes on the advertiser's freedom of speech."

I'll say. If it becomes illegal to specify racial preference, what's the next stop on this slippery slope?

No more references to religion. Think of how those offend the excluded denominations. No more references to age. Do you want to be hauled before the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission on age-discrimination charges?

And forget sexual preference. Who wants to be branded a homophobe or heterosexist?

You can guess the rest. If zealots get their way, the personal ad of the future undoubtedly will read like this:

"Wanted."

SEX CRIME &

are we willing to rehabilitate

By MARTY KLEIN

The ones we read about never seem to stop with a single victim. Jesse Timmendequas, convicted twice of sexually assaulting children, served six years in prison. Upon his release he moved to Hamilton Township, New Jersey. He talked seven-year-old Megan Kanka into his house, where he raped and strangled her.

Jerry "the Animal" McFadden served two years of a 15-year prison sentence for rape. While out on parole, he raped and strangled an 18-year-old girl.

For every tragedy, it seems there is another convicted rapist or molester released into society. Someone who confessed to raping more than 100 women faces release after serving 12 years. A man convicted of attempted murder, rape and assault with a deadly weapon, who reportedly said he would go on a killing spree when he got out, becomes eligible for parole.

Editorials typically begin with the calm assertion that "there ought to be a special place in hell for people who sexually abuse children." Talk show hosts call them monsters and scumbags.

The stories are united in a demonic vision of the sexually dangerous predator. Sexual sociopaths, goes the widely held belief, are categorically different from other criminals. The pedophile who stalks children and the rapist who assaults one victim after another are trapped in an evil pattern, unaffected by the threat of prison. No treatment seems to change their unacceptable behavior. Sex criminals are a lifelong menace, virtually assured to offend again as soon as they're free from prison.

The common wisdom is this: When it comes to sexual crimes, the justice system does not work. In general, it does not treat, much less rehabilitate. It does not deter or protect, nor does it satisfy a community's call for safety or, failing that, revenge.

And the common wisdom is correct: Short sentences and early releases contribute to the problem. Last year *The Fresno Bee* presented some startling figures based on a study of the California prison system:

- Felony sex offenders who are sentenced to prison serve an average of three years, five months and 18 days. Of those convicted of rape or a related lesser crime, 48 percent receive probation or county jail sentences.
- Of those convicted of child molestation, 51 percent are either placed on probation or sentenced to a year or less in a county jail.

According to a Justice Department study, 80 percent of apprehended sex offenders repeat their crimes if they receive no counseling or other treatment. Prison officials estimate that 58 percent of sex offenders released from California prisons return for other sex offenses.

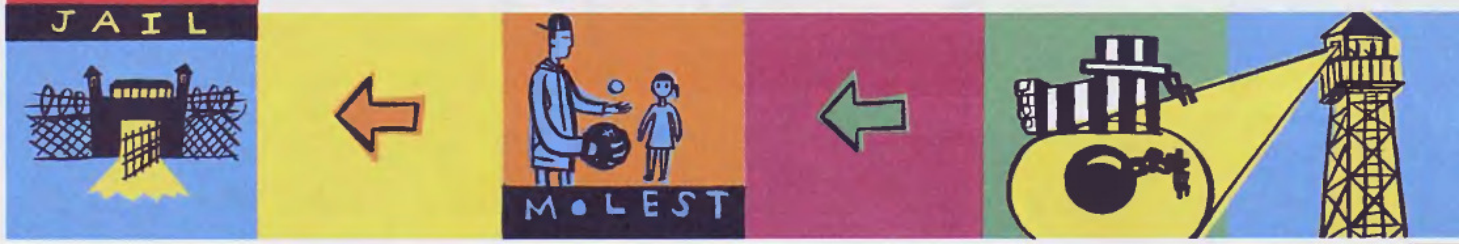
During last year's election campaigns, candidates tapped the voters' outrage and fear. In New Jersey, Governor Christine Whitman signed into law a community-notification bill that requires the state to alert residents when a high-risk offender is being released. In California, Governor Pete Wilson argued for a one-strike approach to sex crimes, mandating life sentences for first-time rapists and molesters. Some states adopted mandatory life for second offenses. A half dozen states dusted off old laws that define repeat offenders as mentally ill, allowing sexually dangerous people to be committed indefinitely to mental institutions after the offenders serve their prison terms. Congress declared a federal death penalty for criminals who murder victims during rape or the sexual abuse of children.

The solutions were a political success: Voters overwhelmingly gave the message that they wanted sex offenders caught, tagged and locked up.

Unfortunately, few, if any, of these widely publicized measures will make our lives safer.

For starters, community notification doesn't work. At least 38 states require paroled sex offenders to register with local law enforcement agencies. This provides police with a list of suspects should a crime occur. In California, there are 75,000 registered sex offenders on the streets. In San Francisco alone there's one offender for every 353 citizens.

The laws require that police announce the imminent arrival of a sex offender in a community by sending letters and photos to schools, churches and news organizations. But this method doesn't provide safety—it only causes fear. Officials who are supposed to keep track of these



PUNISHMENT

sexually dangerous people?

potentially dangerous people admit that 75 percent of the addresses they're given turn out to be bogus, and telling kids to stay away from all adults—and especially Mr. Jones over there—is useless. All that produces is a generation of scared parents raising a generation of scared kids.

Predictably, most communities try to prevent offenders from moving into town. Some go so far as to threaten the lives of offenders. In Washington State alarmed locals torched the house of one released offender and left a decapitated dog as a warning to another. In tiny Bombay Beach, California, residents will not allow a 78-year-old paroled molester into the church or grocery store.

Community notification raises another troubling issue. Why single out sex offenders for special attention and not arsonists, spouse beaters, drug dealers, murderers or anyone else who poses a threat to children? Should a man who wiped out a family while driving under the influence be allowed to resettle unannounced? If these people are so dangerous that the courts feel entitled to suspend their civil rights, why are they released at all?

More important, the notification plan knows no degree. The law lumps together relatively harmless offenders—exhibitionists, for example—with truly dangerous sociopaths.

The same problem plagued Governor Wilson's one-strike approach. Claiming that all sexual offenders are beyond reform, Wilson reserved life sentences for "substantial sexual acts" such as "forcible penetration, oral copulation or masturbation of the victim or assailant."

Will more offenders go to jail when a jury has to weigh a life sentence? How righteously can we wield that sword when we live in a society where false allegations of child abuse abound? Would every divorce end with one parent in jail—forever?

Franklin Zimring, a professor of law at the University of California, told the *Los Angeles Times*: "This isn't the drafting of penal law. This is punishing on an apparently arbitrary basis. Penal-law reform has become a branch of the theater of the absurd."

The third alternative—classifying sex offenders as mentally disordered and empowering the state to commit them—also creates problems. In past decades this was how society dealt with all sorts of supposedly incurable sexual disorders, from excessive masturbation to adultery and homosexuality.

Steven Hoge, a member of the panel appointed by the American Psychiatric Association to study laws regarding committing sex offenders, has said: "I don't think the true motive here is treatment. It makes as much sense to commit someone for rape as it does for armed robbery. Rape is a crime, not a mental disorder."

Most Americans cherish the fact that we have no preventive detention. People cannot be incarcerated because someone thinks that they may commit or recommit a crime. Turning over sex offenders who are not clinically ill to institutions enables the state to destroy the rights of the accused (and of us all) without taking any responsibility.

•

What has been missing from the debate about sex offenders is the notion of treatment. Before we can contemplate a nonpunitive approach, we have to rethink our image of sex offenders. Dr. Jerome Miller, a clinician who works with offenders, writes: "Few are strangers to their victims. Most are friends or family members and few are violent." Dr. Miller describes teenagers convicted of fondling girls at a swimming pool, and a young man whose liaison with a girl (which triggered memories of when he had been repeatedly raped in reform school) touched off a violent episode. Many people who become sexual offenders were themselves victims. According to Miller, "The painful dilemmas that wind their way through these lives are seldom well addressed through the criminal justice system and even less so through vigilantism."

We can distinguish the dangerous predators from those who will respond to treatment. We can also identify them.

The Giarretto Institute in San Jose, California reports that incest offenders completing a comprehensive counseling program (individual, marital, family and group) were five and a half times less likely to repeat their crimes

than those who did not complete the program. A University of Minnesota program treated 153 offenders—mostly child molesters—and found that only 3.7 percent had committed new crimes after ten years. The Vermont Treatment Program for Sexual Aggressors found that in nine years, seven percent of the rapists and 19 percent of the child molesters it had treated committed new offenses.

Dr. Stewart Nixon, a psychologist who has worked with sex offenders since 1967, uses aversive conditioning (associating repulsive odors such as those of ammonia and rotten meat with child-centered arousal) to help patients change their sexual patterns. Dr. Nixon says he has been successful with the majority of his patients, almost all of whom are nonviolent. Dr. Henry Adams, research professor of clinical psychology at the University of Georgia, also uses aversive conditioning with both odors and mild electric shock. He says it works with 60 percent to 70 percent of the offenders he sees that stay in treatment programs.

Atlanta psychologist Gene Able pioneered a boredom-satiation technique now used in many states. After masturbating to climax, offenders force themselves to continue masturbating for two more hours to fantasies of inappropriate behavior. The refractory period makes arousal difficult, and the repetitive fantasies gradually become boring and even irritating. Dr. Abel reports success rates of more than 80 percent.

Researchers at the University of Texas studied the usefulness of medications such as depo-provera, which reduces testosterone. In a treatment program offered to 61 sex offenders, during which the men were followed for an average of eight years, some 18 percent committed new offenses while on the drug, 35 percent offended again after stopping the drug and 58 percent of those who refused the drug offended again. In 1981 the Johns Hopkins Clinic reported even more dramatic results for people taking depo-provera. Those receiving it had a recidivism rate of 15 percent; for those who discontinued treatment the rate was 77 percent.

Tragically, society ignores these treatment options. Prison funding for rehabilitation has been virtually eliminated since the Seventies, as the public clamors for punishment over prevention. In America's prisons there are probably more programs to treat smokers than sex offenders.

This shortsighted refusal to treat offenders has helped create a sense of powerlessness and rage in the culture. Offenders who could be successfully treated aren't. And because the courts mistakenly assume there is treatment in jail, laws currently require that, upon completing their sentences, both those who could have been helped and those beyond help be released.

If we really believe that sexual predators are as dangerous as we say they are, let's identify and segregate them. Give them lifetime incarceration without pretending it's for rehabilitation. Or parole them with comprehensive supervision: electronic monitoring bracelets, mandatory medication, daily reports to probation officers.

Constitutionally, fiscally and morally, there is a limit to the number of offenders we can execute, jail for life or meticulously supervise. The other side of this program, therefore, must involve identifying, diagnosing and treating sex offenders who do not warrant this drastic approach. Given the choice between a safe future and the satisfaction of punishing criminals, most thoughtful people would choose the former.

READER RESPONSE

(continued from page 43)

found the magazine, contacted Citizens for Community Values, a local antipornography outfit, and had the sheriff's office investigate the store. Now, the CCV intends to mount a community-wide Family-Friendly Store campaign to make some 1500 retailers aware of magazines that "step over the line." I wonder if the CCV's list will include women's magazines that run perfume ads and fashion layouts featuring nude models?

Harry Stein
Detroit, Michigan

MORE PROFILES

Federal law enforcement agencies are still looking for the suspicious characters mentioned in "Drug-Courier Profiles" (*The Playboy Forum*, November), but they've expanded their guidelines for potential harassment targets. In one glorious display of ineptness, members of the South Carolina state police swarmed a rally at the Spartanburg fairgrounds of motorcyclists gathered for a charity ride for the American Red Cross. Bigwigs from the BMW Motorcycle Owners of America, the vice president of a local bank, a retired federal judge and others were donating time and money when South Carolina's finest searched, videotaped and detained many of the participants. As far as anyone could tell, the harassment stemmed solely from the fact that the participants were straddling motorized, two-wheeled transportation. The enforcement unit in attendance, the Biker Gang Activity Unit, made no apologies and gave no satisfactory explanation for its actions. An independent investigation conducted by the ACLU has determined that there is sufficient evidence for a class-action lawsuit against several of the government agencies involved. Chalk up another one for the boys with badges.

Charles Harris
Columbia, South Carolina

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

MULTIPLE MAYHEM

FALLS CHURCH, VIRGINIA—*A bizarre rape case involving multiple personalities raises new questions about the definition of consent. The accused rapist met the alleged*

victim in group therapy, where both were being treated for multiple-personality disorders. As they became friends and fell in love, so, they say, did their alternate selves. The relationship soured when the man allegedly broke into the woman's house and had sex with her. The defendant claims the sex was a consensual act between his "Spirit" personality and her "Laura" personality. The woman says it was rape.

RX FOR SEX

DENVER—*In a continuing quest to combat the world's oldest profession, the Mile High City is banking on mandatory health care. Under a new Denver ordinance, people busted for soliciting or patronizing a prostitute must undergo medical exams at their own expense and pay for any treatment needed.*

ELKHART, INDIANA—*Dr. Thomas Theocarides believes premarital sex is wrong, and he's not gonna take it anymore. The 38-year-old obstetrician-gynecologist sent a letter to his patients announcing that, after a one-year grace period, he will no longer provide birth control to those who are not married. Theocarides explains his position thusly: "A single woman who is sexually active exposes herself to serious health risks. I have come to see that prescribing any contraceptive method to single women encourages or condones sexual intercourse—a potentially deadly activity."*

PSYCHED OUT

PITTSBURGH—*A jury voted to award $272,000 to a couple and their 19-year-old daughter in a malpractice suit against a psychiatrist who treated the girl for alleged sexual abuse. The psychiatrist diagnosed her as suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder brought on by sexual abuses she claimed her parents committed. Although the psychiatrist admitted to discounting some of the girl's claims—including her claims that she had been raped in a crowded restaurant and that her grandmother flew around on a broomstick—the parents were reported to authorities, who arrested them and placed their daughter in foster care. The jury concluded that the psychiatrist failed to properly investigate and evaluate the girl's sensational claims. She later recanted her story.*

STD HIGH

ATLANTA—*New statistics from the Centers for Disease Control indicate that, for the first time, teenage girls have the highest rates of gonorrhea in the country, with teenage boys ranking second. At least ten percent of sexually active girls have or have had the disease. Chlamydia, which can lead to pelvic inflammatory disease and infertility, infects from 15 percent to 37 percent of girls and about ten percent of boys. Infection with human papilloma virus, including the strain that can cause cervical cancer, affects 32 percent to 46 percent of sexually active girls. Health officials are calling for more emphasis on sex education.*

TIME AFTER TIME

OKLAHOMA CITY—*Advised that they could not hand down a sentence of life without parole, Oklahoma County jurors found a child molester guilty on six counts and recommended 5000 years for each. The judge gave the defendant 30,000 years, which still constitutes only a life sentence under the law but signals parole boards that the jury wants him to stay locked up for good.*

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

PAHRUMP, NEVADA—*After serving five years as president of Nevadans Against Prostitution, Milo Reese resigned his post and applied for a license to open the state's first homosexual whorehouse. One brothel lobbyist thinks all Reese is trying to do is "keep things stirred up so the legislature will ban brothels." Reese, who still opposes heterosexual bordellos, righteously denies such an ulterior motive and says that now he is simply "crusading against AIDS."*

ONE MAN'S TRASH

INDIANAPOLIS—*The Indiana state supreme court ruled that a warrantless search of a person's curbside trash is not an invasion of privacy as long as police have reason to believe they may find evidence of criminal activity. The case involved two dopers who left marijuana clippings in their garbage can.*

PC PASSAGES

NEW YORK—*The African American Family Press announced publication of the "Black Bible Chronicles" in response to a call for a more culturally relevant version*

of biblical history. A section from the book of Exodus works a mighty transformation on the Ten Commandments: "You shouldn't be takin' nothin' from your homeboys," "Don't waste nobody," "Don't want what you can't have. It ain't cool."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

THE CONSERVATIVE CLICKER

what the right has on tonight By BOB WIEDER

Because its backers consider a liberal bias to exist in other broadcasting networks, the upstart Conservative Television Network plans to fill its schedule with original programming designed to promote conservative values. We can see the program log already:

SUNDAY

5:00 P.M.

(3) ***Gaywatch:*** Teams of fully clothed lifeguards patrol the southern California beaches, trained to discreetly remove gay men and lesbians who display homosexual behavior in clear view of nuclear families.

6:00 P.M.

(3) ***Leave It to Badger:*** The Beav all grown up. Tonight, he explains to son Badger that he renounced his childhood nickname because he feared offending women. Also, Eddie Jr. reports the Haskell family maid to the INS.

6:30 P.M.

(3) ***Says Me Street:*** Colorful and lively skits are used to remind children that those who disobey, defy, disrespect or sass their parents can expect a trip to the woodshed, a visit to an orphanage, bed without supper and a reduction in allowance.

7:30 P.M.

(3) ***30/30:*** Premiere: Oliver North narrates stories that provide a positive slant on gun ownership. Tonight: A security camera captures a convenience store clerk bringing down a shoplifter, a Georgia farmer makes assault weapons out of plowshares, a tribute to the Mannlicher-Carcano.

8:30 P.M.

(3) ***Terminator VII:*** Arnold Schwarzenegger, in an exclusive CTN movie, reprises his cyborg role to expose abortion clinics as a ploy by mankind's robot-masters to deprive humanity of yet-to-be-born rebel leaders.

10:30 P.M.

(3) ***PFPD Blue:*** Officer Stubbs (John Wayne Bobbitt) is falsely accused of sexual harassment. Also, the fictional town of Puritan Falls is troubled by a series of drive-by shoutings, Planned Parenthood thugs try to teach teenagers about sex and a black person is spotted looking at the real estate ads.

11:30 P.M.

(3) ***Beat the Press:*** William F. Buckley reviews inaccuracies and left-wing bias in the liberal media. "Reach Out and Touch" segment provides Dan Rather's home number. "Boycott Now!" targets *Time* advertisers.

1:00 A.M.

(3) ***It's Later Than You Think:*** Tonight, host P.J. O'Rourke welcomes guests Tom Selleck, Cal Thomas and Jeane Kirkpatrick. Also, celebrity gossip from Newt Gingrich's mom.

GET RICH WITH NEWT

quit whining about congress. there's a fortune to be made in washington, and here's our lead prospector

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

In light of the Newtonian revolution, this columnist has decided to abandon political punditry for a more promising career as a financial analyst. Training tapes and seminars are in the works, but for now I'm stuck with print. The basic premise of the Scheer Stock System is so obvious that you'll wonder why you didn't think of it yourself.

I know a lot of folks out there, hooked on Rush Limbaugh, are counting on the Newtonian revolution to alter the ways of big government, to lower taxes and to otherwise get you out of the financial bind you're in. Forget it. The only sound strategy for surviving the next cycle of the federal government is to buy the stocks of the major corporate contributors to the foundations and political action committees that make up what has come to be known as Newt Inc. I don't care how you voted. There's gold out there and Newt is our lead prospector.

Start by following the defense industry trade publications that Washington lobbyists read. The first big tip on money to be made off Gingrich popped up right after the election in the magazine *Aerospace America*. What this must-read publication said could make you millions: "Whatever else may result from this midterm vote, the ballot box may have saved the Air Force F-22 fighter."

The F-22 fighter, which you (and most people in the federal government) know nothing about, is an expensive, top-secret plane long in planning at Lockheed Corp. Very expensive. The Pentagon was considering ordering 442 of these suckers at a total cost of $72 billion.

That dismal news has, of course, scared off lesser investors. Even *Aerospace America*, which can usually find a reason for supporting any new hardware purchase, has had difficulty justifying this one. The magazine noted ruefully that "no potential enemy today has a fighter that is so advanced or so costly," and it quoted Major General Jay Garner, the Army's expert assistant deputy chief of staff for operations, saying the F-22 is "the wrong aircraft for the land-support function."

So why is the Scheer Stock System bullish on the F-22? Because it is manufactured in Marietta, Georgia, which is in Newt Gingrich's backyard. More important, Lockheed is a major contributor to the various foundations and PACs that make up Newt Inc.

Lockheed gives more than half a million dollars a year to candidates, including the maximum allowed to Speaker Gingrich, and that's why the Pentagon has already backed off from its plan to postpone F-22 production. Are you starting to understand my soon-to-be-patented investment system?

Good. Now let's look at some other hot prospects. We'll start with the major contributors to Gopac, the political action committee that raised $7 million to take over Congress. Gingrich kept the Gopac contributors' list secret, and even though the Federal Election Commission has sued Gopac for failure to disclose, we need the data now. Imagine how excited I was, and how much money I foresaw my system's subscribers making, when my staff of researchers discovered that the *Los Angeles Times* had obtained and printed the secret list. On a first-time trial basis, I'm sharing this research with you, but only for this 30-day introductory period.

At the top of the list of people and companies to watch is Roger Milliken, who's big into textile manufacturing as head of Milliken & Co. What his company needs to boost profits are high quotas on imported clothing. Now I know you probably think that Republicans are free traders and that quotas are out. Wrong. Follow the money. According to the *Times*, Roger Milliken and his brother gave Gopac $345,000 sometime between 1985 and 1993. So guess what? Newt broke with a longtime Republican Party commitment to free trade and came out for textile import quotas. And Newt's commitment here is serious. My source, a reader of the *Times*, informs me that as far back as 1990, Newt was meeting with Milliken. They worked out a grassroots lobbying campaign that forced through Congress a bill backing tough quota restrictions on foreign textiles.

Another big tip: Buy into any food or drug company that's been restrained by the FDA. This advice may be coming late because Newt has already gone public on this one. He called FDA commissioner David Kessler "a thug and a bully" and labels the FDA a "job killer." He has boasted of working with the Progress and Freedom Foundation to come up with a plan to replace the FDA with an outfit staffed by industry representatives. Subscribers to my service would have known of Gingrich's plans. Yes, you're catching on: Drug and food companies contributed generously to Gopac. Investors, take a good look at Schwan Food Products Inc. The owner's family donated $279,905 to Gopac.

Don't forget medical insurance companies—remember, Gingrich helped scuttle Clinton's health plan. Golden Rule Insurance Co. was a big Gopac contributor. It lobbied Congress to pass legislation providing a tax exemption for medical savings accounts, which the company specializes in. The two top executives of Golden Rule, who together had made six-figure contributions to Gopac between 1991 and 1993, must have felt it was money well spent, for they also kicked in handsomely to sponsor Gingrich's weekly program on cable television. No piker, the company also anted up handsomely to the Progress and Freedom Foundation, the nonprofit group that pays for the dissemination of Newt's college courses and which—no surprise to people who follow my system—advocates deregulation.

But buyer beware. I'm not bullish on every company that made the Gopac list. Two Southern companies close to Gingrich (Thiele Kaolin and Flowers Industries) are the subjects of Justice Department investigations. A yellow light also on Southwire Inc., whose president is high on the Newt donor list. Problem is, those good old boys recently were fined a cool million by the feds for exporting 3000 tons of toxin-laced fertilizer to Bangladesh. Investors could be playing into the rough here.

Better to buy into anything connected with Rupert Murdoch. Murdoch is on the prowl for TV stations, and with Gingrich battering the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, a lot of public TV stations could be on the block. Thinking on my street is that Murdoch always gets his way with legislators.

Well, that's it for now. But knowing Newt, there'll be much more.

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DOG GONE.

Red Dog is bold yet smooth, tasty – slides down real easy. Don't be surprised, come party's end, if there aren't any dogs left in the pack.

Now Available In Most Areas. Plank Road Brewery. Enjoy It Responsibly.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CAMILLE PAGLIA

a candid conversation with the feminist provocateur about why she keeps dissing gloria steinem, gays, liberals and madonna—and why they dis her right back

It is almost easier to get through to the president than to Camille Paglia. The litany of instructions on her answering machine is intentionally intimidating. A male voice begins, "Due to her pressing obligations as a teacher and scholar, Professor Paglia cannot personally return calls." The instructions continue, "American and Canadian media with official requests should contact her publisher; international media must contact her agent. Invitations to speak and all other business should be put in writing and sent to Professor Paglia. Do not send faxes. Professor Paglia does not accept them. All packages are opened and inspected by the staff. Unsolicited materials without return postage will be automatically discarded. Urgent messages may be left on this tape to be reviewed by the staff. If you do not receive a response, Professor Paglia is not interested in your proposal."

A few years ago, no one would have cared enough to call. Now, however, the machine answers only one of the eight lines in Paglia's empire. And the phones ring nonstop. She may be the most famous social philosopher in the country.

Though Paglia's image as an antifeminist feminist, antigay lesbian and antiliberal liberal seems carefully cultivated, it is nonetheless remarkable. Called alternately "the bravest and most original critic of our day" and an "academic rottweiler," Paglia articulates a philosophy that encompasses paganism, Madonna, pornography, Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Freud.

A humanities professor at the University of the Arts in Philadelphia, Paglia has been America's most notorious enfant terrible of academe since the publication of her seminal work, "Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson." "The Washington Post" called the book "at once outrageous and compelling, fanatical and brilliant." Released in 1990, it was nominated for a National Book Critics Circle Award for its incendiary theories about Western culture from ancient Egypt to Elvis Presley. In the follow-up tome, "Sex, Art and American Culture," and her current best-seller, "Vamps & Tramps," Paglia skewers everything politically correct and then some. Though her views about issues as diverse as the origins of homosexuality, the danger of fraternity parties and the implications of having a penis are always debatable, they are well argued and provocative.

Now that she's famous, Paglia enjoys wielding her power. The instructions that precede a meeting with her, given by her publisher, are exact: the time, the place (a steakhouse in Philadelphia), a specific table (overlooking the street), the demand that a photographer be on the scene. Interviewers who have braved these conditions in the past have published warnings: Bring lots of tapes and batteries.

The steakhouse has a menu of enormous filets mignons and fishbowl-size martinis. Paglia waltzes in, dressed in black, looking more like an artist than a professor, and offers a quick handshake. The warnings about the speed and volume of her speech are not exaggerated. But she orders the least macho thing on the menu: a Caesar salad.

The loathing that Paglia engenders is normally reserved for dictators and despots. Michiko Kakutani, in the "New York Times" review of "Vamps & Tramps," trashed Paglia as "bellicose, swaggering and vain." A "Los Angeles Times" critic wrote, "She epitomizes the level of success our culture affords to women who sell out." Jim Mullen of "Entertainment Weekly" joked, "With feminists like this, who needs men?"

A sampler of Pagliaisms offers something to offend everyone:

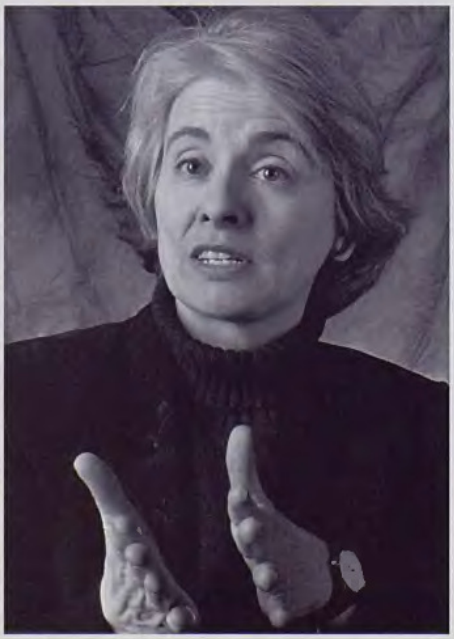
"Anita Hill was not harassed."

"Pornography is sexual reality."

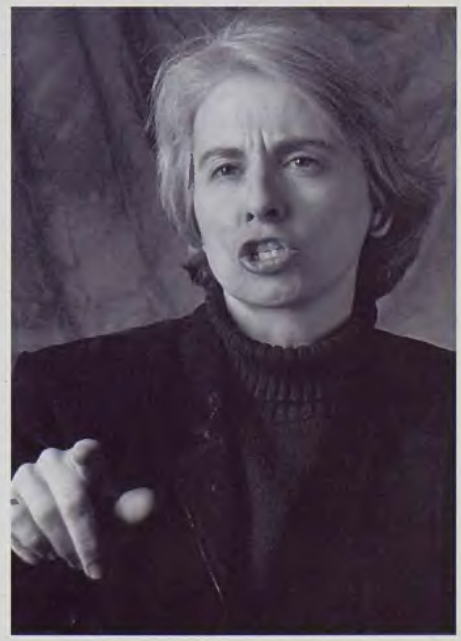
Certain forms of rape "are what used to be called unbridled love."

"Lesbianism is increasing since anxious,

"The women's movement is rooted in the belief that we don't need men. All it will take is one natural disaster to prove how wrong that is. The only thing holding this culture together would be men of the working class."



"A woman cutting off a man's penis is the ultimate castration for 5000 years of human history. But I abhor the fact that she struck a sleeping enemy. If she had attacked while he was awake, that would be different."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATT HOLLERBUSH

"Very masculine men are not at home in the world of emotion. Heterosexuals have a kind of tunnel vision, which is a virtue, in my opinion. It allows them to make the great breakthroughs in music or science."

unmasculine men have little to offer."

"Prostitutes like their work."

"Bisexuality should be the universal norm."

"Legalize all drugs."

Stripping is "a sacred dance of pagan origins" and the money men stuff into G-strings is a "ritual offering."

"The more a woman takes off her clothes, the more power she has" and feminists hate strippers because "modern professional women cannot stand the thought that their hard-won achievements can be outweighed in an instant by a young hussy flashing a little tits and ass."

She wants to lower the age of consent for sex to 14, and she supports the North American Man-Boy Love Association, an organization that advocates gay sex with young boys. She says that AIDS is nature's revenge for promiscuity.

Paglia was born in 1947 in Endicott, New York. She has compared her suburban upbringing to that of two other controversial women, Madonna and Sandra Bernhard. "Half of us is a nice suburban girl," she says. "The other half is a raving pornographic maniac."

Her father taught Romance languages at Le Moyne College, and her mother worked in a bank. Considering their conservative Italian roots, they were remarkably tolerant of their first daughter's early eccentricities. One Halloween she dressed as Alice in Wonderland, but every other year she went out in drag—at eight, she was Napoléon, a typical and apt choice.

Paglia was a senior in high school when Kennedy was shot and the Beatles arrived in the U.S., and she was enormously influenced by the political and social upheaval of the Sixties and early Seventies. She attended Yale, earning a Ph.D. in English in 1974, then went on to teach at Bennington College in Vermont.

She was asked to resign from Bennington after she kicked one student and got into a fistfight with another. A lawyer helped her stay on for two more years. She left to begin a successful teaching career at the Philadelphia College of Performing Arts, which is now the University of the Arts, where she remains.

Although she experimented in relationships with both sexes, she says she has always gotten along better with women and spent many years looking for a female lover—even answering personal ads. She met Alison Maddex, an artist and teacher, in 1993. They live together in a Philadelphia suburb.

The manuscript for "Sexual Personae" was completed in 1981 and was rejected by seven publishers before it was accepted nine years later. It launched a media storm that continues unabated—including coverage in the nation's largest gay magazine, "The Advocate" (the cover story on her was headlined ATTACK OF THE 50-FOOT LESBIAN*), and in* PLAYBOY*, where she let loose with a scathing attack on feminist antiporn activists Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon.*

When PLAYBOY *decided to approach her for the "Interview," we asked Contributing Editor* **David Sheff** *to tackle the assignment. Sheff is no stranger to gender issues—his subjects have included Betty Friedan, the founder of modern feminism, and Robert Wright, the writer who claims male lust is genetic. Here is Sheff's report:*

"When I mentioned to friends that I was heading to Philadelphia to meet Camille Paglia, I realized the degree of animosity she provokes. She was contemptuously dismissed, often by people who had never read her work. Others seemed torn by her. Some praised her as 'fresh and profound,' but even more dismissed her as 'outrageous and repugnant.'

"I can hardly be surprised that she espouses opinions even her own mother finds reprehensible. When I asked about her mother, she told me, 'Instead of me being born to her, [my mother would have preferred if] Katie Couric had been.'

"By coincidence, I saw Couric the next day on the set of the "Today" show in New York. When I reported Paglia's comment, Couric had this to say: 'I can safely tell you that my mother does not wish Camille Paglia were her daughter.'

Feminism has crippled men. They don't know when to make a pass. If they do make a pass, they don't know if they're going to end up in court.

"Despite such opinions, in person and in context instead of in sound bites, Paglia is often reasonable, witty and likable (even endearing, such as when she insisted that I order green vegetables with my steak). She is also correct in at least one of her assessments—that she, like such loudmouths as Rush Limbaugh, Howard Stern and Ross Perot, helps to encourage discourse and free speech in a country that needs all it can get."

PLAYBOY: Are you a feminist?

PAGLIA: I'm absolutely a feminist. The reason other feminists don't like me is that I criticize the movement, explaining that it needs a correction. Feminism has betrayed women, alienated men and women, replaced dialogue with political correctness. PC feminism has boxed women in. The idea that feminism—that liberation from domestic prison—is going to bring happiness is just wrong. Women have advanced a great deal, but they are no happier. The happiest women I know are not those who are balancing their careers and families, like a lot of my friends are. The happiest people I know are the women—like my cousins—who have a high school education, got married immediately after graduating and never went to college. They are very religious and they never question their Catholicism. They do not regard the house as a prison.

PLAYBOY: But what about the women who stay home and are still suffering?

PAGLIA: The problem is the alternative handed to them by feminism. I look at my friends who are on the fast track. They are desperate, frenzied and frazzled, the most unhappy women who have ever existed. They work nights and weekends and have no lives. Some of them have children who are raised by nannies.

PLAYBOY: What's your point? Do you want women to go back to the home?

PAGLIA: The entire feminist culture says that the most important woman is the woman with an attaché case. I want to empower the woman who wants to say, "I'm tired of this and I want to go home." The far right is correct when it says the price of women's liberation is being paid by the children.

PLAYBOY: Are you siding with the far right?

PAGLIA: No. What I'm doing is pointing out the bind the women's movement has created not only for women but for the culture as well. Children are abandoned. There is no doubt that it's better for kids to have contact with mothers for those early years. When I go to work in the morning, I see black women and Hispanic women pushing strollers filled with rich, white babies. These women provide the best human contact that those kids have. So we have gone back to the mammy. It's *Gone With the Wind* again.

PLAYBOY: What's a better solution?

PAGLIA: Women should be free to choose. For the ones who decide to work, child care should be provided. The problem is that only large corporations can afford to have on-site day care. Mothers can visit their children during coffee breaks and lunch, which is wonderful. Other women are in difficult positions, and the feminist movement offers nothing except scorn if they choose their children's well-being. Of course, the other thing the women's movement has done is caused a destructive division between the sexes. Men are in a terrible position.

PLAYBOY: Do you support the men's movement?

PAGLIA: I think it's absolutely necessary. It's no coincidence that Tim Allen's book is vying with the Pope's for the top of the best-seller lists. He is one of the voices of men who are looking to define masculinity in this age. Robert Bly does this, too. We have allowed the sexual debate to be defined by women, and that's not right. Men must speak, and speak in their own voices, not voices coerced by feminist moralists. Warren Farrell, in *The Myth of*

Male Power, points out how much propaganda has infiltrated the culture. For example, he says that the assertion that women earn so much less than men is bullshit. The reason women earn less than men is that women don't want the dirty jobs. They aren't picking up the garbage, taking the janitorial jobs and so on. They aren't taking the sales commission jobs that require you to work all night and on weekends. Most women like clean, safe offices, which is why they are still secretaries. They don't want to get too dirty. Also, women want offices to be nice, happy places. What bullshit.

The women's movement is rooted in the belief that we don't even need men. All it will take is one natural disaster to prove how wrong that is. Then, the only thing holding this culture together will be masculine men of the working class. The cultural elite—women and men—will be pleading for the plumbers and the construction workers. We are such a parasitic class.

I began to realize this in the Seventies when I thought women could do it on their own. But then something would go wrong with my car and I'd have to go to the men. Men would stop, men would lift up the hood, more men would come with a truck and take the car to a place where there were other men who would call other men who would arrive with parts. I saw how feminism was completely removed from this reality.

I also learned something from the men at the garage. At Bennington, I would go to a faculty meeting and be aware that everyone hated me. The men were appalled by a strong, loud woman. But I went to this auto shop and the men there thought I was cute. "Oh, there's that Professor Paglia from the college." The real men, men who work on cars, find me cute. They are not frightened by me, no matter how loud I am. But the men at the college were terrified because they are eunuchs, and I threatened every goddamned one of them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that feminism is antisexual?

PAGLIA: The problem with America is that there's too little sex, not too much. The more our instincts are repressed, the more we need sex, pornography and all that. The problem is that feminists have taken over with their attempts to inhibit sex. We have a serious testosterone problem in this country.

PLAYBOY: Caused by what?

PAGLIA: It's a mess out there. Men are suspicious of women's intentions. Feminism has crippled them. They don't know when to make a pass. If they do make a pass, they don't know if they're going to end up in court.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you've been so critical about the growing number of sexual harassment cases?

PAGLIA: Yes, though I believe in moderate sexual harassment guidelines. But

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you can't have the Stalinist situation we have in America right now, where any neurotic woman can make any stupid charge and destroy a man's reputation. If there is evidence of false accusation, the accuser should be expelled. Similarly, a woman who falsely accuses a man of rape should be sent to jail.

My definition of sexual harassment is specific. It is only sexual harassment—by a man or a woman—if it is quid pro quo. That is, if someone says, "You must do this or I'm going to do that"—for instance, fire you. And whereas touching is sexual harassment, speech is not. I am militant on this. Words must remain free. The solution to speech is that women must signal the level of their tolerance—women are all different. Some are very bawdy.

PLAYBOY: What about women who are easily offended and too scared or intimidated to speak up?

PAGLIA: Too bad. You must develop the verbal tools to counter offensive language. That's life. Feminism has created a privileged, white middle class of girls who claim they're victims because they want to preserve their bourgeois decorum and passivity.

PLAYBOY: You're expecting girls to stand up for themselves in a culture that discourages them from doing just that?

PAGLIA: That's right. We must examine the degree to which we coddle middle-class girls. There is something sick about it. The girls I see on campuses are often innocuous, with completely homogenized personalities, miserable, anorexic and bulimic. The feminist movement teaches them that it's men's fault, but it isn't. These girls go out into the world as heiresses of all the affluence in the universe. They are the most pampered and most affluent girls on the globe. So stop complaining about men. You're getting all the rewards that come with the nice-girl persona you've chosen. When you get into trouble and you're batting your eyes and someone is offending you and you are too nice to deal with it, that's a choice. Assess your persona. Realize the degree to which your niceness may invoke people to say lewd and pornographic things to you—sometimes to violate your niceness. The more you blush, the more people want to do it. Understand your part of it and learn to parry. Sex talk is a game. The girls in the Sixties loved it. If you don't want some professor to call you honey, tell him.

PLAYBOY: Let us consider Anita Hill. Did Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson's revelations about the Clarence Thomas confirmation hearings in their book *Strange Justice* influence your feelings about that case?

PAGLIA: That pathetic book? The idea that they found great new evidence of Thomas' guilt is nonsense. Here is the major revelation: There were centerfolds in his kitchen. What a crime against humanity! I laughed out loud. He had five years of PLAYBOY. And here's the kicker: They were arranged chronologically. OK? My response is this: Any man with five years of PLAYBOY in his kitchen should be placed on the Supreme Court immediately!

The fact is that Clarence Thomas doesn't have the judicial excellence to be a Supreme Court justice. But that's not the issue. I maintain that Thomas flirted with Anita Hill, who batted her eyes at him and was a little embarrassed and didn't know what to do. Come on, he was looking for a wife. But how uncomfortable was she? She followed him from job to job. Feminists get around that by saying, "Well, she was ambitious." I say, "Apparently her ambition was greater than any sexual harassment that occurred." She chose her ambition. Anita Hill is just a yuppie. I'm the only leading feminist who went against her, and history will bear me out.

PLAYBOY: You once said that you look through the eyes of a rapist. What did you mean?

PAGLIA: I have lesbian impulses, so I understand how a man looks at a woman.

PLAYBOY: Why did you say a rapist rather than a man?

PAGLIA: Men do look at women as rapists. When I was growing up, it wasn't possible for me to do anything about my attraction to women. Lesbianism didn't exist in that time, as far as I knew. If I were young today, when everyone is experimenting—bisexuality is in with a lot of young women—it would have been different. But I always felt frustrated and excluded, looking in from a distance. As a woman, I couldn't rape—it's not possible—but if I had been a man with similar feelings, who knows? I developed a stalking thing.

PLAYBOY: When does that kind of lust become rape?

PAGLIA: There may have been cases when I would have gone over the line. I understand when men complain about women giving mixed messages, because women have given me a lot of mixed messages. I understand the rage that this can cause.

PLAYBOY: Give us an example.

PAGLIA: A woman I'm talking with at some event says, "Let's leave here and go to this bar," which is a lesbian bar. We go to the bar and we're talking and then she says, "Let's go have coffee," and we go to this coffee shop and end up, at three in the morning, half a block from her apartment. Finally, she says, "All right, well, goodnight." She's ready to go home alone and I look at her, like, "What do you mean? Aren't we going to go back to your apartment?" "No." "What?" And she says, "Do you think I was leading you on?" Un-fucking-believable. I can't tell you the rage. I am, at that point, looking at her and. . . . All I can say is, if I had been an 18-year-old street kid instead of a 45-year-old woman, I would have stabbed her. I was

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completely humiliated and furious. If I had been a guy with a hard-on, I would have hit her.

PLAYBOY: Would you have been justified in hitting her?

PAGLIA: That's not the point. The point is that I would have. Women must be aware of the signals they send out, aware that, at three in the morning, with that flirting, they have created expectations. If they fail to fulfill those expectations, they can be in trouble. They could be out with a Ted Bundy or a Jeffrey Dahmer. A woman cannot go on a date, have a bunch of drinks and go back to some guy's dorm room or apartment and then, when he jumps on her, cry date rape. Most people aren't sure what's going to happen on a first date. Given that ambiguity, every woman must be totally aware at every moment that she is responsible for every choice she makes.

PLAYBOY: You also blame women who are abused for their complicity in abusive relationships. You said that the victims are "addicted to the apology." But aren't many women just terrified of leaving their violent boyfriends or husbands?

PAGLIA: In many cases, there is a weird psychological thing going on. It's almost masochistic. You can hear it in the tapes of Nicole Simpson when she called the police on O.J. It's not just that she didn't press charges, even though she had ample evidence. It was a game. Everyone hears that tape and says, "How awful, that poor woman." I don't. I say, "Listen to Nicole's voice." You do not hear fear. You hear a woman who is playing a game. She is almost bemused. "Here he is again."

PLAYBOY: It was a dangerous game.

PAGLIA: It was, but she was a party in it. Of course she didn't deserve to die. But that's not the point. The point is, as it relates to other women, protect yourselves. See trouble coming.

PLAYBOY: Have you studied the kind of obsession that would explain Simpson's behavior?

PAGLIA: Men suffer from sexual anxiety their whole lives. The domination by women is a crushing burden. I understand the stalker. I understand how John Hinckley became obsessed with Jodie Foster. It was similar to the way I was toward beautiful women. I saw Catherine Deneuve in a department store and followed her and spied on her.

PLAYBOY: You have stalked Catherine Deneuve?

PAGLIA: I followed her into the glove department at Saks. I would kill anyone who chased me for an autograph while I was shopping at Saks.

PLAYBOY: Is there a certain personality type that becomes obsessed?

PAGLIA: I collected 599 pictures of Elizabeth Taylor—some people find that obsessive. I collected 599. Not 600, but 599. I feel that genius and obsession may be the same thing. It is rare when a woman is driven by obsession. Similarly, it is rare when a woman is a genius. That's why I said one of my most notorious sentences, that there is no woman Mozart because there is no woman Jack the Ripper. Men are more prone to obsession because they are fleeing domination by women. They flee to a chess game or to a computer or to fixing a car, or whatever, to attempt to complete their identities, because they always feel incomplete.

PLAYBOY: Why do cars or computers complete our identities?

PAGLIA: Because they are separate from the emotion that is fixated on women. Very masculine men are not at home in the world of emotion, which requires judgments that are not cause and effect. Heterosexuals have a kind of tunnel vision, which is a virtue, in my opinion. It allows them to make the great breakthroughs in music or science. The feminist line is that there are no women Mozarts because we have been trained to believe that we can't succeed in that field or we were never given the opportunity to excel because we were being groomed to be wives. I don't think that anymore. It's hormones.

PLAYBOY: You have said that you disagree with Germaine Greer's contrary opinion—that the greatest artists are not

"I didn't use one because I didn't have one with me."

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women because "you cannot get great art from mutilated egos."

PAGLIA: The fact is, you get great art only from mutilated egos. Only mutilated egos are obsessive enough. When I entered graduate school in 1968, I thought women were going to have all these enormous achievements, that they would redo everything. Then I saw every one of my female friends—these great minds who were going to transform the world—get married, move because their husbands moved and have babies. I screamed at them: What are you doing? Finish your great book! But they all read me the riot act. They said, "Camille, we are not you." They said, "We want life. We want love. We want happiness. We are not happy—like you are—just living off ideas." I am weird. I am more like Dahmer was or Hinckley. I'm like one of those obsessives. Or Dante.

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss other feminists. What is your relationship with Betty Friedan, the founder of modern American feminism?

PAGLIA: I have always loved her—I love that style. The National Organization for Women banished her, and she has troubles with the movement leaders like I do. It was a shame she didn't embrace me from the moment I came on the scene.

PLAYBOY: In her *Playboy Interview*, we asked her about you and she said, "How can you take her seriously? She is an exhibitionist, and she takes the most extreme elements of the women's movement and tries to make the whole movement antisexual, antilife, antijoy. And neither I nor most of the women I know are that way."

PAGLIA: The truth is we have similar opinions. If she had come into line with me when I came onto the scene, we could have smashed everybody.

PLAYBOY: How about Naomi Wolf?

PAGLIA: Daddy's little girl? Her Rolodex feminism?

PLAYBOY: Rolodex feminism?

PAGLIA: She always says to [*pantomiming*] get a Rolodex and keep the names of all the women we know and we'll be able to call them up and get a job and we'll have women power. [*Cringing*] She is so naive. I can't stand her. She's hopeless.

PLAYBOY: Don't you acknowledge the existence of what Wolf describes in her book *The Beauty Myth*: a culture manipulated by Madison Avenue that trains women to associate their self-worth with their looks?

PAGLIA: That's hilarious. Wolf says we shouldn't succumb to all this bullshit, but she spends four hours having makeup applied before her TV appearances and—I've heard—can't pass a window without looking at herself. I mean, look at her hair! It is the only thing that gave her cachet when she came onto the scene. Her book was one of many tired feminist books. What distinguished her was her hair; she owes everything to that hair. But then she cut it off. She's trying to find a more serious persona. She's looking for a hairstyle. It's horrible. It's embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: How about Gloria Steinem?

PAGLIA: She is so deluded that she genuinely believes she speaks for all women. She's a victim of her own success. I liked the early Steinem. There was once a survey conducted for *Time* about who would make a good candidate for the first female president, and I wrote in Gloria Steinem. But now? Gloria Steinem is dissing men and dissing fashion and she's out having her hair streaked at Kenneth's. She became a socialite with a coterie. A lot of middle-aged white ladies still love her, but the media have been negligent regarding her.

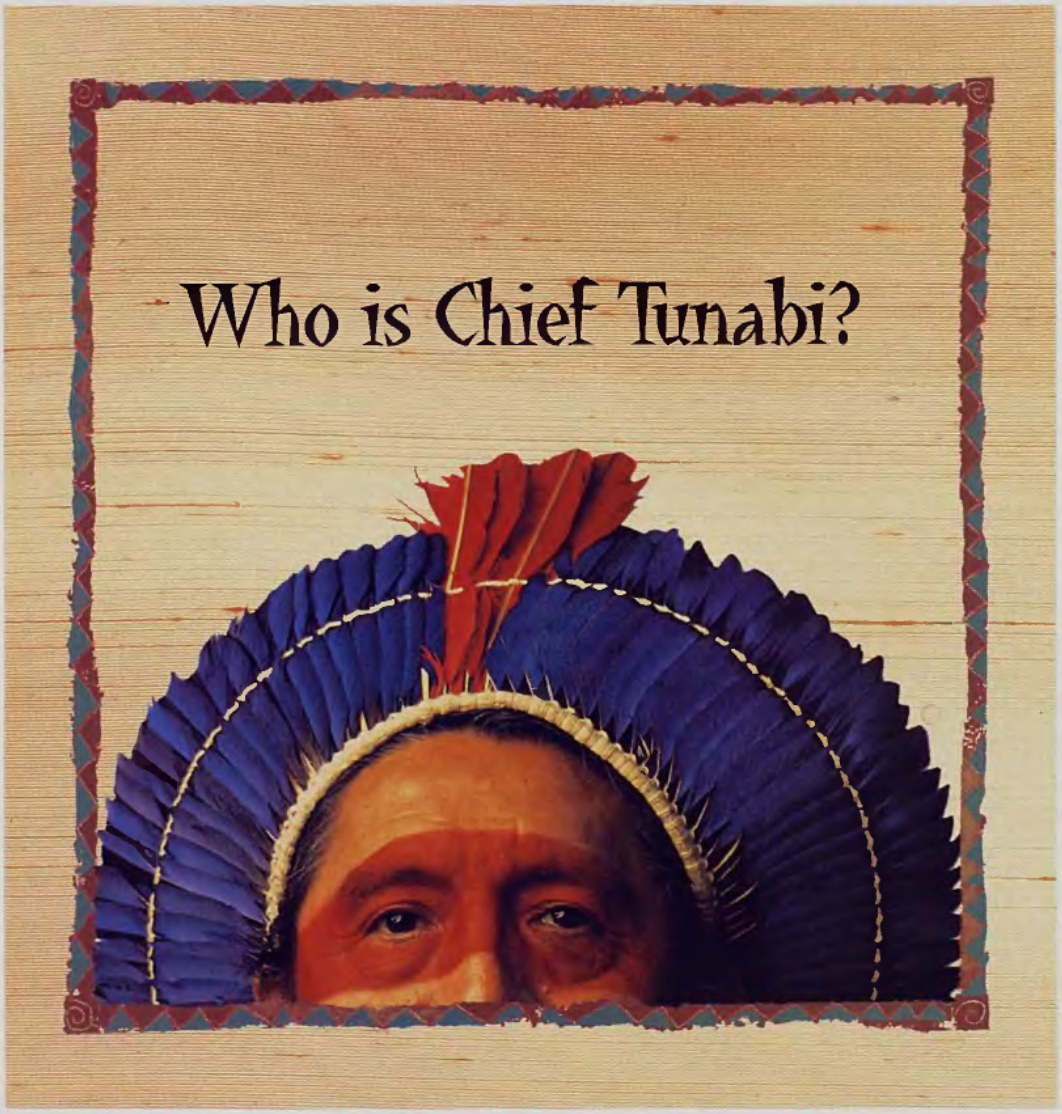
PLAYBOY: Susan Faludi?

PAGLIA: At least Faludi is smart and a real journalist. I call her the Mary Tyler Moore of feminism—like, "Gee, Mr. Grant." In some photos, with her knees pulled up, sitting there coyly, she looks like a little girl or a puppy. She says a solution for women is for men to do more at home and help out. But she has no idea. The big problem with them all—the Faludi–Wolf–Steinem feminists—is that they blame men. We have to get past the male-bashing. All the work a man does at home isn't going to solve the problem. Nature, not men, is compelling women to have babies.

PLAYBOY: Do you acknowledge the backlash Faludi described in her book?

PAGLIA: There was no backlash. It's a complete myth. On the contrary, the period Faludi is writing about, through the Eighties, was a great time for women. We made enormous gains, financially and otherwise. Women rose in the corporate and political realms like never before.

PLAYBOY: But because of those gains,



Faludi postulates, there was a movement to put women back in their place.

PAGLIA: There was a backlash, perhaps, but it was to the Sixties, not to feminism. After the Sixties there was a collapse in almost everything we believed in. It culminated in the biological disaster of AIDS—an answer to every one of us who preached free love.

PLAYBOY: That's ridiculous. People aren't responsible for random acts of nature—in this case, the unleashing of a virus.

PAGLIA: AIDS is a price paid for sins committed in the Sixties, and by gay men who took free love to extremes throughout the Seventies and had unrestrained, decadent, pagan sex. I support paganism in all its forms, but a price must be paid. I believed in free love, too, but we were wrong. It wasn't the Pope who was the problem. It wasn't the struggle with old-fashioned moral codes that was the problem. It was nature. Nature said, "Guess what? If you're going to be that promiscuous, I will off you."

PLAYBOY: But you are moralizing about something that's random. No one could have predicted the virus.

PAGLIA: I believe that nature rewards things that are in its best interest and punishes things that are not. Homosexual promiscuity is not in nature's best interest. Certainly not anal sex. Nature wants us to procreate.

PLAYBOY: That's a dangerous attitude, the same message we hear from fundamentalists who say that gay men are responsible for AIDS and that their sexual practices are immoral.

PAGLIA: It isn't about morality. It's about nature. In fact, it's not gay men who are ultimately responsible. It's all of us who set up a series of things that allowed the change of behavior for which gay men paid the price. Gay men put into full effect the ideas created for heterosexuals.

The Sixties went too far and it collapsed. It all unraveled in the Seventies. AIDS, appearing in the early Eighties, was the period at the end of the sentence. AIDS forced most people to wake up to the fact that the sexual revolution had failed. But I realized it earlier. By the mid-Seventies, something had gone wildly wrong. Feminism and the radical left alienated as many people as possible. Everyone splintered. It has resulted in the Republican sweep, which I had been warning about for years. This radical move to the right is the result, and it was caused by the progressives.

PLAYBOY: How?

PAGLIA: These groups alienated everyone they could. The radical gay groups, for instance, screaming at people, storming into St. Patrick's Cathedral, caused a backlash in certain communities that has caused even more homophobia. They managed to bring together people who have never spoken before. How stupid! Where is the thinking behind it?

PLAYBOY: Come on. Most homophobia has nothing to do with radical groups.

PAGLIA: There are times when gay men are indeed persecuted. There are isolated incidents of gay-bashing on the streets, but they are rare. My point is that you cannot force social change at a speed that it cannot go. Social change is evolutionary, not revolutionary. Deep social change takes time. And slowly the culture is changing. The MTV generation is far more tolerant, and that tolerance is growing.

PLAYBOY: Should gays be able to serve in the military?

PAGLIA: Sure. The military has no right to tell you what you can or cannot do when you are out of uniform. The fact is, there should be no sexual anything when you're in uniform. But out of uniform, you can do whatever you want—parade for gay rights, anything. You should be able to go to a gay bar and to have sex in the street, as far as I'm concerned.

PLAYBOY: Were you optimistic when Clinton was elected?

PAGLIA: Of course. We finally had a great opportunity. It was a chance to rethink everything that had failed as a result of the shoddy thinking in the Sixties and to try again with a new, reasoned approach. The Clinton administration should have been a think tank for the nation—he himself should have led the debate, reaffirming all Sixties ideals but correcting them where they had become excessive. It's a tragedy that he didn't. Instead of surrounding himself with progressive intellectuals, he surrounded himself with Eighties yuppies—like George Stephanopoulos, whom I loathe with a passion. I wish Clinton would fire everyone around him. I want a Saturday night massacre. I hate them all. But Clinton has totally lost the persona of leadership. It's pathetic. He's looking like a salesman.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about President Clinton's firing of Joycelyn Elders?

PAGLIA: It was about time.

PLAYBOY: It's surprising that you don't support Elders for her progressive views. Isn't she the kind of free-speaking Sixties person you miss?

PAGLIA: Clinton is in trouble and she opens her mouth about masturbation. Can't she control herself? She was in the wrong job. In some ways she's like me—she says what she thinks. But then you shouldn't be part of politics. I would like Joycelyn Elders to be in a position to speak her mind and not worry about political consequences. You cannot have a nondiplomatic figure in a political appointment.

PLAYBOY: What is your opinion of Newt Gingrich, Phil Gramm and other Republican leaders?

PAGLIA: I think they're going to be a lot harder to fight. They are men of ideas. I don't demonize them, but I'm uneasy about them because there is no room for art in the world they would create—no room for art or free expression.

PLAYBOY: Then what's the solution for the left in American politics?

PAGLIA: The Democratic Party has to return to its populist base, to rediscover the party of FDR, the one that appealed to my grandfather and the factory workers and others. To do this, there must be a period of self-criticism. We must face this head-on or continue to be governed by the Republicans. We must examine how we set up the rise of Republicans on campuses, where the dissent should be coming from. It is explained by the lack of energy and ideas from the other side. As a result, campuses are the most depressing places, devoid of passion.

PLAYBOY: Where else has the left failed?

PAGLIA: On abortion. The people who are pro-abortion—I hate the cowardly euphemism of pro-choice—must face what they are opposing. The left constantly identifies the pro-life advocates as misogynists and fanatics, but that doesn't represent most of those people. They are deeply religious and they truly believe that taking a life is wrong. If the left were to show respect for that position and acknowledge the moral conundrum of unwanted pregnancy, the opposition to abortion would lessen. We must acknowledge that people should be a little troubled by abortion. Not to acknowledge that this is a difficult decision is wrong. The procedure snuffs out a potential personality.

PLAYBOY: But much of the fanaticism of the opposition—fanaticism that you discount—leaves no room for a woman to make the decision for herself.

PAGLIA: You have a stronger case if you give due respect to the other side. An abortion should be something that is wrestled with. And herein is the point. Though most people agree that abortion should be an option, there is something attractive about the deeply moral position of those against abortion, particularly when the other side is in a spiritual vacuum. There is nothing in kids' education anymore that tells them to revere anything. Traditional religions, with all their moral codes, are becoming increasingly attractive in light of the alternatives: the Prozac nation, or heroin, which has come back with a vengeance.

PLAYBOY: Where do you stand on the legalization of drugs?

PAGLIA: How dare we have a culture that bans drugs, that says that heroin and marijuana are illegal, while we dope kids with Ritalin? "Kids don't sit still in a classroom? Attention-deficit disorder!" Millions of kids are being maimed right now on Ritalin. I would have been given Ritalin. And there would have been no *Sexual Personae*, no nothing. We are castrating a whole generation of kids. Prozac is legal, why not marijuana? I think drugs should be controlled like alcohol. I have demonstrated how the

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international drug cartels have destroyed our urban youth, white and black. Why should they work in the factories when they can earn $10,000 as drug runners? Most important, laws do not stop anyone from using drugs. Deprive them of one drug and they will get a spray can and inhale and kill themselves that way. It's not that I think drugs are good. For the most part, drugs destroy. But who cares? So what? That's a choice people make. The government has no right stopping that choice. And the government is incapable of grasping the true problem—that kids have nothing. So they flounder or, in some cases, follow the only spirituality offered to them—represented by the right, where the energy is.

PLAYBOY: Aren't kids focusing much of their energy on things other than religion, for instance, on new technology and the Internet? Is that good or bad?

PAGLIA: The only problem I have with computers and television is that when all cultures on earth reach the stage we are at it will lead to a kind of homogenization. Also, the young are so adept with computers, which is fine. But whereas music was for everyone, a class issue is emerging with technology. No doubt the white middle-class kids have access to computers in ways that black kids don't. Charles Murray is right about one thing: We are moving toward a two-tier society. It's very dangerous. We are producing an underclass and this technology will further isolate them.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Murray's book *The Bell Curve*?

PAGLIA: If you want to see a good example of the folly of leftist censorship, here it is. This same issue—that blacks are mentally inferior—was circulated by William Shockley some years ago. Shockley and Arthur Jensen were shouted down, harassed and ultimately silenced. Consequently, this entire issue of genetic differences between the races was driven underground. Neutral or moderate or even liberal investigators were driven out of the field. Twenty-five years later it reemerges, but now it is exclusively attached to a conservative agenda. The problem I have with the book's conclusion is that it has no resemblance whatsoever to my experience as an academic. In the real world, very smart people fail and mediocre people rise. Part of what makes people fail or succeed are skills that have nothing to do with IQ. Also, the idea that intelligence can be gauged by an IQ test is erroneous. The failure of this book to address different definitions of intelligence is appalling. Also, for this book to appear at this moment is terrible. It's the last thing we need—something that further divides us. But once again, the left cannot deal with it.

PLAYBOY: The entire culture seems to be turning against intelligence and is now celebrating dim-wittedness. Look at the popularity of movies such as *Forrest Gump* and *Dumb and Dumber*. Why is stupidity now so cool?

PAGLIA: As we have moved into a new culture based on computer technology, we have elevated what used to be called nerds and geeks to the forefront. These are the most important people. People who best understand computer technology are simpletons—at least they're socially inept. I think this is a rebellion against the advanced skills that are required. There is a history of this. *Candide* is about a simple and naive person who does not fully understand the complex world. Chauncey Gardiner, in *Being There*, was another. So the movies are symptomatic of the quest for truth, a turn away from false complexity.

PLAYBOY: What are the trends in the porn movie industry symptomatic of?

PAGLIA: Feminist PC bullshit has taken over the industry so the videos, except for the gay male ones, are all boring. There has been a horrible decline in quality. There is just a bunch of professional porn actresses simulating orgasm. The hot movies are from the Russ Meyer period, the late Sixties and early Seventies. I loved that period. And *Debbie Does Dallas*. Good and lewd. I mean, *Deep Throat* was a revelation.

PLAYBOY: How so?

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PAGLIA: Good fellatio is an art form. I know this from gay men; one of them said that they should have federal funding for the development of fellatio skills—it should be underwritten. Well, when I was growing up, good middle-class white girls never discussed it. We'd never even heard of it. Women went with their boyfriends to see *Deep Throat*, and their mouths were hanging open. No one could believe it. Now, after 20 years, we've seen so many demonstrations of it that it has become a part of the culture. I think it's a very good skill.

PLAYBOY: Let's move to mainstream movies. What do you have against Meryl Streep?

PAGLIA: I loathe Meryl Streep. She was good in *Silkwood*, but she began to take herself very seriously. I'm reacting to the horrendous overpraise she has received. She is a calculated actress, a victim of her own WASP culture. I find her totally unconvincing. She has no passion. She has no deep elemental vibration. Jodie Foster is overpraised, too. I thought she was good in *Silence of the Lambs* and *The Accused*, but she's getting on my nerves.

PLAYBOY: Who sends you?

PAGLIA: The great actresses in film are Jeanne Moreau, Elizabeth Taylor. I love an actress as sensual as Raquel Welch. She and Liz Taylor and that type of woman are the great queens of Hollywood. They have the lush sexuality that I admire, as opposed to the WASPy, desexualized Meryl. I love Jessica Walter. Even Vanessa Redgrave and Jane Fonda are better than Meryl Streep. I love Catherine Deneuve.

PLAYBOY: Meg Ryan is another actress who has incurred your wrath.

PAGLIA: I loathe Meg Ryan. Loathe her. Naomi Wolf's culture deserves Meg Ryan. She is Sandra Dee reborn but without Sandra Dee's talent for comedy. I read in an interview that Meg Ryan doesn't speak to her mother. So this is a woman who has all kinds of untapped dark stuff that she could draw on, but she's not doing it. She is so superficial. She used to be on *As the World Turns*. I hated her on that and she has been doing the same goddamned act since then. The woman has two facial expressions, OK? The fact that she is one of the great actresses of our culture right now is a testament to our poverty, to our sexual poverty. She is so sexless. Julia Roberts is another one who drives me crazy.

PLAYBOY: What about Cindy Crawford?

PAGLIA: I like her very much. I saw her in person once, and I thought she was more beautiful than in her pictures. She has a wonderful manner and is so misty and charismatic.

PLAYBOY: How about male stars? How do you explain the popularity of Arnold Schwarzenegger?

PAGLIA: I like him and find him humorous. He has a wonderful sense of comedy; I love the way he satirizes himself. Actresses always complain that they don't get the salaries that male stars like Schwarzenegger get. Excuse me, but when you pull in the box office they do, you'll get their salaries. It's interesting that the stars who pull in the greatest salaries are those who have retained the masculine glamour. Schwarzenegger doesn't mind portraying a pregnant man because he is so confident in his masculinity he can play with his image.

PLAYBOY: What about Woody Allen?

PAGLIA: I love him. He's one of the great commentators on sexual mores of our time. I think he was totally shafted when the media turned against him for his thing with Soon-Yi Previn. The child-abuse charges were baseless. There is an incestuous tinge to his relationship with Soon-Yi, but the only thing I would hold against him is that he didn't tell Mia. If he was having an affair, he had an obligation to his lover. I don't care that it was Mia's adopted daughter. Big deal.

PLAYBOY: But you admit that it appears to be incestuous?

PAGLIA: It has an incestuous tinge, OK? It is not incest legally. And Soon-Yi is not a baby. She is over the age of consent. But I hate double-dealing. I'm very honest. I think two-timing is wrong.

PLAYBOY: You were once Madonna's most serious fan.

PAGLIA: I remain a fan of Madonna. She is a brilliantly talented woman who is at a low point right now. I'm hoping that she can recover. She may—many great stars went through a period of being box-office poison and then came back. I don't know if she will, though, because I think she cuts herself off from anyone interesting—look at Sandra Bernhard and me. She won't have anything to do with two of the smartest women in the world.

PLAYBOY: How does that affect whether or not she'll be able to make a comeback?

PAGLIA: She needs people to inspire her intelligence. Instead, she hangs out with disco trash. Too bad. I think we would get along. But now I know too much about her. I've heard too much about her from Sandra and her friends. I heard she never just sits around and talks. She always has to be princess of the room. She comes in with an entourage. Sandra still has friends from high school; she's still friends with a manicurist she met once. Madonna, on the other hand, drops people. That's weird because Italians are usually loyal. My lover, Alison, loves Madonna. Our only fights are about Madonna, because I'm in a state of disillusion. I like her new album. I call it Prozac music—she's very depressed. Anyway, people have suggested that I just wanted to sleep with her. That's ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Did you at one point?

PAGLIA: That's not my attitude toward great stars. I am reverential to great stars. I don't want sexual congress with them. The writer in me reveres the artist in them.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite television show?

PAGLIA: *Monday Night Football*. I love it. Any woman who wants to understand what's going on in the workplace should study football. It's all there. I never miss *The Young and the Restless*. I love reruns.

PLAYBOY: Do real men like baseball or football?

PAGLIA: Baseball is an intellectual game, but the center of the culture is football. A lot of Jewish men don't get it, but most men—not men of the cultural elite or the literati—love football. Why? Because it's about the masculine. We are in this industrial-capitalist period, very safe, at least, relatively safe. We think we can do without the masculine. But we respond to it. Even straight men who are looking at sports are responding. It's not sexual, but it is sensuous. I think there is a sensuous appreciation of beautiful bodies and sports. No one gives a fuck about women's group sports—it embarrasses me to see women's basketball. But men bonding on teams is the essence of human history.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an overview of the state of women's magazines?

PAGLIA: They are being overrun by PC types and men. They are in a state of chaos and transition right now. I have a nice association with *Allure*, which is one of the only non-PC magazines. But I love fashion magazines. I think they're works of art for the masses. They in no way cause anorexia, OK? Nor do they cause low self-esteem in the women who look at them. Just the opposite. And for $4.95 you can get all that fantasy and beauty.

It's interesting that the world of fashion, frivolous as it may be to some people, is where a lot of high-art energy now is. High art is in the doldrums. The painting world is for shit right now. The real artistic energy is only in the fashion world.

PLAYBOY: How about music?

PAGLIA: I love Sixties music. John Lennon. The Beatles. The Stones. The Who. Cream. Hendrix. Jefferson Airplane. I came to love Led Zeppelin. Van Halen. I like the Pretenders.

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in any of the new stuff?

PAGLIA: I listen to anything big. I try to monitor substantial achievements.

PLAYBOY: So it's more about research than pleasure?

PAGLIA: Well, no. But there's such a turnover now that there's no point running after every band that comes along that doesn't last more than an album or two. I'm looking for rock to advance as an art form. I loved the double album from Guns n' Roses, but that was simply a continuation of my favorite Rolling Stones album, *Exile on Main Street*. I like Pearl Jam. I like Metallica. I thought Metallica's performance at Woodstock was wonderful.

PLAYBOY: What about Kurt Cobain?

PAGLIA: Kurt Cobain's suicide is a good example of Generation X's despair.

PLAYBOY: Do you view him as more than another rock star with drug problems?

PAGLIA: He was a revealing symbol. He called himself passive-aggressive. There was self-pity, whining. There was a diminishment, a diminution. He was sitting there in his sweater, hunched over his guitar, looking like a little lost boy. Compare that with the great figures of my generation: Jimi Hendrix. Pete Townshend. Keith Richards. The great achievements of rock—of the Sixties, in fact—were done by assertion and energy. This is why I'm worried about the future.

PLAYBOY: How about the new women rockers?

PAGLIA: I'm listening. I like Liz Phair, but there were these stupid women reviewers who said she's surpassing the Stones. Dream on.

PLAYBOY: You've said that bisexuality should be the universal norm. Do you still believe that?

PAGLIA: It's the cure for many problems. I don't believe in gay versus straight. The message of the gay liberation movement should have been freedom of sexuality, not antagonism toward sexuality other than gay sex. Most people are going to want to be straight, this is true, because most people breed, and nature wants us to breed. However, I believe in the liberation of all avenues of pleasure, and I want all straight people to have their options open without it implicating them. The impulses are there if they aren't repressed, so people should choose to live without those labels.

PLAYBOY: Have you examined why some heterosexual men focus on breasts and others on asses?

PAGLIA: Yes. It's very interesting. There's no doubt in my mind that Fifties eroticism for men in America was based on the bosom. That's where Hugh Hefner came in. Hefner has never gotten the credit he deserves—not merely for his influence on the culture's view of sex but for creating a whole motif, a style for men that was a departure from the World War One rough-and-ready type—the kind in the action magazines. The style he created wasn't just about women, it was about connoisseurship. He said it's possible to be a new kind of man, a European-style man interested in fine stereo equipment, good wine, sophisticated conversation and progressive ideas. Certainly PLAYBOY emerged at a time when the bosom was the focus of eroticism in America. I remember being puzzled when friends went to Italy and got pinched on the butt by men. In Italy, there is a huge emphasis on the butt. Women with large buttocks are pursued on the streets in Italy. Throughout the Sixties, women in England and America had no butts. With the Twiggy look, big breasts were out. They were unfashionable. The exercise boom may have brought more attention to the butt. Women have become conscious of developing it. Cheryl Tiegs was the first exercise model. The butt started to be more appreciated here after that. It also could be multicultural, because as more black women and Hispanic women have come into imagery in the past 20 years, the butt has become more important. There is an appreciation of good asses in the Hispanic and black cultures. In Mediterranean cultures large buttocks are a sign of fertility. At any rate, this has been an important part of my evolution as an erotic thinker. I now have tremendous appreciation of butts. I'm very aware of them and I'm responsive to them—equally with breasts.

PLAYBOY: Theories such as this—described in your books and in your other writings—continue to receive criticism from all circles, including feminists, gays, lesbians and liberals. Do you set out to incite?

PAGLIA: I'm afraid it's unavoidable. There never was a time when I did not incite.

PLAYBOY: From where did your incendiary personality emerge?

PAGLIA: Growing up in my family in the Fifties. I was always trying to escape

from the Fifties. The decade was a horror.

PLAYBOY: Someone once said that you talk fast because your father wouldn't let you speak. Is that true?

PAGLIA: Actually, I was silent as a child. But it's true that my father was very opinionated, and he trained me in my earliest years to be an individual thinker. Italian culture is like Chinese culture. There is respect for elders. You never raise your voice to elders. There are no explosions. My father was totally in control. I had no Walkman—I wish I had. They're wonderful. Kids now put on Walkmans when they're in the car with their parents so they don't have to hear them talking to each other. I think there would have been much less stress. I certainly did become a maniacal fast talker.

PLAYBOY: Did you always know you were a lesbian?

PAGLIA: I had crushes on women—actually I loved charismatic, extreme people, women or men. By high school I was saying I must be a lesbian, because if you are attracted to women, you're a lesbian. I was also attracted to men, but I didn't get along with men.

PLAYBOY: Did you have sexual experiences with both?

PAGLIA: There weren't opportunities with women. In Girl Scout camp or something all the girls were fooling around. But there was no chance; I never even heard the word lesbian. Even in college, I was looking for women but dating men.

PLAYBOY: Was your mother at home—living the feminine mystique?

PAGLIA: When I was three she began working as a bank teller. Even before that she worked at home—sewing wedding dresses.

PLAYBOY: What was your father like?

PAGLIA: A firstborn daughter, it's been proven, is very achieving because her father projects to her his ambition for a son. From early on, my father talked to me like an adult. One of the earliest things he did was teach me the Latin names of the parts of the body. He was very analytic. We had no money, but intellectual curiosity was encouraged, and my parents constantly talked with each other. This develops the brain. I remember listening and thinking, listening to voices talking, talking, talking.

PLAYBOY: Because they value intellectual discussion, are they proud of you?

PAGLIA: I think so. My father died of cancer but lived long enough to see me famous, though not long enough to read my book fully. If he were alive I wouldn't be quite so outrageous, speaking about my sex life, for instance. I don't believe in embarrassing my family. My sister told my mother, "Look, Ma, just think how Mick Jagger's mother must have felt." My mother will say to me, "Try to be nice, all right?" Or she'll say, "Can't you tone it down?"—just like Madonna's father says to her in *Truth or Dare*. I think

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my mother is mollified because the priests, of all people, congratulate her.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when critics go beyond criticizing the work and get personal?

PAGLIA: That's inevitable. Even if people don't agree with me, however, I think intellectuals should be fascinated by my rise, what it reveals about the time. My critics are irrelevant, though. It tells how much I'm getting to them by how vitriolic they are. They refuse to deal with the ideas. But reviews don't reflect anything; the books are selling. A friend told me, "The attacks make you."

PLAYBOY: You criticized your former idol, Susan Sontag, for becoming too mainstream and losing her outsider's perspective. Could that happen to you?

PAGLIA: I take measures to avoid that. I saw what happened to Germaine Greer and Sontag. Here I am, still at the University of the Arts, still at the same office that I share with two other people, with a $34,000 salary. And I keep my speaking fee low—$2000.

PLAYBOY: But the book advances must be high by now.

PAGLIA: The biggest lie in the world is that I am in this for money. Now I don't have to worry about the unemployment line. But there are eight phone lines. It becomes a hassle. It's frustrating, too, because there's only so much you can do. You can criticize academe, but there is tenure and these snobs are locked in. I am popular with certain people, but I'm still blocked out of the establishment. I hate that incestuous world. It makes me sick. It's impossible for anything truly original to get done. Thinking is not allowed. It's all PC. It is so horrible because it is a fossilized, parasitic version of Sixties philosophy.

PLAYBOY: Then why don't you get out? You have a much larger popular audience anyway.

PAGLIA: You can't abandon academe. It's important and it must be fought. We want to bring the real world into academe, to make the academe relevant again. We need people who are bridging those two worlds.

PLAYBOY: What is it like to finally have a relationship? You once described how new relationships quickly become boring, descending into, "You make love and it's, 'How do you want your eggs?'" You claimed to hate that. Well?

PAGLIA: I lost a big part of my act when I couldn't complain about my sex life anymore. It's terrible [*laughs*]. We've been together a year and a half. We're perfect for each other.

PLAYBOY: Where did you meet Alison?

PAGLIA: She came to a lecture. She sent me an application.

PLAYBOY: For a job?

PAGLIA: I was used to getting applications. Everyone knew that I was looking. Men and women were sending me applications. And she got it right. People tried all kinds of things, and nothing ever convinced me. She sent me her résumé, her picture and artwork. I knew immediately. One of her works was a photomontage of a woman in black panties in a fashion magazine that she put with advertisements of pancakes and syrup. It was absolutely right. And then she sent me a formal letter and a picture of herself in a very short skirt. It was bold. I checked her résumé; I don't want any psychopaths, thank you. She was a teacher. She had a job. Still, I was cautious. I called her voice mail and listened to how she sounded. I thought, all right. Then we met. By the second date, that was it. I didn't think it was possible, because I'm 47.

PLAYBOY: How does she like her eggs?

PAGLIA: In fact, she's very into cooking. She watches cooking shows on TV. She is on a low-fat diet, though, and doesn't make eggs.

PLAYBOY: What's next in the battle of the sexes in an era of Lorena Bobbitt? What's the significance of that case?

PAGLIA: A woman cutting off a man's penis is the ultimate castration for 5000 years of human history. Someone finally did it, right? It was revolutionary. But I abhor the fact that she struck a sleeping enemy. It's cowardly to attack your enemy while he's sleeping. If she had attacked him while he was awake, or stabbed him in the chest with a knife while they were arguing, that's different.

PLAYBOY: Do you think she should have been acquitted?

PAGLIA: I reject that she was a victim. They had an S&M relationship—like the one O.J. and Nicole Simpson had. The claim that she feared for her life was ridiculous. She was revenging herself on him. I love how she threw his severed penis out the car window. Then she told the police where it was, and they found it. I love that. But she should not have been acquitted. She was guilty. It was a crime of passion.

Anyway, this case brought to the forefront the fact that men are constantly forced to deal with their sexuality. The issue for a woman is menstruation, when her blood pours forth. But generally women can be removed from their own sexuality—they never have to think about it or confront it like men do. Every time men pee, it's right there. They have to worry about it constantly. It's a part of their bodies that they are not in control of. It can be embarrassing. In gym class or wherever, they can suddenly be humiliated, embarrassed. It defines so much about men. Because of the nature of the penis, men have performance anxiety, whereas no woman ever has to prove herself in this way. So men's egos are totally involved in performance, in doing, achieving. An erection is a kind of achievement. So is peeing. As I've said, a boy has to learn to aim in order to no longer be infantile. So it's an accomplishment. The male orgasm is short-lived and transient—and that's the irony of men's sexuality. It's ironic that feminism looks at the penis as power and violence when in fact it is very weak.

Every time a man approaches a woman, he is overcome with anxiety because he is approaching the place where he was born. There is a subliminal memory of that and there is always the nightmare that he can be shot down. All of a sudden, whoosh, and like *Alice in Wonderland*, you are shot through the looking glass. Every time a man puts his penis in a woman, he is gambling that he is going to get it back again. And in a sense, he loses that gamble each time. It goes in, he is very powerful, and then it's over and he is no longer so powerful.

This highlights where feminists have erred. It took most of my life to realize that men are not tyrants or egomaniacs. I had an epiphany in a shopping mall recently that put it all in perspective.

I was having a piece of pizza and I saw all these teenage boys running around in the mall. They were wild. I looked at them and saw this desperation. When I was their age I hated those kinds of boys because they were so obnoxious. They are so involved in their status, gaining it, afraid of losing it. I'm glad I don't have to be that age again.

So they sat down near me and they didn't notice me. I didn't exist on their radar map. I was thinking, This is great. I was watching.

They were full of energy and life. And I suddenly realized, My God, the reason they are so loud, the reason they are so uncontrolled, the reason I hated them at that age is that they bond with each other against women. It was the first time they were able to be away from the control of a woman—their mothers. They were on their own and for this period they're very dangerous. Women have to watch out when they go to fraternity parties, because the men are all trying to up their status among one another and there is all this testosterone.

And then some girl will snag them.

And that's it. It's over for them. They get married and they're under the control of their wives forever. You hear these women all the time, on, like, *Ricki Lake*, saying, "You know, I have two children, but actually I have three children" about the husband, and it's true: The husband becomes a child again. Even when men are doing their share, taking out the garbage, doing the mopping, whatever, women are still running the household. They are in control and the men become subordinate again. So that's what the feminists are so worried about? Men who are subordinated by their mothers and then by their wives? Men are looking for maternal solace in women, and that's the nature of heterosexuality. Now you tell me, who really has all the power?

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He appreciates the promise of technology, and the fun. He knows that amateurs hang out in chat rooms, but e-mail is the heart of the Net. Covering topics from quad-speed CD-ROMs to digital TV, PLAYBOY serves as his reliable scout on the electronic frontier. One in ten Americans who own a computer is a PLAYBOY reader. They spend more than $330 million on software a year, and they rely on PLAYBOY to keep them a step ahead of the curve. (Source: Spring 1994 MRI.)

HEROIN CHIC

article by **MARK EHRMAN**

THE HOUSE is one of those modern single-story Hollywood hills rectangles that jut out from the hillside at an absurd angle, held in place by giant steel brackets. It belongs to the son of a well-known movie producer, but few of the hundred guests at the party seem to know their host. Music and laughter echo off the patio, which is crowded with young entertainment-industry types and more than a few recognizable musicians and TV stars. It's a mix of guys in Ben Davis hip-hop outfits and women in kinderwhore dresses.

But Jonathan (like other people profiled in this article, this is not his real name), a lanky, doe-eyed man in baggy chinos, isn't impressed. He's privy to a cooler vibe. At one A.M., he slips out.

Destination: Bonnie Brae Street. At this hour, the trip is a 15-minute shot. In a city famous for its endless sprawl, Bonnie Brae cuts through a densely populated neighborhood largely inhabited by immigrants from Mexico and Central America. Affluent Angelenos come here, too, and for them, Bonnie Brae is where they buy heroin.

As the car turns the final corner, a swarm of wildly gesticulating men materializes from between parked cars. Jonathan takes command. "OK, slow down," he tells the driver, and rolls down the window. He's the placid epicenter of a ferocious elbowing match. To the victor, a Hispanic teenager, goes $15. In return, the kid spits into Jonathan's hand a tiny, tied-up orange balloon from a stash he stores in his mouth. Inside the balloon and wrapped

POTENT STRAINS OF HEROIN HAVE LOS ANGELES' TRENDOIDS PLAYING WITH FIRE

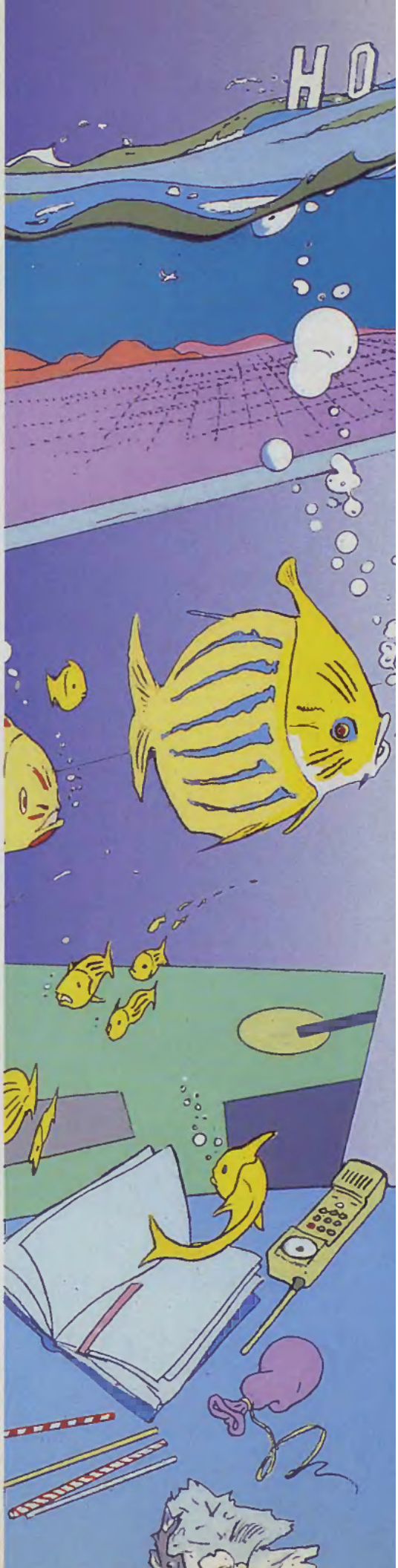

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

in a square of white plastic is a sticky, brown, pea-size ball.

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Jonathan has a weakness for heroin. But he's not curled up in an alley or stealing purses to support his habit. He's mostly in his darkroom or working on a video set. In a few days, he's off to New York, Europe and Japan (he'll hit the methadone clinic first) to attend gallery openings where his photographs are being exhibited. Only in his late 20s, he cashes in on his artistry with well-paying stints as a director of photography for rock videos.

Jonathan doesn't like smoking it and won't touch a needle. Weaned on New York powder, he fixes by melting tiny flecks of tar in a spoon with a drop of water—junkie style—and snorting the bitter, amber solution. The opiate courses slowly through his nervous system, bringing him to heroin's grand plateau in around 20 minutes. Heroin, especially for those who don't use needles, is not the sledgehammer of euphoria it's imagined to be. Aside from his pin-size pupils and some languid scratching, little about Jonathan's behavior betrays his drug use. "Heroin you function on," he explains as he fastidiously washes out the blackened spoon in the sink after scraping, boiling and huffing the evening's last dollop. "On crack you're really wired. You can't hold a conversation or read a book or watch TV."

Although he prefers fixing alone, he has plenty of company when he wants it. His partners-in-crime include a motion-picture art director, a pair of models and a well-known fashion stylist. "Most people I get high with have Ph.D.s," he boasts. "They're not street trash. They're more like corrupted intellectuals. Now there's a glamorous look to it. The glamorous people are doing it."

These days, heroin's shadow cuts across Los Angeles' entertainment industry—cyberpunks and screenwriters, club hoppers, cinematographers and, of course, rock musicians. Far from being anomalous, they are part of a new breed of talent that has recently infiltrated the culture factory. They are hip, motivated, educated—and on dope. They are the heroin achievers.

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When River Phoenix convulsed and died in front of Johnny Depp's Viper Room last year, he became a heroin poster boy. Phoenix OD'd on the same thing that had killed John Belushi several blocks away and 11 years earlier, a mix of cocaine and heroin called a speedball. Belushi, the goofy comic, is usually considered to be a cocaine casualty, while Phoenix is conceded to heroin. It's a telling shift in emphasis.

A decade ago, you had mergers, junk bonds, condos, conspicuous consumption and cocaine. Cocaine was a drug as relentlessly optimistic and upbeat as its era. *Dynasty* and *Falcon Crest* ruled the airwaves. As the Eighties crashed and burned into the Nineties, the coke-powered lifestyle went with it. TV began training its lens on the fucked up and downwardly mobile. *The Simpsons*, *Married With Children*, Beavis and Butthead. Loud and pissed-off, grunge and its sociological partner heroin roared down from Seattle. Alienation was now big business.

"Coke is as dead as dead. Heroin is coming back in a big fucking way," Eric Stolz tells John Travolta in Quentin Tarantino's film *Pulp Fiction*. Travolta, ever the cultural harbinger, discoed in *Saturday Night Fever*, got everyone wearing Tony Lamas with *Urban Cowboy* and gave the health craze a boost in *Perfect*. Now, in the most lusciously photographed sequence in *Pulp Fiction*, he mainlines a shot of heroin and goes for a long, blissful drive. (In contrast, on *Beverly Hills 90210*, Luke Perry only smokes it and cracks up his car.) Government findings support Tarantino and company as yesterday's coke crowd now shows up as a spike in heroin statistics. Crackheads in particular turn to heroin to come down. According to the Drug Enforcement Administration, heroin use is at a high. "There is an increased supply from Southeast Asia, Mexico and Colombia," says DEA spokesman Ralph Lochridge, whose office handles greater Los Angeles. "The cartels are diversifying just like any multinational company. And they have diversified into heroin."

This means the dope on the street is purer and cheaper than ever. According to the DEA's National Narcotics Intelligence Consumer Committee, street heroin a decade ago had a nationwide average purity of seven percent. The price today is the same but the average purity now reaches as high as 35 percent. Because purity is shooting up, users don't have to. You can get high now without going the more dangerous IV route by smoking or snorting the drug. Until you get your habit up, there are no messy rigs, needle tracks, blood or threat of AIDS. All the pleasure and mystique of heroin ingestion, and less of the risk. A kind of *Naked Lunch* lite.

Adding to the cachet, filmmakers and recording artists rebelled against the Just Say No campaign and broke their Reagan-era radio silence on references to drugs. Perry Farrell, former lead singer for Jane's Addiction (now front man for Porno for Pyros), picked up the dormant threads of punk and junk and took them public. If the Los Angeles band's name and lyrics and the methadone bottle on the back of the 1990 album *Ritual de lo Habitual* didn't get the message across, Farrell gave the drug the thumbs-up in an interview following the album's release by saying, "I think it's great." He also injected it into his 1993 vanity project, *Gift*, a junkie vérité film starring him, his then-girlfriend Casey Niccoli and a whole lot of smack. Today, as mastermind of the Lollapalooza festivals, Farrell is an icon among heroin achievers.

Kurt Cobain and his wife Courtney Love (of the band Hole) also were candid about the drug and their struggles with it—both in lyrics and in interviews. Then both Cobain and Hole bassist Kristen Pfaff joined the permanent rehab wing of rock-and-roll heaven. Songs like Alice in Chains' *Godsmack* and band names like Morphine, Codeine and Cop Shoot Cop (think about it) further stamped the opiate high with the imprimatur of rock-and-roll cool. Heroin had the dysfunctional glamour that was right for the times, and Hollywood began to pick up on it.

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"Upon entering my vein, the drug would start a warm itch that would surge along until the brain consumed it in a gentle explosion that began in the back of the neck and rose rapidly until I felt such pleasure that the whole world sympathized and took on a soft and lofty appeal."

This endorsement of dilaudid (a synthetic opiate) came courtesy of Matt Dillon in the acclaimed 1989 Gus Van Sant film *Drugstore Cowboy*. Following Van Sant's lead, even more projects that depicted everything from casual to over-the-top heroin use—*Naked Lunch*, *Rush*, *Killing Zoe*, *Fresh* and *Ed Wood*—got the nod, culminating, of course, in *Pulp Fiction's* needle-in-the-chest adrenaline rush.

The fashion world, too, helped bring heroin into vogue. "Oh, heroin? It's beauty secret number one," says one Gaultier model. "Everyone in Paris and Milan smokes it—makeup people, photographers, designers." A young model, Kirsi Hegel, blabbed to a British tabloid that many of the new young talent were heavily into heroin, and confirmed that it helped them achieve that in-demand waif look. These models call themselves Gia's Girls, after Gia Carangi, a model and heroin addict who died of AIDS in 1986. Because of

(continued on page 144)

"How silly I was to be anxious about my first wife meeting my second wife."

DREAMING of JEANIE

JEANIE BUSS MAY BE THE ULTIMATE LAKER GIRL: THE ONE WHO ENDS UP RUNNING THE FRANCHISE

"This is more my home than any house I've ever lived in," says Jeanie of the Great Western Forum. "I had my 21st birthday party here, I met my ex-husband here, I was robbed at gunpoint here, I met Michael Jackson and Frank Sinatra here." Her days may be spent in the executive suite, but she has time to chat with Lakers legend Jerry West, get a lift from current stars Vlade Divac and Nick Van Exel and ride high with her roller hockey team, the L.A. Blades. Her favorite banner in the Forum: the Blades' 1994 division championship pennant.

I LIKE BEING underestimated," says Jeanie Buss with a grin, and for a minute, you have to wonder who would be foolish enough to make such a mistake. Underestimate a woman who, at the age of 33, has been running professional sports teams for 14 years, who has promoted events at a prestigious arena since she was barely out of high school, who serves on the board of directors of one of the hottest sports franchises of the past few decades?

But Jeanie Buss, you see, isn't just one of the most successful women behind the scenes in sports—she's also the daughter of Dr. Jerry Buss, owner of both the Los Angeles Lakers and the Great Western Forum, who invited his daughter into the family business and then let her prove herself. "People have preconceived ideas about the children of the boss," says Jeanie over lunch in the Forum Club. "But anyone who knows me knows what I can do."

What she has done is succeed in the male-dominated world of pro sports since she was a shy teenager. "I would take along my Barbie dolls when my dad would take us to track meets and football games," she says, laughing at her introduction to sports. "But then I got kind of obsessed with sports." At 13, she got the nickname Arena Rat because she'd do anything to hang around athletes or sit in on business meetings. She absorbed so much that at 19 she was named general manager of the Los Angeles Strings professional tennis team while at the same time finishing her education at USC.

Now she's the president of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

LOGE 32
X

Jeanie is used to working in offices bedecked with championship trophies, but sometimes she would rather be downstairs. "The locker room is the one place I can't go, and that bugs me," she says. "I miss going in and doing some high fives after my team wins. With these photographs, I finally realized my fantasy: to wear the uniform and not just be cheering from the sidelines."

Forum Sports Inc., a company that stages tennis exhibitions, volleyball tournaments and a variety of other events at the Forum. She's also on the board of the Lakers—whose part-owner Magic Johnson recently asked her, "When are you and I going to start running things around here?"

Jeanie's current passion, though, is the team she owns: the L.A. Blades, which plays fast-paced, five-man hockey on in-line skates as part of the Roller Hockey International League, now entering its third season. "I wasn't sure about the sport at first," she admits. "But before the first game, I went out to the parking lot and there were pick-up games going on. As all the kids who play it grow up, I think it'll become a major sport."

It was Jeanie's idea to step out of the boardroom for these photos, partly as a way to draw attention to her teams. "I'm not going to deny that this might help my business," she says. Most of all, she was looking to document her personal growth. "My marriage recently ended," she says, "and I thought, What are all the things I've wanted to do? And being in PLAYBOY was one of them. As an 18-year-old, I couldn't have done this. But now I feel I've matured into a woman who's confident in her sexuality, in how she looks and in how she takes care of herself. This, to me, was the perfect statement that I wanted to make about myself."

Underestimate Jeanie Buss? Not likely. —STEPHANIE LAKE

BLADES
TECHNIFLEX
Cooper
Bauer

"I saw this as an opportunity to draw attentian to myself and, I hape, break out of the mold of being just the boss' daughter," says Jeanie, who admits that posing far these photos also broke another barrier. "I've always been very shy, and I'm thankful to get over that. I don't feel trapped anymore by shyness about my body. The photo shoot ended up being a lat af fun, and I learned a lot about myself."

LOGE 3
X

Quicksand

DEEP IN THE HEART OF AFRICA, THINGS HAVE GONE BAD. WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT RESCUE WOULD COME IN THE FORM OF A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM DENMARK?

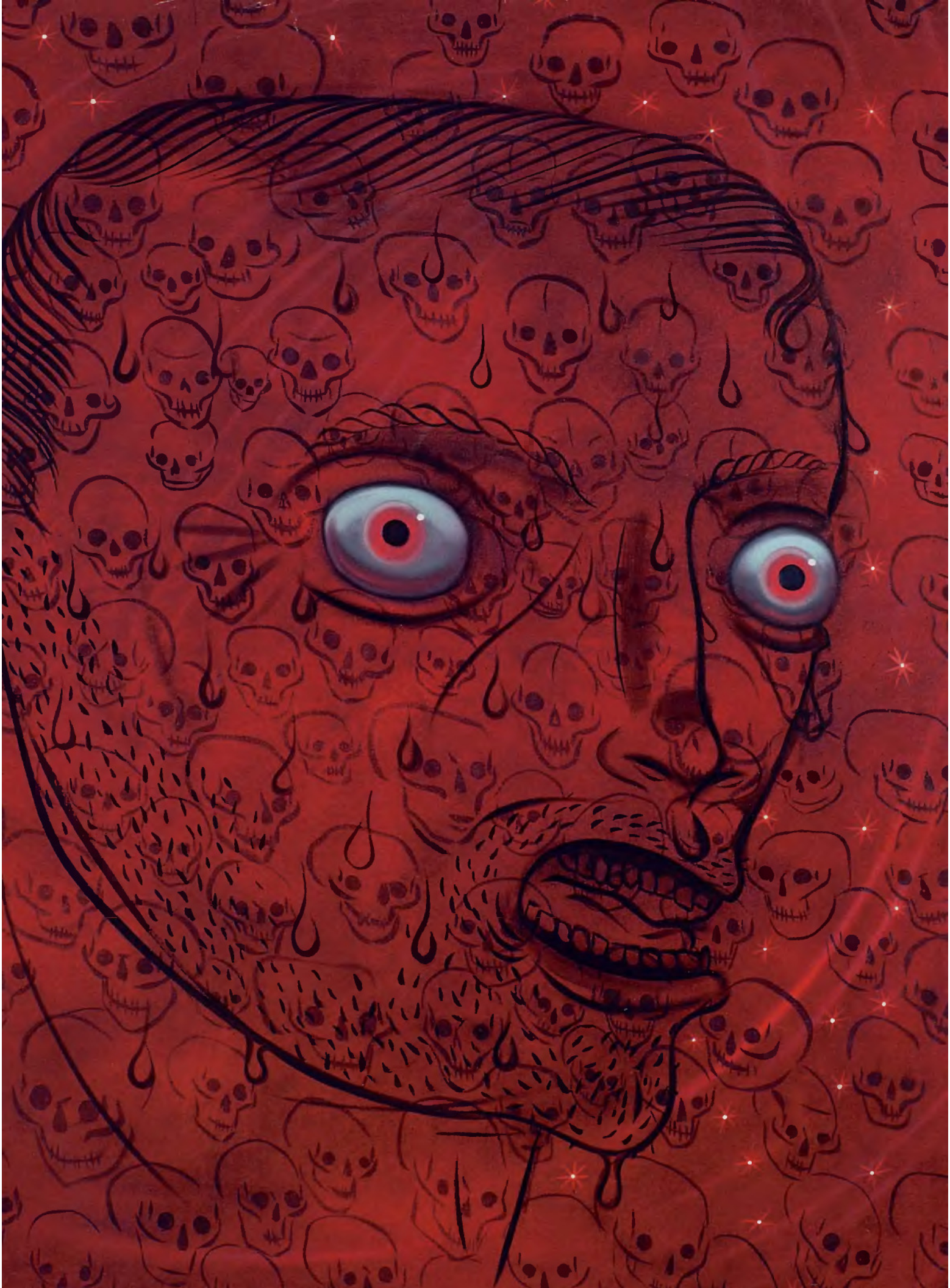
fiction by THOM JONES

AD MAGIC, the celebrated direct-mail wizard for the Global Aid hunger effort, spent a full day and two dark nights of the soul in his bathroom at the Hotel Arusha. It was a nasty, humid little room about the size of a small French elevator. It smelled of old sewage and fresh bilious vomit even with the door open and the bathroom air commingling with the dead, heavy air of his suite. He had a case of the Tanzania trots that seemed to go on forever. And the malaria Ad Magic had picked up in Rwanda was making a comeback now that he was unable to keep his mefloquine down. Malarial fever had a way of elongating time into delirious expanses of paranoia and despair. Yet the bone-rattling chills that would follow were somehow worse, like impending death, and he alternated between fever and chills with something near documentable regularity. Between the sieges, Ad Magic would fall into a heavy slumber punctuated by horrible hypnagogic dreams, or by wide-awake bouts of visceral evacuation. The heart of darkness Conrad wrote about so vividly was still available in modern-day Tanzania. It seemed that he had fallen into an eternal vortex of hell.

The nights were especially bad. Commencing at dusk, the sounds of drunken foolishness in the back alley picked up and gradually built into the roar of full-blown evil. Back there, Africans were drinking rum, palm wine and banana beer, knocking out a demonic beat on upturned 50-gallon drums. Ad Magic was too weak and frightened to step out into the hall and summon help: "Please, bwana, call an ambulance." Why, they would only laugh.

His headaches left him cross-eyed, and during the peak of his fever they brought his anguish to a pitch that seemed beyond the limits of misery. It seemed unendurable, but finally it would push his brain into some ethereal hyperspace. Soon thereafter, chills had him clutching his single blanket with chattering teeth. Through all of this his broken thumb

PAINTING BY SCOTT MILLER



throbbed unbearably. In addition to the intense pain, the thumb reminded him of the shocking scenes he had recently witnessed in Rwanda. These recollections were colored with a dread that had not occurred to him as he had originally experienced them. Ad Magic had seen his share of Third World bullshit, but Rwanda was the topper. In the end exhaustion overcame dread, and he fell into the dreamless sleep of a dead man.

When he awoke, his stomach had calmed and the malaria had settled into some middle ground. He was not altogether refreshed but managed to rouse himself, shave, shower and run a comb through his hair. Then he made his way down to the dining room. Although he knew he was still deranged at some level, it seemed imperative for him to eat.

The dining hall was opaque with the blue smoke of harsh tobacco and cooking oil. It was evening and as the road traffic breezed by, thick puffs of dusty, red, diesel-smelling air wafted in through the large louvered windows of the restaurant. The room was done up in a Masai motif with shields and spears hanging on the walls between a pair of mangy lion heads covered with cobwebs and red road dust. The wall also featured the heads of a greater kudu, a leopard, a water buffalo and a hippo whose partially open mouth contained an enormous fake cigar. Ad Magic knew that hippos were extremely dangerous. Year after year they killed more human beings in Africa than any other animal.

Ad Magic waved to the Methodist missionaries he had met before his attack. Pastor Dave and his wife, Cissy, were seated at a large table illuminated by a pair of 40-watt ceiling bulbs encased in Japanese crepe shades. They had earlier agreed to take a major detour from their own route to drive Ad Magic and a physician from Copenhagen to the Global Aid Mission at Mocherville. That was a nice little piece of luck since Ad Magic was already overdue in Zaire. The entire party had been kind enough to delay its trip until he had recovered.

Pastor Dave summoned him over to the table with a wave. But Ad Magic first stopped at the bar, ordered a double whiskey and a bottle of Simba beer, downed them instantly and asked the waiter to send another round to the table. Alcohol on an empty stomach made him feel acutely well. An apparent full recovery. He felt so well, in fact, that when the waiter arrived with his setup, Ad Magic ordered the house special, vegetable curry on rice. It was going for something like 90 cents American, a bargain impossible to turn down.

Small talk started but stopped at once when Dr. Erika Lars made her appearance at the table. She was a stunning beauty, a blonde. Women like Lars seldom turned up in places like this. It was only as he stared at her with some incredulity that Ad Magic recalled her coming into his bathroom at the peak of his diarrhea crisis. She had caught him on the floor, tucked into the fetal position, clutching his thin blanket, his shorts around his ankles. He had cursed helplessly, demanding that she leave. Instead, she had given him a painful injection. Remembering the squalid scene now, he found himself too embarrassed to speak.

A furious assault of spiced curry came from the kitchen until the road breeze picked up and rustled the palm fronds just outside the hotel. An overhead fan with burnt bearings pounded steadily, but with little effect. As Lars pulled off her jacket to hang it on the back of her chair, she drew her blouse taut and Ad Magic got a load of her breasts. Jeez! He realized that he was staring, but couldn't help it. Lars hunched forward, shyly, as if to diminish her bustline. She was far more beautiful than he had remembered. To avoid staring and to better contain his embarrassment, he tossed off his second double whiskey with a debonair flick of the wrist and began sipping his second bottle of Simba. His rationale was that the alcohol would finish off the last of the intestinal bacteria that had made him so sick in the first place. Further doses of whiskey would dispatch any germs lurking in the curry.

At the bar, a half dozen wealthy Africans wearing chunky Rolex watches snapped orders at the barman, a short Arab in a fez and a grimy white bar coat. An old art deco radio on a glass case behind the bar played *Moon River*. The radio had an amazingly good sound.

While Dr. Lars pondered the menu, Ad Magic dived into the 90-cent special, served with hot pipi peppers. He knew they were dangerous but found them irresistible. His plate held enough food to feed an army. Value for the dollar. As Pastor Dave and Cissy drank Nescafé and fired questions at Lars, Ad Magic astonished everyone by finishing his enormous meal in less than three minutes. When the waiter brought him a brandy, Ad Magic whipped out a Marlboro. It was his first cigarette in days. After four long drags he knew he had made a colossal mistake. Not only was the cigarette a grave error but also the brandy, the curry and the whiskeys and beer before it. He braced himself on his narrow chair and held on to the edge of the table as his face went pale. Dr. Lars set her handwritten menu down, leaned forward and placed the cool back of her hand against his forehead and cheek. "Oh dear," she said with a sweet Danish accent. "You don't look well at all."

Ad Magic popped up and converted a sentence into a word, "Nine-seconds-to-make-the-toilet!" He delivered this declaration so emphatically that the whole room fell silent as everyone turned to stare. Even the glass-eyed animals on the walls seemed to train their enamel-painted pupils on him as he padded out of the room with his ass cheeks squeezed tightly together.

Once safely out of view, he bounded up the back stairs, scrabbled open his double-locked door and burst into the bathroom. When the worst of it was over, he curled into the fetal position and prayed, "Oh, God, please, I'll do anything! Just cut me a little slack."

As the cramps began to subside, there came a sharp, insistent knocking at the door. Ad Magic flushed the toilet and mopped his face with a dingy hotel towel that smelled of mold and brought him within an ace of vomiting yet again. He swished some Scope in his mouth, stepped into his bush shorts and answered the door. Dr. Lars stood at the portal with an amber bottle of paregoric. "Hiya," she said, pushing her blonde bangs back. "I thought you could use something to help with your tummy troubles." She handed him the medicine. "This should stop the cramping and calm things down in your lower GI tract."

Ad Magic knew that paregoric contained opium and wasted no time shaking up the bottle and taking several large slugs of the chalky mixture. He shook a couple of malaria tablets from a bottle on his bureau into his hand and chased them with more paregoric.

"Uh, I just wanted to tell you that I thought your letter with the mealies sample was fabulous."

"It was?" Ad Magic said. Fine beads of perspiration broke out on his face. "Hell, I take no credit for that letter. The holy spirit wrote that one."

"Don't be modest, that was a wonderful concept. Attaching a little glassine bag of mealies made it all so real for the reader. It just brought the whole point home. There's such incredible donor fatigue, but your letters—well, they're marvelous. For less money than it takes to feed the average Saint Bernard, feeding an African family of seven. What person with the least shred of human feeling could resist? After I ate my sample, I immediately wrote a check and drove it straight to the post."

"That's exactly what you were supposed to do. When you set them aside

(continued on page 86)

"Siamese cats were originally bred to pounce on and claw and bite anyone grabbing their owner's personal possessions."

SPRING TUNE-UP

TIPS FROM THE PROS: HOW TO MAKE THIS THE BEST SPORTS SEASON OF YOUR LIFE

SPRING. You know the drill. You take your baseball mitt from the closet, lovingly apply oil and start working on the pocket. Or you uncover your Windsurfer and check the status of the sail. Or you hoist your mountain bike off the wall and start cleaning the chain. You do a few stretches, lift a few weights, but hey, it's time to play. This is the year you go for greatness. You also know what happens next. All the anticipation turns to pain as you try to replay last season's glories with this season's muscles. To help ease you into your favorite summer sport, we contacted some of the best trainers and athletes in America, including Robby Naish, a legendary windsurfer since the age of 13; Tom Schuler, general manager of the Geo/Rollerblade Racing Team, and Jon Summerbell, an in-line racer; Gard Gardiner, tennis director at John Gardiner's Tennis Ranch; James Flick, who coaches Jack Nicklaus and other golf pros; Ned Overend, a 39-year-old who's almost unbeatable in the sport of mountain biking; and Tom Fleming, who conducts running clinics with former Olympian Joan Benoit-Samuelson. We also spoke with Tim Grover, a sports-enhancement specialist and head *(concluded on page 148)*

WINDSURFING

"The best training for windsurfing is windsurfing. For professionals, there really isn't an off-season. We try not to schedule major events between November and February, but even then we train in western Australia, South Africa, the Canary Islands and Maui. If the wind doesn't cooperate, we surf. If the waves don't cooperate, we pursue other options. To maintain a sense of balance, of board feel, a lot of sailors have taken up skateboarding. You see old guys and even some of the female competitors cruising sidewalks on skateboards—anything to keep that coordination and balance. Some guys practice aerial moves on the trampoline. As for weights, work the lats with pull-downs. Do a little for the forearms and legs, nothing trendy. In the gym, go heavy on the pull-ups and rowing machine—as much to keep your calluses in tune as to tone muscle. If you try sailing after a break with no calluses, you'll rip your hands to shreds. Finally, work on aerobic fitness. Windsurfing is a static exercise. You stand on a board for hours in a state of tension. Then you fall, or something breaks in the waves, and you have to swim to shore. Be honest. If you aren't comfortable swimming in existing conditions, don't go in."

ADVICE FROM
ROBBY NAISH

Windsurfers used to have almost as many boards as golfers have clubs—one for each condition. So when it came time to design a board that could handle high-wind slalom racing, bump-and-jump chop and mast-high waves, Mistral turned to champion Robby Naish. His creation, the Electron (pictured at left), does it all. The 8'7" board has incredible acceleration, plus adjustable footstraps and interchangeable fins that allow you to fine-tune for speed and maneuverability. The price: $1150.

BLADING

"Physiologists say that to compete at a national level you have to become a freak in select muscle groups, forgetting what happens to the rest of your body as you prepare a base for a specific task. In-line skating takes a high toll on the lower body—especially the glutes, quads and inner thighs. In the off-season we use cycling or other forms of skating (hockey, speed skating or indoor roller-skating) to maintain the aerobic base. And in the weight room, we work on the legs and the torso. The hunched-over position for blading is hard on the lower back, so it's important to strengthen those muscles, too. Being in shape for this sport also is a matter of balance. You want to be loose on your feet—not tense—otherwise you're more likely to get cramps or fall and hurt yourself. Don't skimp on stretching and warming up your muscles before skating. Do head and shoulder rolls, arm circles, calf stretches in the lunge position (without bouncing) and back stretches. Unfortunately, many beginners think it's uncool to wear safety equipment. But what's really uncool is walking around in a cast for three months, or worse. Be smart and at least wear wrist guards, kneepads, elbow pads and a helmet."

ADVICE FROM

TOM SCHULER AND JON SUMMERBELL

Comfort is the key to stoying in line for the long haul—and K2's Exotech Extreme FX, pictured above, has comfort to spare. Unlike traditional in-line skates, which feature rigid ski-boot construction, the Extreme FX has o soft, heat-moldable upper that can be custom-fitted to conform to your foot. The skates also feature lace-up fronts and dual straps for added support, and a fibergloss frame that's fully adjustable for peak performance over both smooth and rugged terrain. Price: $450.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

TENNIS

"Players returning to the game should be in good physical condition. At the gym, work on general aerobic training (I recommend a stair-climber) and do lots of stretching. Perform short, quick exercises to get your footwork snappy. The average point involves four changes of direction and about 14 feet of movement. A trainer can design an exercise program that includes quick side-to-side and forward-backward movements. At home, you can make a two-square-foot box on the floor with tape. Timing yourself with a stopwatch, hop from front to back and side to side in five seconds. Repeat the drill three times for the best results. Once you're in shape, focus on hitting consistently and keeping the ball in play. Forget about tactics until you've mastered the basics, including balance and positioning, a good grip, stroke efficiency and timing. You might start close to the net and gradually back up while returning the ball. Always have a target in mind and strive for accuracy. Then you can play points, concentrating on whatever part of your game needs improvement. You might stay back and work on ground strokes, move forward for net play or practice your service return. Stay loose. Ignore the score."

ADVICE FROM
GARD GARDINER

Left: Sledge Hammer seems like an odd name for a tennis racket—until you swing one. Like the tool, the Sledge Hammer graphite tennis rackets by Wilson come in classic and wide-body forms and feature a head-heavy design that maximizes power and control. Extremely lightweight, the rackets also have the largest sweet spot available, which enables you to hit everything from a blistering first serve to a fine-touch volley without shock or vibration. The price: $250 to $320.

GOLF "To build strength in your hands and fingers, keep sports putty in your car and squeeze it when you're at stoplights. Most golfers also could benefit from increased forearm strength, so I suggest rapid wrist curls and arm curls with light weights—up to five pounds. Old standbys such as push-ups are excellent, and brisk walking promotes overall conditioning. Ninety percent of golfers could improve their grip. This is something you can work on during the winter. Most people hold the club primarily in their palms and not enough in their fingers. This inhibits the wrist action of the swing. You want the palms facing each other so the hands work compatibly. If you're right-handed, the V formed by the thumb and index finger should point between your right shoulder and your chin. Stretching is essential for agility—and agility is even more important than strength. Your joints should be relaxed. Grip pressure affects relaxation in the arm. Place a club or broom handle behind your neck and shoulders and wrap your arms around it. Then stretch from your best golf posture so you use the correct muscles, bending from the hips. In addition, side-to-side jumping movements help build agility in your feet and legs."

ADVICE FROM
JAMES FLICK

Ever since José Morio Olozabal used Taylor Mode's Burner Bubble metolwood driver to win the 1994 Masters, the club has been the tolk of the tee ot courses ond country clubs worldwide. Rodical in its design, the Burner Bubble redistributes the weight of the club to midshoft and hos a slightly lorger shoft diometer. The result: o stick thot proctically swings itself. You get greoter club-head speed without extro effort—which translotes into longer, more accurate drives. The price: $300.

CYCLING

"In the off-season I don't go all the way off. I do skate skiing, snowshoeing, some light work in the gym. I still ride two days a week—on a mountain bike if there's snow or a road bike if the roads are clear. In February I start building up a base with easy intervals. I pick up the pace slowly through March, and by April I'm ready to fly. Without a base you can pull a hamstring in a second. In the gym I do abdominal exercises and upper-back exercises. I don't go all out for strength—any muscles you aren't using take blood and oxygen away from where they're needed. I don't work directly on cycling muscles. I build up the protection muscles. In this sport, falling is inevitable—and every time you do, you stick your leg out to the side, or you land on your shoulder. To protect those areas, I do lateral strength exercises for the abductors, and specific shoulder exercises. The one thing you tend to lose in the off-season is your bike-handling sense, your balance. Most falls happen at slow speed, in tight turns. During the winter months I practice slow-speed or no-speed riding in a confined space, such as a garage. I try to keep the bike upright, then I work on hopping the bike around and over obstacles."

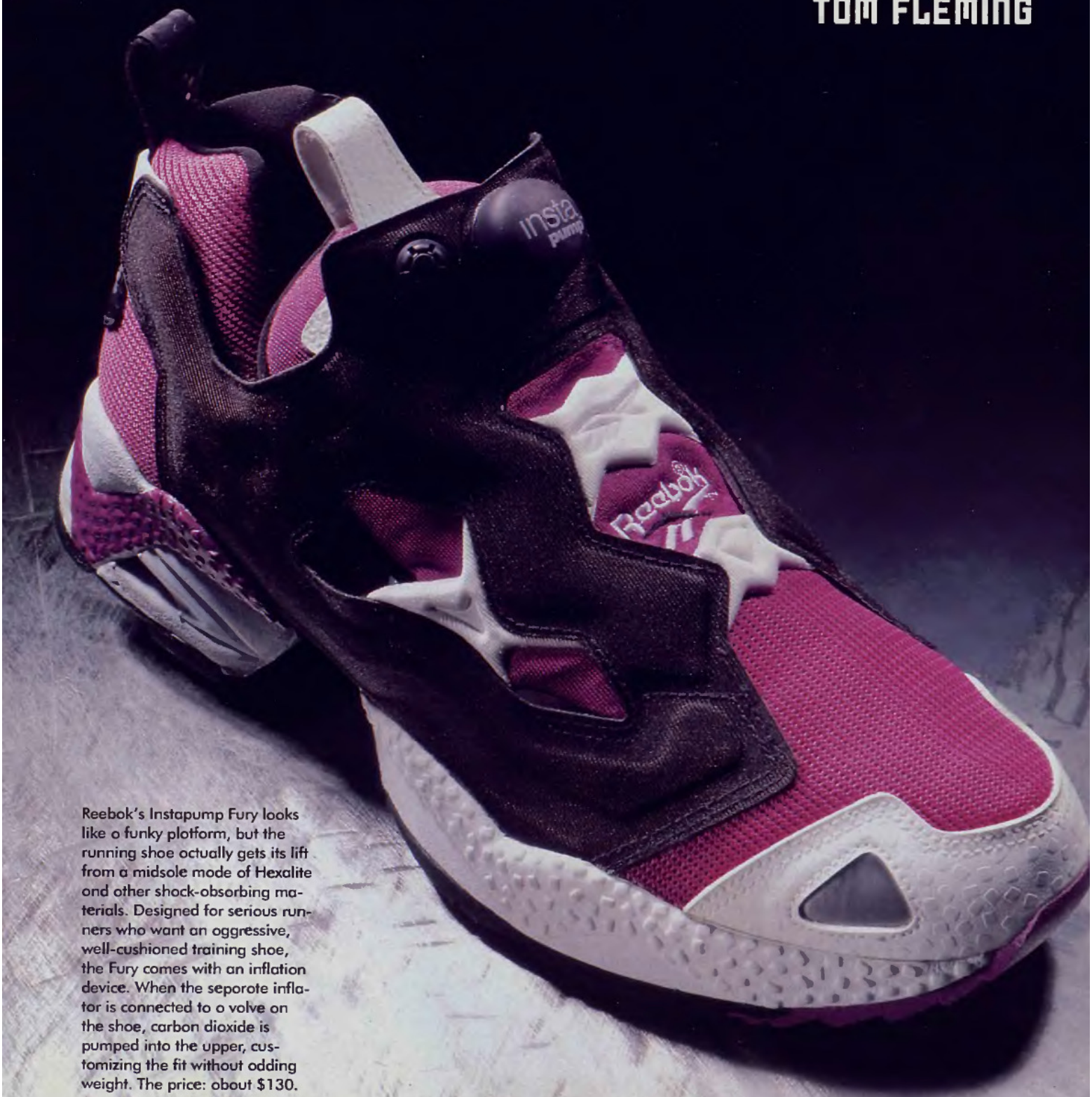
ADVICE FROM
NED OVEREND

Nothing is more fun than throwing a fully suspended mountain bike down a steep trail. Getting back up to the top can be a bummer, though, since the same rear shocks that absorb bumps downhill may absorb energy uphill. Specialized's S-Works FSR (pictured here) solves that problem. The four-bar-linkage rear-suspension design, coupled with the Fox ALPS 4 Airshock, keeps the bike connected and comfortable. In fact, the only shock is the price: about $4000.

RUNNING

"Running is a simple sport that we make too complicated. I have a few guidelines. First, don't overdo it, even if you're a fit athlete. I recommend running a minimum of three times per week for 25 to 30 minutes. Beginners or people returning to the sport should do a combination of walking and running. Second, be consistent in training. Whether you run three or five times a week, maintain a regular schedule to avoid injury. You should focus on getting stronger, not on being fast, particularly if you've been away from running for a while. You'll naturally become faster as you become better. Coming around to speed depends on how athletic you are. Do not increase distance or intensity by more than ten percent per week. If you're accustomed to running three days a week, do that until it becomes easy. You shouldn't be wiped out afterward. And barring chronic physical problems, stretch after your workout. Stretching is done to prevent injury. Run first, then stretch the muscles when they're already warmed up. Ten minutes of stretching is all you need. I recommend the Pro Stretch, a device that stretches your lower leg without overstretching or causing injury."

ADVICE FROM
TOM FLEMING



Reebok's Instapump Fury looks like a funky platform, but the running shoe actually gets its lift from a midsole made of Hexalite and other shock-absorbing materials. Designed for serious runners who want an aggressive, well-cushioned training shoe, the Fury comes with an inflation device. When the separate inflator is connected to a valve on the shoe, carbon dioxide is pumped into the upper, customizing the fit without adding weight. The price: about $130.

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Quicksand

(continued from page 78)

He knew a good nose was the foremost requisite for beauty that would survive into middle age.

for later, to think it over, nothing ever comes of it. But the samples weren't really mealies," Ad Magic said. "I sort of cheated. And in truth, what with graft, transportation, thievery and so on, it costs less for two to dine at a Tokyo nightclub than it does to give a single African a handful of Kansas corn." Ad Magic took another slug from the paregoric bottle.

"What?"

"How long you been in-country, baby?"

"Three months, *baby*."

"It's frustrating, is all. Everything just seems to keep getting worse. Mealies letters, for God's sake."

"What was in it? It was delicious."

"You'll get pissed if I tell you," Ad Magic said.

"Oh come on now," she said with a laugh. "Since I've come to Africa I've eaten monkey, goat, fried grubs, crocodile, even——"

"You'll be disappointed in me. I mean you guys take the Hippocratic oath and are ethical and everything. Ad writers are a different breed. What kind of car do you drive?"

"A Saab."

"A Saab. Well, then I really can't tell you. You'll hate me forever."

"No I won't. Cross my heart and swear to die," Lars said. She was pushing 30. Crow's-feet and wrinkles were beginning to establish themselves on her face, but the bone structure would hold up for life. She had a pretty nose, and from Ad Magic's experience with fashion models in the days when he worked as a commercial ad writer, he knew a good nose was the foremost requisite for the sort of beauty that would survive into and even past middle age. He felt like proposing marriage to her right on the spot. Lars had a great face. She had plump, high cheekbones, full lips and large green eyes. And then there were the breasts, which simply defied the laws of physics. Maybe she'd had a job done on them. Maybe there was a colleague in Copenhagen who practiced cosmetic surgery. The width and thickness of the brassiere visible beneath Lars' T-shirt was formidable. Maybe it was Howard Hughes' last masterwork? Ad Magic took a step back to get an overall idea of proportions. Lars' arms and shoulders seemed slender, but she had good muscle tone and he realized they were slender only relative to the size of her breasts. Her forearms and wrists were substantial. He hoped she wouldn't ruin everything by having thick ankles.

"Thanks for the medicine. That was very nice of you. Do you think you could take a look at my thumb? It's just killing me. And the malaria is bad. I haven't been able to keep any pills down. I've been hallucinating, it seems, for a lifetime. Am I dreaming or are you real?"

"I'm real," Lars said with a laugh. Her teeth glistened white. Her tongue and gums flashed healthy and pink. Ad Magic escorted her into his room, closed the door and followed her over to the dim light by the bed. Lars wore a madras skirt that hung to her ankles, but the ankles were trim. She had a narrow waist, shapely hips and, unless she were somehow related to Popeye, she had to have long, thin legs.

"A pediatrician from Denmark. Hmmm. They know of me there? Did you read my letter about potable water in Cameroon? I wonder how it held up through the translation."

"It was fabulous. I read it in Danish. I liked the business about living waters."

"You didn't think that was too, well, biblical? Too corny?"

"Not at all. In the context of the letter the whole image was perfect and very subtle, actually. Sophisticated. Ever since I got into this field I've heard scads about you, and now it's as though I'm meeting a celebrity. Anybody with half a brain can get through medical school, but to actually move people, to involve them as you do—I had no idea you would be so handsome," she blurted.

"You mean to make them give up some of their green?" he said. Sick as he was, Ad Magic saw that she was attracted to him. The word handsome had escaped from her mouth like a Freudian slip. Lars seemed to realize this, since she flushed. "Are you going to tell me what was in my little packet of mealies?"

Ad Magic shook the finger on his good hand at her in a teasing, admonishing fashion, worrying at the same time that his breath was vile. "Oh, Lars, ho, ho, ho. I can't tell. It's a trade secret like the recipe for Pepsi. You don't think that the living waters thing was kind of overly theatrical?"

"It was wonderful, but it's going to take more than water to right the situation in Goma. It's going to take some of that American green—lots!" Lars pushed her bangs back again. Preening behavior. She wore no makeup. Her hair was lank with the humidity. With a shampoo, some face powder and lipstick she would be a knockout. He wondered if she had been three months plus without sex as well. She seemed eager for him to make a move, but Ad Magic had serious doubts about his breath. Then his stomach growled and he winced from the cramps. "Unngh!" he said. "I know I just had the shits, but I've been having this pain in my side, too, since before this all started. It really gets bad if I take vitamins or eat dairy. I mean, I know I'm fairly young, but you don't think I could have—cancer?"

"Oh, you silly hypochondriac," Lars said to him. "Of course you don't have cancer."

"How can you just say that? I mean without a CAT scan or something?"

Lars patted the bed. "Lie down," she said. As Ad Magic lay on the bed his stomach growled again and they both laughed. Lars slipped her cool hands under Ad Magic's shirt. "What are you doing?"

"Feeling your liver," she said. She slid Ad Magic's shirt up and placed her ear on his stomach. "Pretty wild in there," she said. "Bowel sounds. Where do you have the pain?" Ad Magic took her wrist and placed her hand on the spot. "If you press on it, it sort of goes away."

Lars began to massage the spot. "There's a 90-degree crinkle in your bowel here and it can get spastic when you eat irritating foods. It's nothing."

"Really?"

Lars began to laugh. "You silly hypochondriac, you. Now let's have a look at that thumb." Lars carefully removed the dressing.

"You have a lot of pressure under the nail and the bone is crushed. No wonder it hurts. What happened?"

"Rwanda," he said. "When I got to the refugee camp in Tanzania and showed the doctors my thumb, they just laughed like, We've got *real* things to worry about. I said, 'I'm Derek Van Horne.' And it was like, So what? Get the fuck out of here. So I wrapped it myself. And speaking of refugees, let me give you a little piece of advice: You want to bring somebody back from the brink of starvation, powdered milk, beef or whatever doesn't cut it. That will kill them by the second day. It takes sardines, mackerel or cod-liver oil if you can't get fish. EPH. The assholes in Tanzania are pushing powdered milk. It's a joke."

Dr. Lars got up from the bed and

(continued on page 149)

"Why don't we spend spring break here in the dorm?"

DOIN' THE RESURRECTION SHUFFLE

TONY BENNETT ON MTV. JOHNNY CASH AT THE VIPER ROOM. OLD GUYS ARE MAKING COMEBACKS, NONE SO UNUSUAL AS TOM JONES

article
By STEVE POND

LET US consider the Pop Resurrection. You know: Tony Bennett on *MTV Unplugged*, Johnny Cash at the Viper Room, Roy Orbison onstage with Bruce Springsteen and Elvis Costello. Every few months another old guy hangs out with some not-so-old guy and gets on MTV (or at least VH-1), looking for a comeback even if he's really never been gone.

Why does it work? Well, maybe baby boomers are so worried about getting old that they're desperate to find *really* old people to admire. Maybe a person who has found his inner child is ready to listen to people old enough to be his parents. Maybe folks from a generation other than X don't understand the sullen indifference that passes for artistic statement these days.

Still, not every resurrection takes. A few years back, Jerry Lee Lewis was counting on the movie *Great Balls of Fire* to restore his stardom. He didn't bargain on the film making it look, in the words of one participant, "as if the Dukes of Hazzard invented rock and roll." The film bombed, Jerry Lee's (terrific) soundtrack album tanked, and the Killer had a run-in with the IRS and headed to Dublin as a tax exile. He returned to the U.S. and started charging people to tour his house (which is a far cry from Graceland, though it's just as tacky). Now he's launched an egocentric 900 number and is planning another comeback.

And this brings us, in a roundabout sort of way, to our case study: Tom Jones. Remember him? *It's Not Unusual*, *Delilah*, *What's New Pussycat?* Big voice, tight pants, Vegas stages littered with thrown panties. A joke, a guilty pleasure, but not a bad singer if you get past the joke and the guilt.

He's now 54. His voice sounds just like it did in 1965. His pants are just as tight as they were then. "I like to compete," he says. "I don't want to make something that is going to be on only middle-of-the-road stations. I want people to go, 'Wow,' rather than go, 'Oh, that was nice.'"

So Tom's doing the Resurrection Shuffle. There are ground rules for this kind of thing.

(1) To the Toppermost of the Poppermost: Obviously, you have to get big before you can come back. Atomic Rooster, for instance, couldn't have a resurrection, because they never were really *surrected*, if you will, in the first place.

Tom Jones, though, makes the cut. He had 17 Top 40 hits from 1965 to 1971, and five of those were top ten hits. He had a TV show. He made people go, "Wow."

(2) Voyage to the Bottom of the Charts: This is the tricky part. To have a resurrection, you have to have died. You have to be like Tony Bennett, with no record label and an image based mostly on *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*. Or like Roy Orbison, playing state fairs and oldies shows with pickup bands that would announce his entrance with the theme from *Star Trek*.

This is the part that's no fun. But a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, and Tom Jones is nothing if not a man. He fell out of favor in the Seventies, then signed with a record label that decided he should make country albums. Five albums, no hits: The road to limbo often runs through Nashville.

(3) The Ritual Humiliation: OK, so your career is dead, or at least on the critical list. Do you really need jerks to point that out?

Yeah, you do.

Insult: "His name is synonymous with soft-porn schlock," noted *Rolling Stone Album Guide*. "Tom Jones remains a phenomenon of pandering and a marketing triumph."

Injury: the *All-Music Guide*, 1364 pages of record reviews. Right on the cover, it says, "The experts' guide to the best releases from thousands of artists in all types of music." The book reviews CDs by Bobby Jones, Carmell Jones, Carol Elizabeth Jones, Curtis Jones, David Lynn Jones, Elvin Jones, Etta Jones, Floyd Jones, George Jones, Grace Jones, Grandpa Jones, Hank Jones, Howard Jones, Jesus Jones, Jo Jones, Linda Jones, Little Johnny Jones, Marnie Jones, Marti Jones, Michael Jones, Nic Jones, Oliver Jones, Philly Jo Jones, Quincy Jones, Rickie Lee Jones, Sam Jones, Shirley Jones, Spike Jones and Thad Jones. Also Engelbert Humperdinck. It does not mention Tom Jones.

(4) Live Long and Prosper: This is a simple strategy: Don't die, don't gain too much weight, don't stop singing, don't forget the words. The last part of this strategy has *(continued on page 92)*

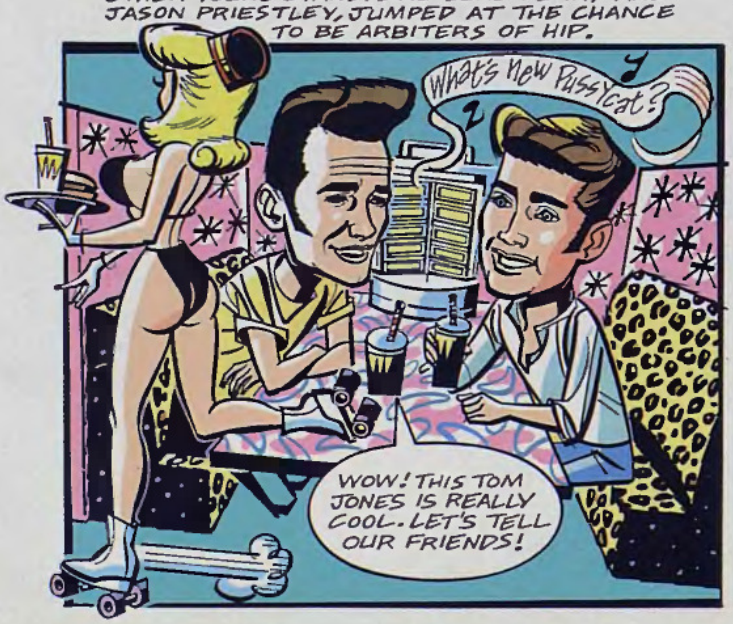
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MITCH O'CONNELL

ONCE UPON A TIME, TOM JONES PROVE WOMEN WILD WITH HIS HIP THRUSTS AND HUSKY VOICE. BUT THEN YOUNGER SEXY GUYS CAME ALONG, WITH NAMES LIKE AXL. SOON TOM WAS FORGOTTEN...
TOM!
HE'S MINE!
I LOVE YOU!
I'M IN ROOM 267!
TAKE ME NOW!
M.deV.95

... BANISHED TO OBSCURITY WITH OTHER FALLEN IDOLS. EVEN THE GREAT ROY ORBISON WAS FORCED TO PLAY STATE FAIRS.

BUT SOMETHING STRANGE WAS HAPPENING IN THE LAND. OLDSTER TONY BENNETT TOOK MTV BY STORM AND FOUND HIMSELF ADOPTED BY THE LIKES OF ELVIS COSTELLO AND K.D.LANG.

OTHER YOUNG STARS, LIKE LUKE PERRY AND JASON PRIESTLEY, JUMPED AT THE CHANCE TO BE ARBITERS OF HIP.



VOILA! WITH A NEW GROUP OF TRENDY GEN X FANS AND A HOT NEW ALBUM, TOM JONES GETS TO DO THE RESURRECTION SHUFFLE—COMPLETE WITH ARTHRITIC HIP THRUSTS AND THE SAME GREAT HUSKY VOICE.

SMOKIN'!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

status stogies and accessories for the aficionado

As you no doubt know, cigars are hot, so fire up when ready. The fine smokes on this spread include: Zino Mouton Cadet No. 5, $23.50 for five, and Zino Mouton Cadet No. 6, $26.40 for four; plus Davidoff Double R, $60 for four; Dunhill vintage 1989 Centenas, $90 for ten; Excalibur No. 1 by Hoyo de Monterrey, $65 for 20; and Diana 2000, about $140 for 25. The crystal teardrop-shaped ashtray, $300, leather cigar case, $210, black lacquer and gold-plated Unique table lighter, $580, and sterling silver cigar tube, $325, are from Alfred Dunhill of London. French-made inlaid-mahogany Elie Bleu humidor for 50 cigars, from Up Down Tobacco Shop, Chicago, $1200. Cigar-motif braces, $115, and silk tie, $65, both by 1492, the Cigar Accessory Collection. Mahogany traveling cigar humidor (14½" x 10" x 3½") with leather case has three compartments for 15 different-size smokes, by Haven Humidors, $525. Brown lacquer butane lighter, $460, and matching pocket watch–style round cutter with three surgical steel blades designed to cut a cigar of any ring gauge, $265, both by Davidoff of Geneva. (Other finishes are available.) Box of French-made Pleiades cedar cigar matches, from Swisher International, about $3.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

RESURRECTION SHUFFLE (continued from page 88)

"The Beatles didn't mean a fucking thing to me," said Michael Stipe. "The Monkees meant a lot more."

worked especially well for Tony Bennett. Frank Sinatra uses a Teleprompter, but Tony doesn't. When we last looked, Tony was singing with k.d. lang and Elvis Costello. Frank was with Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme.

Here's a scene from the strategy, in action. This is in the Seventies, in Las Vegas. Jones goes to a hotel suite to visit Elvis Presley, who'd freely borrowed from Jones' Vegas act. The King is sitting on a motorized exercise bicycle, the kind where the pedals and handlebars move and you're supposed to work with them. Elvis sits back, his feet on the pedals but his hands ignoring the handlebars because he's too busy downing deviled eggs from a silver tray. He looks at Tom. "You exercise every day?" he asks.

"Yeah," says Tom.

"Me too," says Elvis, downing another egg and grinning as he pats his huge stomach. "Gotta keep in shape."

(5) Some of My Best Fans Are Famous: It always helps to have famous admirers, and it isn't as hard as it looks. "The Beatles didn't mean a fucking thing to me," said R.E.M. singer Michael Stipe not long ago. "The Rolling Stones don't mean a fucking thing to me, either. The Monkees and the Banana Splits meant a lot more." The Banana Splits might get reunion ideas from this quote, but we can draw from it a different lesson: If you made records that got played, you had fans. And some of those fans grew up and perhaps became famous and will want to hang out with you to prove that they have enough clout to pal around with their old heroes.

When *Beverly Hills 90210* was at the height of its success, Jones got a call from Jason Priestley and Luke Perry. They went to his house, they had dinner and they talked. They told everybody who would take them seriously—which, we're the first to admit, was not a huge number of people—that Tom Jones was very cool. "Everybody was like, 'Don't do that, it's not good for your image,'" Perry says. "I'm like, 'Shut up, I'm having fun. I'm hanging out with Tom Jones, for God's sake.'"

In certain circles (not all circles, mind you, but a few), this kind of thing made Jones more viable.

(6) The Son Also Manages: If you can't get good help, you can breed it. This doesn't work for everybody: Frank Sinatra does not gain appreciably by having Frank Sinatra Jr. conduct his orchestra, though it does give him somebody to make fun of onstage.

For more than a decade, Tony Bennett has been managed by his son Danny. Danny has spent that time slowly trying, as he says, to "fit the marketing to the artist." Recently, it has started to fit. Smart kid.

Maybe Jones was watching. His current manager is his son, Mark Woodward. "My son is more up on producers and music than I am," he says. "He brought me the Nine Inch Nails album and said, 'Listen to this.' I said, 'Christ, what a great sound.'"

So the son tries to keep the old man current. And the old man tries to keep the son rich.

(7) Just How Cool Are You?: If you've been around for a while but haven't been heard from much lately, here's an ace in the hole: Really cool people tend to endorse stuff that most people think is a joke. Part of being cool is in not caring about being cool, right?

So last year, Sonic Youth, Redd Kross and a bunch of other alternative gods did songs by the masters of wimp-pop, the Carpenters, on the tribute album *If I Were a Carpenter*. The album was very cool, even if it wasn't very good. "The Carpenters were really great," all the artists insisted, and the rest of the statement went unspoken: "If you don't think so, that's only because you're not as cool as we are."

In the Eighties, INXS started performing *It's Not Unusual* and *What's New Pussycat?* This would have been hipper if the band's lead singer weren't dating a supermodel, but it was a start. Then the ultracool Belly recorded *It's Not Unusual*. This was an important step up.

Later, Dweezil and Ahmet Zappa—Frank's kids, so you know they have smarts and cynicism to burn—delivered a spontaneous homage to Jones on Conan O'Brien's show. Ahmet even did an imitation that was affectionate, funny and dead-on accurate.

Jones also played the Glastonbury Festival in England. Backstage, he was warned about the tough crowd. He came out in front of a field full of punks and grungeheads, and did *It's Not Unusual*. The crowd went nuts. Somebody held up a sign that said TOM FUCKING JONES.

You can't get a much higher endorsement than that.

(8) The Long and Winding Road: Jones' progress falls somewhere between the smooth buildup of Roy Orbison's revival and the on-again, off-again affair that passes for, say, Meat Loaf's career. Jones' obscurity lifted briefly in 1988, when he recorded the Prince song *Kiss* with the British band Art of Noise. That video got him on MTV.

The subsequent album sold poorly, and three years later Van Morrison called. "I've got this song, and it sounds like a Tom Jones song," said the notoriously cranky and ungenerous Irishman. "You wanna hear it?" Jones recorded the song, *Carrying a Torch*, and three other new Morrison songs (Morrison produced them). The album went unreleased in the U.S.

In 1992, the movie *Singles* came out. In a lovemaking scene, the camera pans across a pile of seminal albums on the floor: Hendrix' *Are You Experienced?*, the Clash's *London Calling* and *Tom Jones Live in Las Vegas*.

(9) Hey, Mr. Record Man: So some of the right people remember you. The career has a little heat going again. Now you need a record label with muscle and style. Johnny Cash pulled this off brilliantly: He signed with Def American Records, a label known for hard-rock and rap acts. He released an album called *American Recordings*. Around the same time, the label changed its name to American Records.

Jones didn't find a label that would rename itself Pussycat Records, but he did all right for himself anyway. After he played a Carnegie Hall benefit with Tina Turner, Bryan Adams and Sting, he remembers, "Bruce Springsteen's manager came up and said, 'Who are you recording for?' And I said, 'Nobody, at the moment.' So he called Jimmy Iovine and said, 'You gotta hear Tom.'"

Iovine is the head of Interscope Records. Its big acts are Snoop Doggy Dogg (7 million albums sold) and Nine Inch Nails (2 million and counting). Interscope has cash and cachet, both of which they gave to Jones.

(10) All My Rowdy Friends Are Comin' Over Tonight: The big comeback album is where friends really come in handy. Tom Waits and Glenn Danzig wrote songs for Cash's album. The songs weren't as good as the tunes Cash had first recorded several decades ago, but the names were nice. In the early Eighties, Gary "U.S." Bonds' *Dedication* album—his being one of the first modern-era pop resurrections, albeit a short-lived one—was snapped up by Springsteen fans who noticed that the

(concluded on page 144)

A FEW STARTLING THOUGHTS ABOUT CRIME AND JAIL FROM A CONVICTED MURDERER WHO GOT A CHANCE TO BUILD THE CALMEST PRISON IN CALIFORNIA

San Francisco County Jail #3 is the oldest in California, a frightening place with chipped white bars and gray cement floors. The cells are tiny, 5′ x 9′. TV sets bolted to the ceiling in the walkways between the cells blast rap videos. Between lockdowns a group of glaring black men in orange sweatsuits huddles under one set, while several glaring Hispanics huddle under another. The inmates here wear sweatsuits in one of three colors—orange for presentenced prisoners, yellow for sentenced prisoners, dark blue for inmates allowed outside the secured areas. "Why do we have to wear orange?" asks a new arrival who has just stepped out of a sheriff's van. "It makes you a better target," replies a guard. "That's not funny," says the prisoner. "It wasn't meant to be," says the guard.

Welcome to County Jail #3. Next door is County Jail #7, a six-year-old *(continued on page 134)*

THE WARDEN WAS A KILLER

ARTICLE BY DAN GREENBURG

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

RHAPSODY IN BROWN

miss may makes her move from popcorn peddler to playmate

CINDY BROWN is in the middle of a spirited discussion about the environment and destructive human appetites when temptation turns her pretty head. Six Hell's Angels roar up Rose Avenue, rattling the open windows of the café where we sit, just off the beach in Venice, California. "Oh my God," Cindy exclaims, her eyes suddenly gleaming. "I want a Harley really bad!" What? A gas-guzzling vestige of our unenlightened past? "Oh man!" she says, immediately launching into a new story. "I was sitting at Johnny Rockets on Melrose Avenue one night, and this woman drove up solo on a Harley. That's supposed to be a man thing. Everybody gave her respect right away. I'm constantly looking for a way to do things that women aren't supposed to do."

In another day and age, this extraordinary girl-next-door might have been an outlaw or a revolutionary. Raised on a small farm in the desert town of Boron, California, two hours north of Los Angeles, she threw a broccoli stalk into the family works when, at 15, she became a vegetarian. The folks at

"When we shot this, I ate so much candy!" recalls Cindy, a former popcorn vendor. Dieting is not an issue for Miss May, who hits the gym five or six days a week. "The regulars at the gym laugh at me and say, 'Addicted, huh?' But at least I don't have to watch what I eat."

Delicious
Popcorn
JUSYFRUITS

home had to adjust. "We raised animals—horses, sheep, goats, pigs, cows, chickens. My dad is a meat-and-potatoes kind of guy, and he was raising most of these animals for our food. I grew up accepting that, but when I got older I realized that I like feeding the animals more than I like eating them."

Cindy is certain that her Cherokee ancestry, mostly ignored by her parents, guides her environmental consciousness. "I would love to work for the Environmental Protection Agency someday," she says. "I'd like to straighten it out, because it's as crooked as it gets. I could help companies clean up their acts." (Note to Al Gore: She couldn't hurt.)

Life is always a little bumpy for a maverick, but Cindy says her mom—with whom she

"I used to wear baggy clothes all the time," says Cindy, "but I don't anymore. I'm proud of my body. It's fun to be sexy. It spills over into the rest of my life. When the photographer was shooting and he said, 'Oh, yeah. That's good,' I was thinking, All right! I'm good! That feels very sexy."

Cindy, who played valleyball when she was in high schaol, recently met beach-valleyball player Sinjin Smith. "He was ane af my idols," she says. "I have a lot of nerve, so I walked up to him at a tournament and asked him if I could have his autograph. Then I sat down and started talking with him. We've become friends. I've learned a lot from him." Oh, for life on the professional beach-volleyball circuit.

lives now, along with her stepfather and two stepbrothers—is her inspiration. "I can't believe how much I've become like her," she muses, smiling. "I'm a very strong and independent person because of her. She's always telling me, 'Sooner or later, you're going to be on your own. You're going to have to make your own choices then, so you might as well start doing it now.'" One of those choices was to pose for PLAYBOY. Cindy and her mom are proud of the decision, and we applaud it too. After all, what use is a natural wonder if no one can see it?

—CLINT GILA

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cynthia Gwyn Brown

BUST: 34C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4½" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 11·25·74 BIRTHPLACE: San Jose, California

AMBITIONS: To be an environmental engineer and clean up the Environmental Protection Agency; to learn something new everyday.

TURN-ONS: Blunt Honesty, Loyalty, Attention to Simple Things (love notes, phonecalls just to say hello).

TURNOFFS: Ignorance, Vulgarity, Jealousy, Lack of Independence and Individuality, Homophobia.

PHRASE TO LIVE BY: What is right is not always popular, what is popular is not always right.

I STAND UP FOR: Animal rights, Environmental issues – I want to do what I can to preserve non human species.

MY STRONGEST INFLUENCES: The fierce independence of my mom, my Cherokee ancestry.

MY IDEAL COUPLE: Lauren Bacall & Humphrey Bogart in "The Dark Passage" – the looks they give each other leave no need for words.

Little Farm Girl

QHHS Mighty Rebels

My Puppy Nikita

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Eager to make a good impression at his new job, Williams showed up promptly at eight. Passing his boss' office, he spotted the executive bouncing his secretary on his knee.

The next day, Williams arrived at the office at 8:15 and caught the old man and his secretary on a couch, kissing passionately. As the embarrassed employee tiptoed out of sight, a deep voice called after him: "If you get here at 8:30 tomorrow, Williams, you're fired."

Why can't President Clinton go scuba diving? He won't inhale.

From the day of their wedding two years before, Maggie had been nagging her husband about his past. "Come on, tell me," she asked again, "how many women have you slept with?"

"Honey," he said, "if I told you, you'd just get mad."

"No, I promise I won't. Please," she pleaded.

"Well, OK. Let's see. One, two, three, four, five, you, seven. . . ."

THE JOKE TOO SICK TO DIE: Guess what they found during Jeffrey Dahmer's autopsy: Jimmy Hoffa.

Father, forgive me, for I have sinned," the man in the confession booth confided. "Last week I went to my girlfriend's house. She wasn't there, but her sister was home. The house was empty. She was alone, I was alone, so we sinned."

The priest was aghast. "Son, you must make absolution by——"

"I'm not finished, Father," the man interrupted. "The next day, I went back to my girlfriend's house. She wasn't there, but her cousin was. The house was empty. She was alone, I was alone, so we sinned."

In the next ten minutes, the man confessed to another half dozen acts of indiscretion with his girlfriend's neighbor, her aunt and even her best pal. "How may I receive forgiveness, Father?" he finally asked.

There was no immediate response from the priest, so the sinner waited. When five minutes passed without a word, the fellow peeked behind the confessional curtain, only to find the booth empty. Walking out, he looked to the sides and behind the confessional, finally spotting the priest crouched in a pew. "Father, why are you over there?"

"Son, as you were confessing, it suddenly occurred to me that the church is empty. I was alone, you were alone. . . ."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Two old friends became philosophical after downing several drinks. "What would you do if you had only six months to live?" Peter asked Dennis.

"I'd move in with my mother-in-law," Dennis replied without hesitation.

"Good God, why?" Peter asked.

"Because it'd be the longest six months of my entire life."

How many Pentium chips does it take to change a lightbulb? Exactly 1.99438274289—but 2 is close enough.

As he dropped off his friend at the airport, Chuck offered one last piece of advice. "Don't you dare leave Paris without having Peach Poussay at Pierre's Café."

On the last day of his visit, the young man remembered Chuck's advice. He made his way to Pierre's and placed his order. The waiter bowed, then left the room. In a few moments he returned, followed by a statuesque blonde in a bathrobe carrying a peach on a silver platter. The waiter expertly peeled the skin from the peach, then grasped it between serving spoons. The lady opened her robe and the waiter rubbed the glistening fruit between her legs, then put the peach back on the platter and placed it in front of the fascinated young man. Without hesitation, he grabbed it and took a huge bite.

"No, No!" the waiter cried. "Not zee peach, monsieur. Zee poussay!"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: "I'm baffled by your orange penis," the doctor told his patient. "Does anyone else in your family have this condition?"

The concerned fellow shook his head.

"Do you handle any chemicals at work?"

"I don't work. I'm retired."

"Well, what do you do all day?"

"Oh, mostly sit around watching porno tapes, eating Cheetos."

What are a redneck's last words? "Hey, y'all, watch this!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"While you were away, dear, it occurred to Ms. Perry and me that her position of housekeeper need not be so rigidly stereotypical."

1995 PLAYBOY MUSIC

rock discovers computer technology, the stones roll big time, everybody unplugs and pearl jam takes a poke at ticketmaster

IN 1994 ROCK AND ROLL took a ride on the information highway. The way artists communicate with fans has probably changed forever. We still went to record stores and concerts, but CD-ROM now makes it possible to interact in the virtual world of the musicians we admire. The Rolling Stones broadcast part of a live show on the Internet. Rock stars advertised their wares on the World Wide Web and, taking heed of digital pioneer Peter Gabriel, musicians including Bob Dylan, Aerosmith, Yes, David Bowie, the Residents and Alice in Chains brought out interactive CD-ROMs. So far, the best-seller has been *Interactive* by the Artist Formerly Known as Prince. It allows the user to go to his house, jam with him in a music video, visit his dance club and poke around in his creative life. CD-ROMs can also let the user experience events in the past. *Haight-Ashbury in the Sixties* (with music by the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane) includes artwork, articles, poetry, animation, interviews and video clips. Now users can do the Sixties without any of the bad acid.

A lot of old bands lit up stadiums and arenas in 1994, including the Eagles, Pink Floyd and the Rolling Stones. The Stones kicked butt, making more than $120 million in the U.S. alone, proving that consumers will pay big for what they know will be a spectacular event. But music also became more intimate last year. Nirvana's *Unplugged in New York* set made the passing of Kurt Cobain more painful, and more poignant. MTV also featured Rod Stewart, Aerosmith and Tony Bennett, who, thanks to his *Unplugged* showcase, has a new generation of fans.

Musically, it was a strong year for women. Melissa Etheridge, Sheryl Crow, Courtney Love, Liz Phair and Veruca Salt all had something interesting to say and their own way of saying it. Salt-N-Pepa's success blew out all previous notions about women rappers' commercial appeal. Those artificial boundaries may have come down for good.

Pearl Jam suggested that Ticketmaster had a monopoly, sought intervention from the Department of Justice's antitrust division and showed again how to rock without forsaking the fans.

AIGHT ASHBURY
deAd INN

Taking heart from Pearl Jam's protest, Green Day decided to look for alternative ways to sell tickets when they tour this summer.

The 13-month investigation of Michael Jackson's personal behavior came to an end when his teenage accuser accepted a cash settlement. Jackson married Elvis' daughter, Lisa Marie, and now will try to reinvent himself. Serious legal problems followed rappers from the streets to the courtroom: Both Snoop Doggy Dogg and Tupac Shakur faced the law. The old rock-and-roll adage Don't Believe the Hype tripped up both rap stars in real life. The contradiction remains. Rap is a multimillion-dollar business that thrives on the strange harmony of an American wake-up chant and a money-counting machine.

Country music, no longer viewed by either listeners or by the industry as cowboy music, continued to break old barriers. Mary Chapin Carpenter, Trisha Yearwood and Johnny Cash may be called country artists, but their appeal is universal. In fact, Garth Brooks' *Hits* was number one on the Billboard chart for weeks.

We celebrated both sanctioned and alternative concerts for the 25th anniversary of Woodstock in 1994. Barbra Streisand returned to the stage for her first tour in more than 25 years, and 250,000 tickets to 18 concerts were sold in one hour. The Fillmore reopened in San Francisco, with the Smashing Pumpkins on top of the bill. Guest musicians showed up just as they had when Bill Graham was in charge. Roger Daltrey celebrated his 50th birthday at Carnegie Hall by gathering the Chieftains, Lou Reed, Sinéad O'Connor and Eddie Vedder, among others, to honor the music of Pete Townshend. Pete even showed up and sang *Who Are You?*

While Wynton Marsalis and others may argue in the pages of *The New York Times* about what is real jazz and who is or isn't playing it, fans have their own points of view. And once again we are reminded that Frank Sinatra is quite a canny man. His greatest jazz records are being reissued on CD while his two recent duet albums have been commercially successful in tapping the talents of singers such as Bono, Natalie Cole and Jimmy Buffett. Oh, and by the way, don't try to tell Kenny G or Sade they aren't jazz—they won't want to hear it.

Smooth grooves again propel R&B, from balladeers to harmony groups. Maybe the Motown reissues of Marvin Gaye, the Temptations and Smokey Robinson have been an inspiration to Babyface, Toni Braxton, Seal and Boyz II Men. And Luther Vandross still understands the worst-kept secret: When people get romantic, they want the music to slow down.

A year of tragedy for Courtney Love ended with redemption when Hole's *Live Through This* album went gold. Green Day's Billie Joe Armstrong offered his humorous spin on alternative angst. Sheryl Crow gave an ironic voice to her tales of women in the Nineties.

Green Day, Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails, Offspring, Weezer and Live don't want to make love. They want to make noise. The new bands are loud and proud. They sell CDs, concerts, soundtrack albums and attitude. No doubt Aerosmith would like to be included in this category. Can they get an honorable mention?

The members of Aerosmith make the best kind of rock-and-roll saga: On top, crashed and burned, then on top again. They battled drugs and burnout. Now they have embraced new technology, won awards (including ours) and sold millions of records. Their shows sell out, but they haven't.

One thing we like about music in the Nineties is how varied it is. Benedictine monks chant their way to double platinum. Elton John writes for Disney's *Lion King*. R.E.M. makes a vigorous comeback. Eric Clapton reinvents the wheel every year and plays blues clubs. Jimmy Page and Robert Plant go from *Unleded* to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame to a summer tour. Shaquille O'Neal plays for the Orlando Magic and is the first professional athlete to receive a platinum album award. Juliana Hatfield could be seen and heard on TV's *My So-Called Life*. *The Bodyguard* soundtrack has sold 13 million and counting. TLC and the Tractors share the same music charts.

This year, more than 18,000 of PLAYBOY's readers ventured their opinions on popular music by filling out ballots. What they got was the pleasure of being heard. PLAYBOY did its first jazz poll almost 40 years ago. We think it's safe to say that the evolution of popular music continues. If you don't like some of it, wait a year, it will be gone. If you like old stuff, don't worry—it will recycle. Comebacks are always in vogue. —BARBARA NELLIS

MUSIC POLL RESULTS

Our Readers Call the Shots

MUSIC VIDEO

CRAZY

Aerosmith

SOUNDTRACK

The Crow

CONCERT OF THE YEAR

the Rolling Stones

VJ

Daisy Fuentes

MTV

ALBUMS OF THE YEAR

✳

ROCK

VOODOO LOUNGE

the Rolling Stones

COUNTRY

AMERICAN RECORDINGS

Johnny Cash

JAZZ

MTV UNPLUGGED

Tony Bennett

R&B

II

Boyz II Men

HALL OF FAME • *Steven Tyler*

His band was born in 1970, playing gratis on the streets outside Boston University as well as in a New Hampshire club called the Barn for $30 a night. By 1972 Aerosmith had a record contract, and lead singer Steven Tyler had created the band's persona. Tyler was originally the group's drummer, but if ever a man was destined to be up front, it was he. Long, lean and sexy, Tyler wrapped himself in scarves and jewelry while he howled at, teased and seduced his audience. Too much high living brought on the bad years, and some band members were nearly consumed by wretched excess. But then Tyler, and they, rose again to even greater acclaim. We salute Tyler—and Aerosmith—for 25 years of raucous rocking.

SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY/PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEDNICK

1995 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL WINNERS

Alabama
Group—Country

Anita Baker
Female Vocalist—Jazz

Boyz II Men
Group—R&B

The Rolling Stones
Group—Rock

Garth Brooks
Male Vocalist—Country

Kenny G
Instrumentalist—Jazz

Meat Loaf
Male Vocalist—Rock

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE CIARDIELLO

Toni Braxton
Female Vocalist—R&B
Manhattan Transfer
Group—Jazz
Seal
Male Vocalist—R&B
Reba McEntire
Female Vocalist—Country
Melissa Etheridge
Female Vocalist—Rock
Harry Connick Jr.
Male Vocalist—Jazz
Eric Clapton
Instrumentalist—Rock

PLAYBOY'S 1995 BASEBALL PREVIEW

CRIPPLED BY STRIKES AND DEBASED BY SCABS, THE PASTIME STILL ENDURES ON THE FIELD, AND IN OUR MINDS

sports BY KEVIN COOK

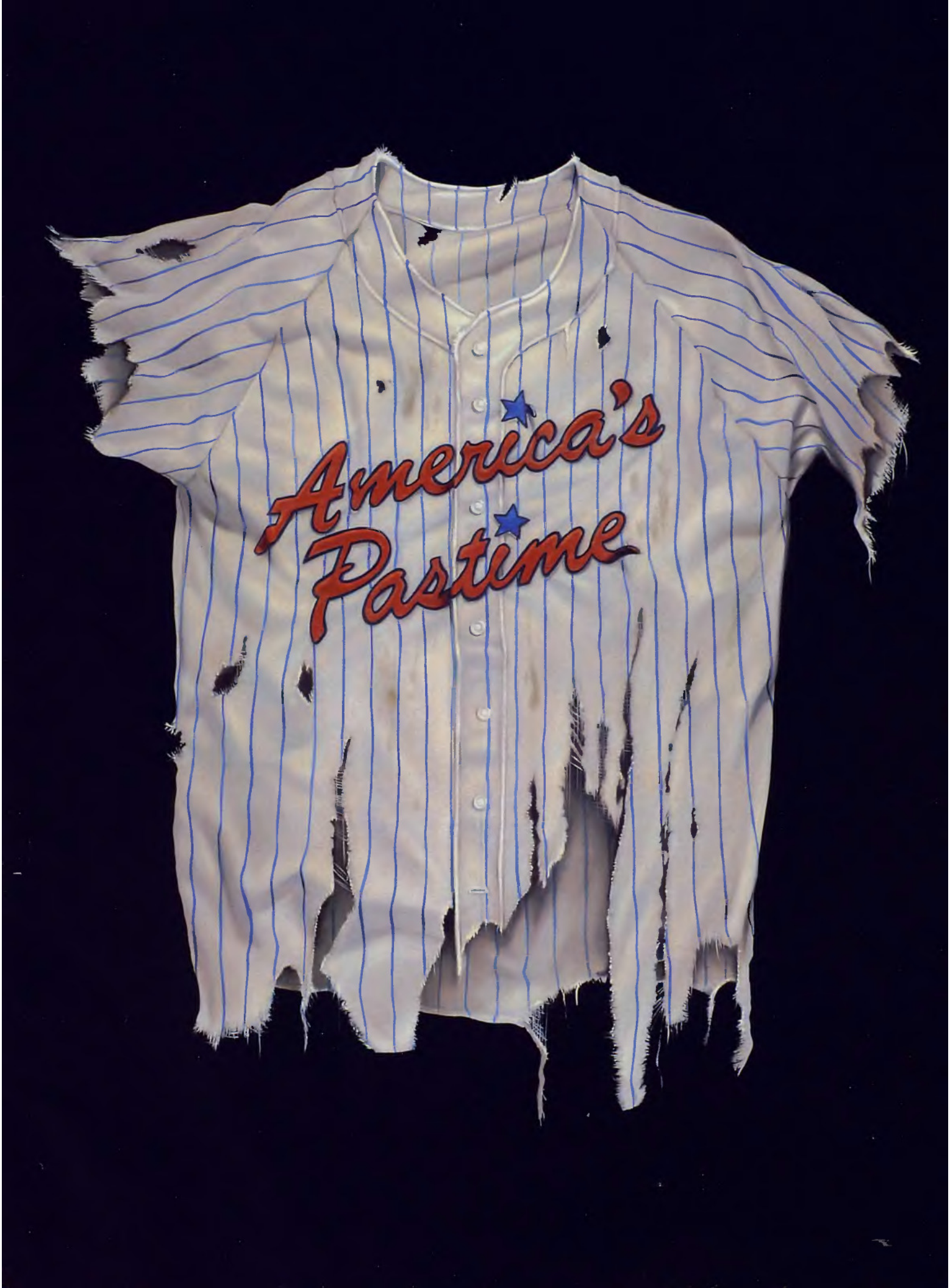
THEY KILLED the World Series. Now the afterimage of a good season is not Seattle's Ken Griffey Jr. wristing another home run at the moon; not the White Sox' Frank Thomas, with his hammer-thrower's swing, joining Griffey and San Francisco's Matt Williams in the chase toward 61 homers; not lonesome Padre Tony Gwynn hitting .394; not Atlanta's sleepy-eyed Greg Maddux defying hot hitters to spin one of the best years a pitcher ever had; not six pennant races promising a Series that might have been as retro as Yankees–Dodgers or as bizarro as Indians–Expos. Instead we remember a Milwaukee car dealer named Bud Selig standing at a podium, announcing that he and his fellow team owners were killing the hostage.

Selig swore the owners didn't plan it that way. He said they had bargained in good faith only to be foiled by greedy players, and he said there was no joy in baseball. He was right about the joy part.

The World Series was 90 years old. It was the grand opera that rewarded fans for paying attention to the Muzak of a 162-game season. The spindly spitfire Casey Stengel, famed for doffing his hat and releasing a sparrow, won two Series games in 1923 by homering against Babe Ruth's Yankees. Three years later, Ruth killed his team's chances by crazily trying to steal second base with two outs in the last inning of the last game; he was thrown out. In our time, Kirk Gibson gimped off the Dodger bench to hit a Ruthian homer. Jack Morris, at the age of 36, threw ten shutout innings to stop the Braves in 1991. In 1993 Toronto's Joe Carter defined a seven-month season in a quarter of a second against Mitch Williams. The 1994 World Series would have made moments and heroes and goats of its own, but it was called on account of Selig's reign.

By then Paul Molitor, Blue Jays player rep and 1993 Series MVP, looked sick. He had seen polls showing that in the latest labor dispute fans either supported the owners or hated both sides. "Frankly, I'm not sure anybody much cares if we play again," Molitor said. But hadn't fans proved themselves already by filling the seats all summer—50 million baseball fans, a record-setting average of 32,000 per game? The trouble with the game was never with

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN


America's
Pastime

the people who played it or followed it. The trouble was with the ones who owned it.

Modern baseball began in 1975, when an arbitrator ruled that players were not bound forever to teams that employed them; they could be free agents. The owners fired the arbitrator, but the decision stood. Salaries rose, but team profits (and franchise values) rose faster, until three years ago, when the game's billion-dollar TV contract expired. With no network bidding anywhere near a billion, owners had to make do with far less dough.

In 1992 the owners signaled their desire to take the difference out of the players' hides. First they ousted commissioner Fay Vincent, saying the game didn't need a commissioner. It has needed one since 1920, when federal judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis took over to save the sport after a thrown World Series, but now Milwaukee Brewers owner Selig gets to play commish. He does it with pals like White Sox boss Jerry Reinsdorf whispering in his ear. They assure fans they're ever ready to compromise—unlike the greedy players.

In last year's on-again, off-again meetings the players argued for the status quo. The current arrangement made everyone rich, they said. Selig said the status quo wasn't good enough. Players' salaries were ruining the game. He said that clubs such as his Brewers would soon have no chance against wealthy big-city teams. Never mind that small-market teams have won ten of the past 12 World Series. Never mind that the Mariners, the worst-run team of the Eighties, had increased in value from $13 million to $120 million. Never mind that the Padres—cynically stripped of talent to save cash while they were offered for sale—brought a multimillion-dollar windfall to an owner who had driven the franchise into the ground. Never mind that the owners had been fined $280 million for colluding to lower salaries. The players were the problem, the pseudocommissioner said, and there would be a salary cap or else.

Selig said he saw no reason to become directly involved in the meetings. And when negotiations died, he killed baseball with a press conference. The two sides' spokesmen spoke volumes. Cecil Fielder wanted to save "the beautiful game of baseball." Red Sox owner John Harrington said, "We have deadlines to consider."

After Selig and the rest ended the 1994 season, they could take the next step in their long-term agenda: replacing major-leaguers, whose average pay is $1.2 million, with guys who would play for a tenth of that.

In December the owners capitalized on their immunity from antitrust laws and unilaterally imposed a salary cap. If the men Cincinnati owner Marge Schott called "million-dollar babies" wouldn't play by the owners' new rules, there would be guys willing to scab for $125,000. Schott, Selig & Co. figured fans either wouldn't care or couldn't tell the difference. They're wrong. In their desire to get even with players for past defeats, owners underestimated everyone else in the sport. Their scab scheme not only showed deep contempt for the fans, it also showed that owners don't understand the game.

Baseball is all context. Nobody watches Griffey for the sheer pleasure of seeing a white dot carom off a cheap seat. We watch because we have some sense of how hard it is to homer against big-league pitchers. Most fans knew Griffey, Williams, Thomas and a few others were chasing Roger Maris' all-time mark of 61 home runs. Many fans knew Maris had exploited pitching staffs thinned by expansion when he topped Ruth's holy record of 60 in 1961, just as Griffey, Thomas and Williams did in challenging Maris last year. Many recalled that the strain of the task made Maris' crewcut fall out in patches. They wondered how Griffey might react if he had 59 on October 1.

•

More than most sports, baseball rewards fans in proportion to their attention. It is not mere numbers that connect Matt Williams, Maris and Ruth; it is the fact that each earned his numbers battling the finest baseball talents of his time. We can argue forever about who was the best hitter, but the superiority of big-league competition remains a constant in this century. It's what gives meaning to comparing Williams and Ruth. It's what ownership mocked with its plan to send fantasy campers into Ruth's house and call them major-leaguers.

Even the best have to fight to make it there. Mike Piazza owes his Dodgers career to nepotism. Matt Williams' nose used to mess up his swing. It's good to know such stuff—to marvel at Piazza's becoming an All-Star after being drafted in the 62nd round purely as a favor to his brother's godfather, Dodgers manager Tommy Lasorda. It's fun to tell your buddies in the cheap seats that Williams went from 20 homers in 1992 to 38 in 1993 and 43 in a truncated season only after hitting coach Bobby Bonds told him to turn his head more toward the pitcher so his nose wouldn't block his right eye. Trading anecdotes about scabs ("He hit ten homers for Cornell") would suck. Only the best belong in the most difficult game.

Last season brought a lesson in difficult. Two men who might be the two best jocks on earth played ball, and they weren't very good at it. Deion Sanders is football's best defensive player, if not its best player period, while in baseball he is not quite so valuable as Tony Tarasco. He began 1994 by homering on opening day and was among the leaders in stolen bases most of the year. But when the Reds called to offer .300-hitting Roberto Kelly for Atlanta rookie Tarasco, the Braves saw a chance to rid their clubhouse of neon. "Not Tarasco," they said, "but you can have Deion." The greatest player in football batted .283 with four homers. Sanders was last seen zipping through Riverfront Stadium on his motorbike, dragging an angry policeman.

Michael Jordan batted .202 with three homers for the Birmingham Barons. History's greatest basketball player was a potent box-office draw, but he was useless on the field. Air Jordan described his swing. He was a token of Reinsdorf's disregard for the game, no more deserving of a roster spot than Mike Ditka or Oprah. Still, Jordan took extra batting practice while other Double-A players were trolling the malls. He asked kid teammates for hitting tips. Jordan's stats revealed that he couldn't hit a big-league pitch if you pinned it to his bat. But the year also bared his character. Go figure: He got in on a pass—an insult to every true baseball pro—and proceeded to honor the game with his humor, grace and dedication.

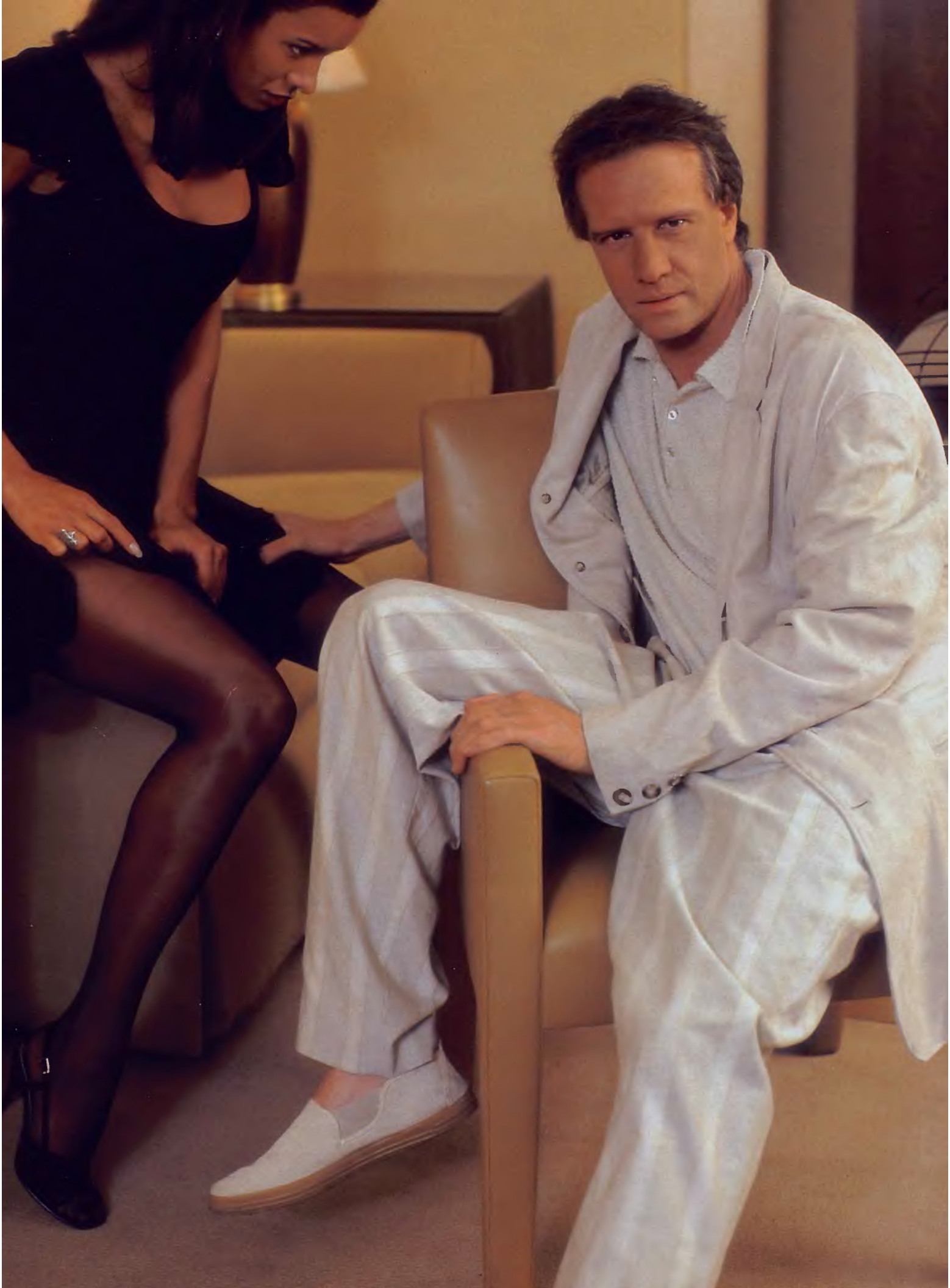
The context of baseball made enemies of Jordan and Jack McDowell, another of the game's admirable men. McDowell is a proud, prickly Don Quixote who is armed with a mean split-finger fastball. Black Jack went 22–10 in 1993 to win the American League's Cy Young Award. A Stanford graduate, a rock musician admired by his pal Eddie Vedder, a baseball purist like his mentor Carlton Fisk, McDowell was offended by the Michael Jordan circus. "Hey, I didn't ask to join the Beatles when I started in music," he said dryly one day in Sarasota. It never made the papers, but McDowell promised teammates last spring that he would get a hit before Jordan did—tall talk coming from an AL pitcher who never batted during the season. As newspapers ran breathless accounts of Jordan's long struggle for his first hit of the spring, McDowell doubled to the center field wall in his second at bat.

From there until the end, the game was as tense and goofy as ever:

• The Blue Jays, coming off consecutive Series victories, spent much of the

(concluded on page 148)

"Long, long ago, in the days of sail, they were known as the trade winds."



SINGULAR SENSATIONS

cool monochromatic outfits for a hot star

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

IF A video game's blockbuster status has any impact on a movie's box office, then Christopher Lambert is about to become a star of huge proportions. He plays Lord Raiden in New Line Cinema's forthcoming release *Mortal Kombat*, based on the best-selling video game. But here, the star of *Greystoke* and the *Highlander* films takes on the monochromatic styles of summer. Achieving Lambert's warm-weather look is simple: Mix a jacket, a sport shirt and easy-fitting pajama pants—all in the same color. It's a combination that's cool, sleek and slenderizing. Not that you need that last bit, of course.

Suede may seem a bit heavy for summer, but the off-white brushed goat-suede jacket by Donna Karan ($1195) pictured on the opposite page is as lightweight as a cotton shirt. We've paired it with a knit polo shirt with pearl buttons, by John Bartlett ($175), striped linen-and-cotton drawstring pants by Industria ($226) and linen slip-on shoes by Emporio Armani ($185). At left, Lambert combines a lightweight taupe wool-and-viscose banded-collar sport suit ($710) with a cotton rib-knit vest ($125), both by Emporio Armani—plus nubuck oxfords by Giorgio Armani ($330) and socks by Gold Toe ($7).

To go monochromatic with a pair of well-worn jeans, choose indigo as your base color, as we have above. The outfit includes a sport shirt by Hugo–Hugo Boss ($170), which features hidden buttons under the collar to hold it in place; a linen unlined safari-style jacket by Victor Victoria with four flap pockets ($395), cotton denim five-pocket jeans by Joop Jeans ($115) and a silk jacquard tie by Hugo–Hugo Boss ($60). On the opposite page, Lambert is laid-back in an olive striped cotton crewneck T-shirt ($125) and olive linen drawstring pants ($185), both by Donna Karan, and an olive linen overshirt by Victor Victoria (about $310).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW ECCLES

HAIR/MAKEUP BY EDUARDO CARRASCO FOR ROSANNE RENFROW
WOMEN'S STYLING BY BASIA ZAMOROSKA FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES, NEW YORK

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

By Lawrence Grobel

PULP FICTION

Does America have a better crime writer than Elmore Leonard? Not if you ask Quentin Tarantino

MASTER crime writer Elmore Leonard is shrinking. He used to be 5'9", he says, but not anymore. As the money from his 32 books makes his bank account grow, his body gets smaller. He figures it comes with getting older—he is now 70—and in not getting enough exercise. Sitting at his desk knocking off a novel a year isn't going to stretch his spine. And jogging, as far as he's concerned, is a criminal activity. Unless you're running from the law, he doesn't think you should have to run any farther than it takes to catch a cab.

We're sitting in his comfortable house in Bloomfield Village, Michigan, a pleasant neighborhood with upscale pretensions. Because of the books he writes, books about criminals who rob people who live in houses just like these, you can't help wondering if he's ever been tempted to try it himself, to put his expertise about picking locks and making plastique bombs from hardware store materials to an even more profitable use.

Nah, he tells me. He fumbles with the keys to his hotel room when he's on the road, so he'd never be able to pick a lock, even though he's read plenty on the subject. The easiest way, he says, is to get a fire key that opens all the doors in a building. That's how hotel burglars often do it, a cop once told him.

"Come on," I say. "Surely you have been tempted. If you worked for a bank, you would at least think about getting away with something. That's all your characters think about—how to make a big score. What about hitting your neighborhood? There are doctors, lawyers, executives and professional basketball players here."

"I can't imagine committing a burglary, because it's so scary," he says, "especially if you know somebody's there. Of course, most burglars go in during the day, or at night if no one is home."

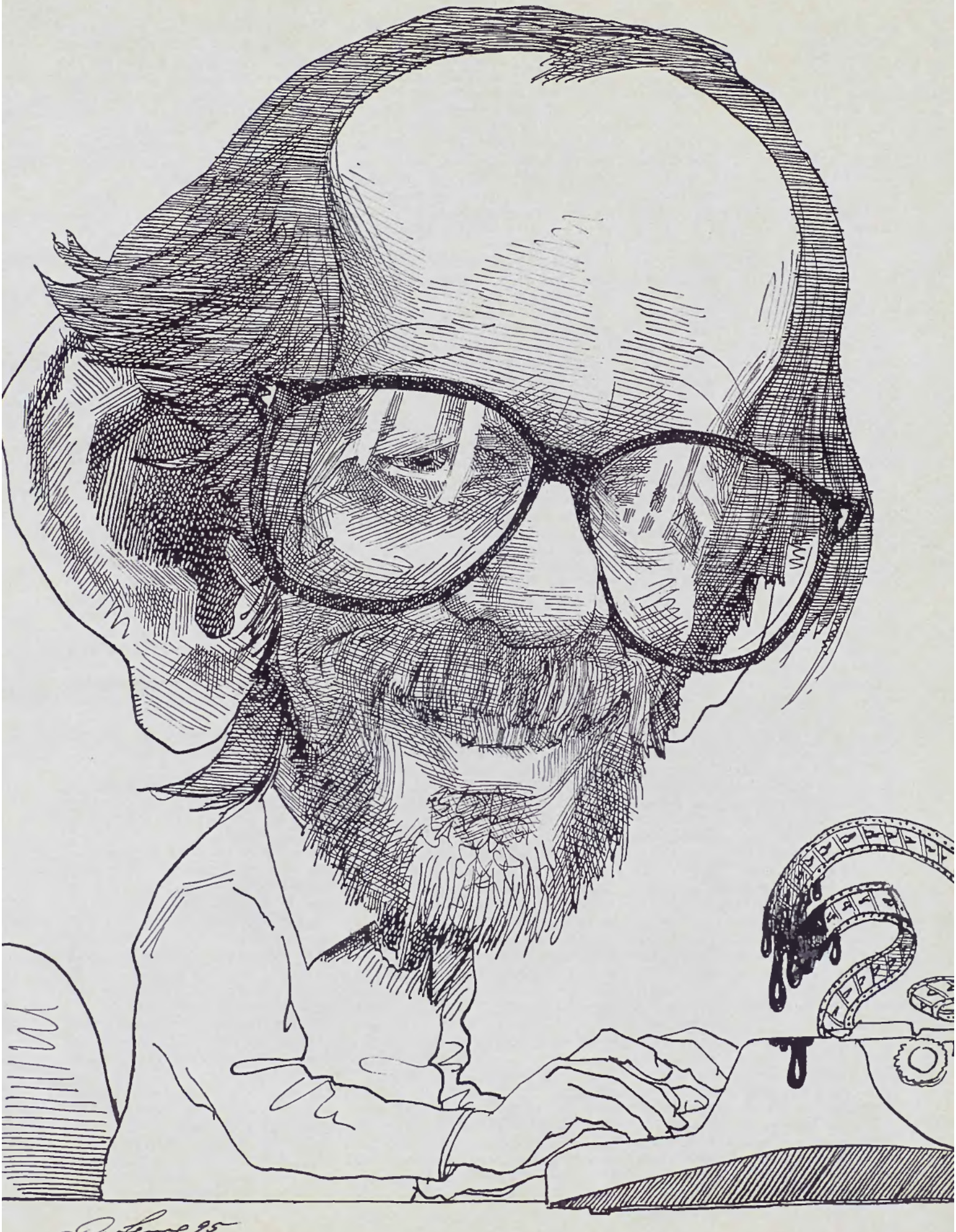
"How well do you know your neighbors?" I ask. "Do you spend much time with them?"

"The fellow next door is a cancer specialist who deals only with terminal cases. We were at their house for dinner and his wife asked me, 'Why do you write what you do? You live in this nice house, this nice neighborhood. How can you write what you do about these people?'"

"There you go," I goad. "Critical neighbors—the perfect couple to hit. So, how would you do it?"

Leonard looks at me like I'm crazy but then decides to humor me. If he were the type of guy who was willing to risk his life in pursuit of criminal behavior, he'd

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



go in brashly rather than try to sneak around in a dark house.

"I lean toward the desperado idea," he says. It's an odd image because Leonard looks like an ornithologist who spends a lot of time peering at stuffed birds at the natural history museum. "I'd wait for a party," he continues. "When I see the cars lined up and a couple of guys and I go in with guns, put everybody on the floor, take all their money. Then somebody runs up to the bedroom and grabs the jewels and we get out."

I'm disappointed. His books are so original, his bad guys so imaginative. Surely they'd frown on such an amateur burglary. Of course, it's unlikely that Leonard will ever need money badly enough to resort to crime—except in his fiction. He's a writer who has gone from a $1250 advance for his 1961 Western, *Hombre*, to a three-book, $4.5 million deal after *Newsweek* dubbed him "the best American writer of crime fiction alive, possibly the best we've ever had."

As if writing 12 best-sellers in 12 years weren't enough, Leonard now finds himself in a partnership with Quentin Tarantino, Hollywood's hottest writer-director. Tarantino, whose *Pulp Fiction* reminds many of Leonard's work, and his producing partner Lawrence Bender have optioned four of Leonard's books—*Bandits*, *Freaky Deaky*, *Killshot* and *Rum Punch*. Tarantino has said that he'd like to write and direct *Killshot* and oversee the other three.

Leonard claims it's a natural marriage. "Tarantino specializes in set pieces. In *Pulp Fiction* these two guys are going to kill somebody and they are talking about what you call a Quarter Pounder with cheese in Paris—a Royale with cheese. And that's what I do. He lets his scenes play, his people talk. You keep waiting—what are they talking about? It's so interesting, so natural, so human."

Tarantino admits to "owing a big debt to Leonard. He helped me figure out my style. He was the first writer I'd ever read who let mundane conversations inform the characters. And then all of a sudden—woof!—you're into whatever story you're telling."

After Leonard saw Tarantino's early works, such as *Reservoir Dogs* and *True Romance*, he recognized a kindred spirit. "People say how violent *Reservoir Dogs* is. I don't think so. It's the expectation of violence. As Tarantino says, he has violence hovering over his stories all the time, and you never know when it's going to land on you. He says if you get 20 minutes into a movie and you know what's going to happen, that's not telling a story. You tell a story, you make up stuff as you go along. What has happened with my stuff is that it has always been cut down to keep the scenes moving with action, using just enough dialogue to impart information. But Tarantino is the guy who can draw the names: Everybody wants to work for him. So maybe he'll get it right. He was asked if he'd do *Reservoir Dogs* again the same way, and he said exactly the same, although instead of doing it for $1.3 million he would do it for $3 million. But it would still be a little picture. I see my books as little, low-budget pictures."

"I love Elmore Leonard," Tarantino says. "*True Romance* is like an Elmore Leonard movie."

Tarantino isn't the only one currently on the Leonard bandwagon. MGM/UA is behind *Get Shorty*, Leonard's jaundiced look at low-rent movers and shakers in Hollywood. Movies about the movies seem incestuous, but this one has attracted the kind of cast that creates a buzz. Fresh off his comeback role in *Pulp Fiction*, John Travolta will play the Miami loan shark Chili Palmer. Danny DeVito will be the superstar Martin Weir, Gene Hackman the schlock producer Harry Zimm and Rene Russo the B-movie-star Karen Flores.

If *Get Shorty* seems like a cynical Hollywood screed, it's not without motivation. All authors have at least one horror story about seeing their work bastardized by entertainment industry dimwits, and Leonard has several, including *The Big Bounce* with Ryan O'Neal, *The Moonshine War* with the miscast Alan Alda and Richard Widmark and *Stick*, which Burt Reynolds starred in, directed and, according to Leonard, destroyed.

Leonard will never forget going to a theater in New York to see *The Big Bounce*. "I got in late," he says, "and the woman in front of me said to her husband, 'This is the worst picture I've ever seen.' And the three of us left. I still haven't seen the whole thing. It comes on TV once in a while and I'll watch a few minutes, then switch to something else. It's the second-worst movie ever made."

He won't say what comes in first, but *Stick* has to be a contender. "*Stick* became a revenge movie," he says, "but it certainly wasn't a revenge book. The departure from the script didn't bother me—you know that's likely to happen. But if you're going to do my book, let's try to get the sound of it, the feeling. Let's try to get actors whom you don't see acting."

As far as Leonard is concerned, Reynolds is history. He's more interested in who's going to be cast in the four movies Tarantino wants to do, or in *Pronto*, which Stonehenge Co. has optioned, or whether one of his favorite actors, Harry Dean Stanton, will ever get to play the judge in a miniseries of Leonard's book *Maximum Bob*. "I'm interested in good movies with good actors," Leonard says. "The movie versions of my books have been too theatrical. With the movies I like, I don't know what they're about, what's going to happen. Like Michelangelo Antonioni's *L'Avventura*. You don't know what's going to happen in that picture. I like the characters, I wonder what they're up to and who's going to end up with whom. In some of my books I have a guy who walks the line. You don't know if he's good or bad, which way he's going to go. That's a problem in adapting for the screen, no question about it. When you bring it down, all the good stuff is gone."

•

By the time *Newsweek* canonized him with their cover story in 1985 (*Time* also joined in, calling him the Dickens from Detroit), Leonard was getting weary of being compared to Raymond Chandler or Dashiell Hammett.

"I was never influenced by Chandler or Hammett. I barely read Hammett. Chandler, I've read maybe three of his books," he says. "I've never done a private eye, I've never written in the first person. My ideas come from my head, from real life, from the way I see what's going on with people who are walking the line, who want to get away with something, who get into a hustle. These are the people who intrigue me. Some guy who has been in prison and has come out, what is he going to do now? I'm doing something different and the publishers and reviewers don't know what it is."

Leonard would rather you look to George Higgins' *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*. "It's the best crime book there is. It loosened me up. After I read that I decided to be freer with the language, use more obscenities, get into scenes quicker without setting them. I noticed how he opened scenes with people talking before you knew where you were or even before you knew who they were. I liked the way that worked."

Leonard also does his research. He writes knowingly of towing barges and building skyscrapers, of wiring explosives to cars and embalming a body. His books detail his knowledge of guns, comparing Belgian FN-FALs with AK-47s, or discussing how to convert an AR-15 Colt into an M-16. ("The best assault guns," he says, "are the H&K MP-5 and the cut-down version, a Steyr Aug 223 30-round magazine. The German light machine gun, the

(continued on page 140)

"Oh, dear, I was afraid it might turn out to be this kind of spring."

"It was a heavy time for me," says Nancy of the photo history collected on this page. "Some of those hairdos are really gross." Clockwise from above: Old Blue Eyes gives his little girl a hug on the set of the TV special *A Man and His Music: Part II*, a late Sixties trip to Europe ("I still have that coat, but of course I never wear it—poor leopards"), a publicity shot for the *Last of the Secret Agents*, Nancy and family at her big opening in Las Vegas in August 1969, at an awards show the same year, a staged photo op at which young Nancy (With the Pensive Face) sees her daddy off on yet another concert tour, climbing back into those groovy Sixties duds to play herself on the TV show *China Beach* and posing in 1966 in the classic outfit: a trendsetting miniskirt and the big white boots that were just beginning their unstoppable walk up the pop charts.

IT SHOULD come as no surprise that Nancy Sinatra is back. We've known her since she was just a kid, when her father—you know, the most famous saloon singer in the universe—introduced her in a lilting lullaby called *Nancy (With the Laughing Face)*. Twenty years later, she strutted into pop culture accompanied by an indelible quarter-tone bass line as she snarled the lyrics to the protofeminist anthem, number one hit and all-around cool song *These Boots Are Made for Walkin'*. Occasionally, she even lent daddy a hand: One of his biggest hits is *Somethin' Stupid*, his duet with Nancy.

She has been entertaining us her entire life, so why not now, too? Her return will soon become an assault on all fronts, including the concert circuit. She has a new

THESE BOOTS ARE BACK

nancy sinatra is walkin' right back into the limelight

album called *One More Time* and is at work on a four-hour documentary and CD-ROM on her father. Meanwhile, a bunch of her albums have been reissued on CD. Independent of this pictorial, Collectors' Choice Music—a Playboy subsidiary—decided Nancy's time was here again and put her on the cover of the spring catalog. The heat is on once again, and the temperature can only rise with these eight pages of photographs. They're Nancy's way of telling the world that she's proud to be in her prime at 54

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Recently, Nancy got a call from her lawyer's secretary, who just wanted to say, "Thank you for striking a blow for middle-aged women." Not that this middle-ager feels bound by the years: "The men I date range from 34 to 68. And if one of them is kissing me goodnight, I'm not trying to figure out his age. That doesn't matter to me, and I don't want it to matter to him, either."

and ready to rivet our attention one more time.

"I couldn't even say the word 50 when I reached that age, I hated it so much," says Nancy, sitting in her Beverly Hills living room wearing jeans and—gotcha—white Nikes. "But then I made friends with it." That's an understatement: Her schedule, and these photos, bear testament to the power of health, herbs and happiness. "Now a lot of us are changing the face of 50."

So with new projects and a new outlook, Nancy decided to approach PLAYBOY, run by her longtime pal, a fellow by the name of Hefner. "Having Hef for a friend," she says, "is a little bit like having Frank Sinatra for a father. You can always pick up that phone." But this time she went through regular channels. "I was nervous," she says, "but the pictures came out so well that I thought, Well, what's stopping me now?"

If Nancy is on a roll these days, her life hasn't been all hit singles and glamour photography. As a child, she learned about the double-edged sword of having a famous father. Her mother says that Nancy used to cry when she heard Frank's voice on the radio, because he often couldn't be with her in the flesh. "I have shared him with the world ever since I can remember," she says.

Her parents divorced when she was young. She grew up sheltered, naive, Catholic. She married early, to pop singer Tommy Sands; they divorced after a few years. She speaks of those days with candor: "I married way too young, because I wanted to have sex. And I gave up college to marry. That was a colossal blunder. The pain of a divorce is something you don't want to know about at the age of 23 or 24. And all because I wanted to have sex with him. Pretty silly, huh?"

Her first records didn't do very well; then came *Boots*. Just as Frank

Sinatra had once embodied his era (what the hell—his century), his daughter became a Sixties icon, the sassy object of desire in Carnaby Street miniskirts and thigh-high boots. She co-starred with her old pal Elvis in *Speedway*, made hits of *Sugar Town*, *You Only Live Twice* and cut a series of overlooked country-rock records with Lee Hazelwood. And then she walked out of the spotlight. After marrying producer Hugh Lambert, she devoted time to raising their two daughters and researching a book on her father. The book finally came out in 1985, the same year that Lambert died of cancer. The children were nine and eleven.

"The fact that they were Sinatras and fatherless were two things working against them," Nancy says softly. "It was really important that I be there in the morning to make breakfast, pack the peanut butter sandwiches and send the girls off to school. And then to be there at three o'clock to hear their laughter or their anger or their frustration with what went on that day. I wouldn't trade money or hit records for a minute of that."

But she missed singing and, now that her children are grown, she has begun recording again after a 12-year hiatus. "It was scary as hell," she says of her return to the studio. Her new work is a classy pop-country hybrid that shows she knows what's hot. Naturally, she also included nods to the past: One highlight is *One for My Baby*, a signature tune of Frank's.

You could say that it takes guts to do a song that was defined by the Chairman—but then, you could say the same about sharing a makeup mirror with a young Playmate-to-be. "There was another girl

shooting the day I was at the PLAYBOY photo studio, and she was perfect," says Nancy with an easy laugh. "But it's funny, because I didn't hate her, I didn't feel jealous, I didn't feel old. I admired her, but I also felt pretty certain I was going to do a good job myself." She shrugs. "Besides, we bring different things to the pictures. She brings beautiful breasts, and I bring OK breasts and lots of personality." (For those who rate her better than just "OK," the line forms to the right.)

"For me," she adds, "this past year has been a whirlwind. Up to now, I've been moving, but not smoothly or gracefully. And now things are going to take off again, and I plan to take advantage of every second of it." She laughs again, thinking of the mileage she'll put on her new boots. "It'll be an abundance of Nancy," she says, grinning. "The roller-coaster ride is ready to begin." —STEVE POND

THE WARDEN WAS A KILLER *(continued from page 93)*

He is outraged at the 1994 crime bill. "By the time we've put somebody in jail, we've lost the battle."

two-story building where inmates live in pentagon-shaped dorms with 30-foot ceilings. There are weight machines, a ping-pong table and several picnic tables. Outside, in a fenced-in pasture right off County Jail #7, is a herd of eight buffalo. The buffalo used to live in Golden Gate Park, but they contracted tuberculosis and the mayor of San Francisco sent them here to die. Instead they recovered, and CJ #7 inmates dote on them. In an adjacent pasture is a permanent exhibit of conceptual art—plywood cutouts of the buffalo herd. Beyond the pasture is an area where CJ #7 inmates carve marble sculptures, and beyond that are the greenhouses and planted fields of the horticulture program, where inmates raise crops.

Get the picture?

"I'm against building jails, period," says Michael Marcum, the warden and man who helped design CJ #7. "This one was built over my objections and those of a lot of other people, and nobody wanted to run it. But I had a ton of ideas, and a couple of weeks before it opened the sheriff announced that I was going to run it. It was a shock to the department, and a shock to me, but I said OK. It was an opportunity for the inmates to take over the asylum."

Marcum is a slender, literate, wryly humorous man of 48. He wears black wire-rimmed glasses, a white shirt with rolled-up sleeves and a gold earring in his left ear. His long, straight black hair is in a ponytail.

He was 19 when he killed his father, after years of being verbally and physically abused. The night in 1966 his father threatened him with a deer rifle, Marcum grabbed for the gun and shot him. Then he called the police.

His mother persuaded Michael to plead guilty, telling him he'd get only two years in a youth facility. He followed her advice and got a five-to-life sentence. He remained incarcerated until 1972. His view of jails and prison, almost 25 years later, is bred of that experience.

"Jail is no deterrent," Marcum says emphatically. "The only people for whom jail is a deterrent are those who aren't at risk of committing crimes. People like you and me have jobs, social skills, educations. We're not going to commit a crime because we don't want to go to jail. The folks who end up in the system couldn't care less. For people who have no hope, jail is the place to be somebody, it's the place to be a honcho."

Being a honcho was how Marcum survived. Prison made him feel as if he were in a room with his father. He was used to living with the threat of violence 24 hours a day, and he had developed instincts to know when it was coming and how to survive it. At Soledad, where he did his first long-term prison stint, he was confronted by a large inmate named Knighton who had just arrived from San Quentin. The man walked up to Marcum in the yard and said, "I heard you are a woman." Knees trembling, Marcum turned his back and ambled off. He'd already befriended an inmate known as Woodchuck, and that night, at Woodchuck's insistence, he and Woodchuck and Woodchuck's friends found his nemesis pumping iron in the yard.

Woodchuck and his buddies threw a blanket over Knighton's head and handed Marcum the bar from a barbell. As other inmates watched, Marcum pounded Knighton to a pulp for 45 seconds, then hotfooted it back to his cell. The next day there were negotiations between Woodchuck's clique and Knighton's. Marcum never had much of a problem with other prisoners after that.

"People want to know if incarceration has any effect on crime," says Marcum. "It does. Incarceration makes criminals much more dangerous than they were before. They were angry before they went in and they're ten times angrier when they get out. It's like putting a tiger in a cage for two years. If you torture it while it's in the cage, what do you think will happen when that tiger is released?"

It's no surprise that Marcum sees no solution in building more jails: "Construction of prisons has no positive impact on crime. That's money that should be going toward prevention. That doesn't mean just drug programs. It means better schools, better housing, much earlier intervention for people who are starting to slip off the track and who feel there's no room for them in society. The only people we should lock up are the ones who are so violent that we can't leave them on their own. We've got to find options for the rest of the convicts. But to continue to build more prisons is stupid. Right now prison construction is close to bankrupting San Francisco.

"Did you know," asks Marcum, "that housing an inmate for one year costs the same as a year's tuition at Stanford?" Once Marcum gets going on the subject of prison reform, he's hard to stop. He is outraged at the waste and muddled logic of the 1994 crime bill. "By the time we have to put somebody in jail, we've already lost the battle. We have to start putting our money at the front end of the system instead of at the back. We're going to spend $15 billion for more police, jails and prisons, and $1 billion for prevention and treatment programs? If we ran our health care system that way, it'd be like putting $15 billion in intensive care units and life-support systems and only $1 billion in preventive measures.

"Cynical criminologists say the only thing that affects recidivism is age," Marcum continues. "People get older and they just don't have the energy to rape, rob and kill. Which is one reason 'three strikes and you're out'—the current favorite political solution for violent criminals—is a poor idea. All that will produce is prisons full of over-the-hill inmates."

Marcum started his prison term in the Sixties. Outside, people were protesting the war in Vietnam. Inside, Marcum was coping with the fundamentals of racism, which, he quickly discovered, was a long-standing prison tradition. Guards in particular used it to their advantage—prisoners outnumbered staff, so playing one group against another was an effective management technique. Prisoners, for example, always voted on which shows the communal TV would be turned to.

One night, Marcum, four other whites and 30 blacks voted to see *Julia*, a black sitcom popular at the time, outnumbering a group of whites who wanted to watch *The Beverly Hillbillies*. The guards confronted the all-white group and taunted them: "You gonna let those fucking niggers and nigger lovers watch *Julia*?" The next thing Marcum and his friends knew, 15 inmates with shanks came into the TV room and started cutting them. "I got stabbed pretty badly," Marcum recalls. "It was exactly what the staff wanted. The white convicts didn't understand how they were being manipulated. A bunch of them ended up in the hole, and the staff had a good old time."

In the mid-Sixties the power in prison was divided between the Black Muslims, the Mexican Mafia and the Hell's Angels—predecessors of the

(continued on page 142)

MARTY
MURPHY

20 QUESTIONS

DAVID HASSELHOFF

He is on a roll. It's not just the success of the internationally syndicated "Baywatch," David Hasselhoff's sun, fun, hardbodies and good-family-values TV series. After the show was dumped by NBC five years ago, Hasselhoff and his "Baywatch" co-investors rescued the series by cutting costs and going independent. A "Baywatch" spin-off, "Baywatch Nights," in which lifeguard Mitch Buchannon (Hasselhoff) moonlights as a private eye, is coming soon. "Baywatch" peripherals are about to hit the market—including "Baywatch" Barbie dolls and Baywatchers restaurants. Also, Hasselhoff is such a singing sensation in Germany that he is referred to as that country's Elvis. We had Contributing Editor David Rensin quiz Hasselhoff as he prepared to wrap principal photography on another season. Says Rensin, "I found Hasselhoff at the top of the world—OK, at the top of a Ferris wheel on Santa Monica pier."

1.

PLAYBOY: *Baywatch* is broadcast worldwide to a potential audience of 1 billion people, many of whom think that the show accurately represents America. Care to give them a reality check?

HASSELHOFF: *Baywatch* is an MTV glitter, overexposed version of the best days at the beach, with the most action. There are a lot of times when no rescues are made and the sun doesn't shine. But nobody wants to see that on TV. What we're doing on *Baywatch* is carrying on the legacy of the Beach Boys. Their idea of California has been around for 30 years. We didn't create it; we're just following it and living the life of fast food, fast cars, hot women, sun, sand, surf, fun and action. Of course, there aren't so many pretty girls on Santa Monica Beach as on *Baywatch*, but if you go to Huntington Beach, believe me, there are just as many pretty girls. In fact, we don't even shoot at Huntington anymore because there are so many young, nubile, Newport princess babes. We can't get anything done. They all come out and stand around—and want to be on *Baywatch*.

the sultan of tv sand and surf on the joys of syndication and merchandising and the person he'd most like to give mouth-to-mouth

2.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that Paul McCartney wants to be on *Baywatch*?

HASSELHOFF: Very true. I met Paul at the British Music Industry awards ceremony. When I walked up he said, "Oh, hello! We watch you on the telly." Then his wife, Linda, said to my wife, "Hello, Pamela!" We were stunned. We told him we'd just come from the Beatles museum in Liverpool. He said, "Well, they must have a Hasselhoff museum in Germany." I couldn't believe he knew about my music career in Germany. Then he said, "You know, I wouldn't mind doing your show. I'd like to have Linda come riding down the beach on her horse. She tramples me and I get rescued." I said, "Great, I can make that happen. I can rescue you." "No, no," he said. "I'd like to have C.J. rescue me." So far he's been too busy, but he called to say he'll do it as soon as he finds the time.

3.

PLAYBOY: What part of the body is it toughest to get sand out of?

HASSELHOFF: I hate sand. I have it everywhere. You'll have to ask the female cast members about the tough places, though. I just know the ears are impossible.

4.

PLAYBOY: Would you rather not go near the water?

HASSELHOFF: It's pretty cold. Ever heard of a 22-short? It's the size of your male anatomy when you get out of the water. You go to the rest room, and there's nothing there. It's frightening. We've all had hypothermia at times on the show. David Charvet almost had to be hospitalized. But it's easier for me to endure the cold because I'm an owner of the show and I'm the highest-paid guy. When I let go of that Scarab, going 30 miles an hour, and jump in, I think of my back-end deal. Otherwise, there's no way I'd jump in.

5.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever found yourself actually saving someone's life?

HASSELHOFF: Once, when I was in England. I was doing an interview and had just been asked the question, "How do you respond in emergencies?" I said, "Pretty well. In fact, I rescued a little old lady the other day." I told the story of how I was in the lifeguard truck, going to the set, and a lady was on the jetty, screaming. I pulled over. She had broken her hip. So I got on the radio and said, "This is David Hasselhoff. This is a real rescue. We need a backboard over here. We need a paramedic." All of a sudden she looked up. She didn't realize who I was, but before she knew it help had arrived. [*Pauses*] So here I am, in a car at Hyde Park Corner in London, telling an interviewer this story, when all of a sudden, a guy on a scooter goes *boom!* and flies over our car. I say, "Uh, I'll be right back." I run into traffic and yell, "Stop!" People are looking out of their cars, going, "Hey! It's the *Knight Rider*! It's the bum from *Baywatch*."

6.

PLAYBOY: To whom are you dying to give mouth-to-mouth?

HASSELHOFF: Princess Di. Really. The press would be phenomenal.

7.

PLAYBOY: Hasselhoff is a memorable name. What does it mean?

HASSELHOFF: I think it means "rabbits having sex." Actually, something to do with rabbits and a house. You know, rabbits make love a lot, so maybe it's "making love in your house like a rabbit." [*Laughs*] There is some place in Germany called Hasselhoff. Some fans took the sign down and brought it to me when I was onstage. If I ever move to Germany, my address will be David Hasselhoff, Germany.

8.

PLAYBOY: You have a successful singing career in Germany and Europe—but not in America. What do you think keeps Stateside audiences, thus far, from buying in?

HASSELHOFF: The reason they're not buying in is that I've never had a proper release here. I did an album years ago called *Night Rocker*, which sold seven copies. It was shoved down my throat by a producer whom I ended up having to sue so he'd stop putting out the album. It was really bad. In Germany I have a seven-figure deal per album. I'm being paid big bucks and I'm produced big-time. Now, I'm finally

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

coming out with something in America. I've changed to producers who are more in touch with our country's pulse. I probably could do a Time Warner ad tomorrow and sell half a million records, but I want a shot at a legitimate career and I want to try to break the hold of radio play. To promote my album I will go to the malls, to the halls, to the MGM Grand in Vegas. I've been holding back because my career in Germany has taken up so much time. So, if it happens here, it happens. If it doesn't, I can go to Germany tomorrow and play to 12,000 people. But now that I have two kids, I'm trying to travel a little less, so I really want to play in America.

9.

PLAYBOY: The night of your first pay-per-view cable special, you were on your way to making big bucks when Americans were suddenly riveted to their TVs by cops chasing a white Ford Bronco on the freeways of Los Angeles. If you had been home that evening, which event would you have watched?

HASSELHOFF: O.J. [*Sighs*] After the show Donald Trump walked into my dressing room and said, "You were fantastic, everybody looked great, you were terrific, didn't miss a note." Then we looked at the TV and saw the Bronco, and I said, "Tell me that's not live." But it was. So there was only one thing to do: sit around and watch. We got right into it. After the show we went to a big party where 400 people honored me. They also had a television running constantly in the corner. I couldn't compete.

10.

PLAYBOY: On *Knight Rider* you shared billing with KITT, the talking car, and thus joined a fraternity of actors who have co-starred with animals and machines. If you could get together with the co-stars of *Mr. Ed*, *My Mother the Car* and *Francis the Talking Mule*, what would the humans talk about?

HASSELHOFF: The stupid questions we get asked. "Where's the horse?" "Where's the mule?" We'd complain about how many times we're asked the same question and how many people think it's the first time we've heard it. If I've heard this question once, I've heard it a hundred thousand times: "Where's the car?"

11.

PLAYBOY: Where *is* the car?

HASSELHOFF: Stuffed, next to Trigger.

12.

PLAYBOY: You often mention Michael Landon as an inspiration for the emotional, timeless stories you do on *Baywatch*. What do you imagine were Landon's three cardinal rules of compelling television?

HASSELHOFF: You must cry in every episode. You must send someone off to get the doctor, who must be at least two days away. And you must write, direct, produce and act in the episode yourself.

13.

PLAYBOY: How much do you love merchandising? Let us count the ways.

HASSELHOFF: The merchandising is coming in like crazy. I always knew it was going to be big because of my *Knight Rider* experience. First there was a *Knight Rider* doll and a car. They sold 750,000 and generated $30 million. In the beginning we were so busy with *Baywatch*, trying to figure out how to make a $1.2 million show for $800,000 and stay one step ahead of the jokes and all the crap we got, that we never really addressed merchandising. Finally, now that the show is huge, we've got everything coming out. *Baywatch* suntan lotion, *Baywatch* bathing suits, *Baywatch* hair-care products, a Baywatchers restaurant. It's going to be waitresses and waiters in bathing suits, with sand on the floor; like going to the set of *Baywatch* in New York City. We're already trying to franchise it in four other states. Donald Trump is aboard as one of the investors. We're coming out with stuff that kind of epitomizes *Baywatch* and the Beach Boys and sand, surf and fun. In fact, Mattel is releasing a *Baywatch* Barbie doll line. It's a lifeguard tower and a lifeguard Barbie doll and a David Hasselhoff Ken doll. It's so cute, so incredible, kids flip out when they see it. It has a little boat, a rescue can, the sunglasses. The show that everyone made fun of is now part of American culture.

14.

PLAYBOY: You appeared as *Cosmopolitan*'s 25th anniversary centerfold. What does it feel like to be thought of as a beefcake kind of guy?

HASSELHOFF: I don't think of myself like that. Burt Reynolds did the centerfold. So did Arnold Schwarzenegger. They were considered charming men who were attractive to women; they weren't considered beefcake. I was flattered that they chose me. I did it tongue-in-cheek. It was funny. But it became the all-time best-selling issue of *Cosmo*, so it was an honor and the right choice to make.

15.

PLAYBOY: You've faced adversity. You were out of work for three years following *Knight Rider*. You've taken a critical drubbing about *Baywatch*—even though those same critics now think the show is cool. What's the David Hasselhoff pep talk? How did you keep going?

HASSELHOFF: "Just go to sleep. It'll be better in the morning." [*Laughs*] There's a great song called "I'm Still Standing." Every time somebody says no to me, that song gives me the power to forge ahead. There have been many times when I've been incredibly sensitive—I'm a sensitive person—but I can't really show it. If you show it, then they win. My motto is: If I can just get to the next day, when morning comes, it's going to be great. Every single morning is a fresh beginning. No matter how tired I am or what country I'm in, when I wake up in the morning I've got energy.

16.

PLAYBOY: In what don't you look good?

HASSELHOFF: Probably sideways in a bathing suit. I'm thin. I look good from the front and I know how to shoot me, but sideways I become bird-boy. I'm not really big on shorts in my personal life. If I have to wear them on the screen it's tough. I make sure that I see the dailies.

17.

PLAYBOY: You sang your hit "Looking for Freedom" at the Berlin Wall. How much of the wall did you take home and what did you do with it?

HASSELHOFF: I took home about 140 pieces and I put them on a plaque that reads: "November 9th is a little piece of freedom. Love, David Hasselhoff." I chopped down a bunch of the wall, then my hands froze so I hired a couple of kids to do it. I said, "Here's a hundred bucks. I don't want small pieces, I need big pieces. And look for the ones with the colors." We tried to get the colors of the German flag.

18.

PLAYBOY: Many people now admit that *Baywatch* is their guilty viewing pleasure. What's yours?

HASSELHOFF: I love those horrible reenactments of rescues, like *Rescue 911*. I get a kick out of watching families who can't act try to reenact their story.

19.

PLAYBOY: You work in a world of breasts, buttocks and bathing suits. At what point do you stop noticing?

HASSELHOFF: We're doing a spin-off series called *Baywatch Nights*. In one scene I walk into a club and say to Lou Rawls, who plays the owner, "Wow, this is infinitely more exciting." He says, "What do you mean, Mitch? Don't you get enough of this flesh on the beach?" I say, "Yeah, but these girls have clothes on." I don't notice my girls in that way anymore because I now know them individually and personally, and who cares? But when they dress up, I really notice. Suddenly they become more attractive.

20.

PLAYBOY: *Baywatch* lifeguards C.J. Parker, Lieutenant Stephanie Holden, Summer Quinn, Matt Brody, Caroline Holden and Logan Fowler are all drowning. Who does Mitch save first?

HASSELHOFF: Himself.

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ELMORE LEONARD (continued from page 124)

Here's a guy arrested for bestiality. How did they know he did it? He had chicken feathers on his pubic hair.

MG-42, is better than the M-60 American version.") His good guys are often caught between ambivalence and temptation, and his bad guys are not without ambition: Some want to con millions from their employers, others want to rob a bank in every state of the Union except Alaska.

The first dead person Leonard ever saw up close was an old black woman "who was turning white in patches where her skin seemed to be peeling off." She was lying nude on a table in a morgue, decomposing. Leonard was there getting background for a book. "She had been found in her bathtub several days after she died," he recalls. "Scattered around the main room were people lying on tray tables the way they died. Some were rigid. They didn't look like people anymore, they were more like mannequins.

"When I was researching *Bandits* I called a friend who is a mortician, and I spent a day with him. We picked up the body of a woman who had committed suicide. I watched it go through the embalming process. When I saw that the embalming fluid was called Perma-Glo and that the little machine that pumps it in was called a Porta-Boy, I thought, They're playing right into my hands."

That's also how Leonard felt when he finally met county circuit court judge Marvin Mounts in Palm Beach. They had been corresponding for six years, and when Leonard was in town to give a talk, the judge invited him to his house.

"We sat on his patio, and he brought out his box of photographs and legal materials. He told me about different cases: 'Here's a guy who was arrested for bestiality—he raped a chicken. And here's a photograph of the chicken.' I said, 'How do they know he did it?' He said, 'He had chicken feathers on his pubic hair. Here's a guy with a butcher knife in his head.' So he was telling me these stories, see? And I thought, Gee, there's something here. Why don't I do a judge? What kind of judge? A crooked judge or a hard-sentencing judge? A judge who has made a lot of enemies and somebody wants to kill him and attempts are made on his life? And that's how *Maximum Bob* started."

His latest book is called *Riding the Rap* and involves a character from the book before that, *Pronto*, who gets kidnapped. "The kidnappers don't call it that. They call it holding hostage. The idea is, you kidnap somebody who's got a lot of money, who's made the money illegally, like a savings and loan exec who declares bankruptcy but has $30 million stashed away. You keep him blindfolded so he doesn't know where he is or what's going on. And you don't say anything to him for a while. Then you say: 'You want to get out of here? You figure out how to get us so much money, and if we like the idea, we'll go through with it and let you go. If we don't like the idea, you're dead. So it better be the best idea you've ever had in your life.' There's never a ransom note or any contact with people outside. You deal just with him. But of course the three antagonists don't get along, and I have more fun with them than with the good guys."

•

By his own standards, Leonard isn't so tough. He never did brutish work as a boy, never got into fights, never carried a gun into dark places (though he did chase rats with a stick down Detroit alleys). It wasn't like that at all for Elmore Leonard, who was born in New Orleans on October 11, 1925.

His father worked for General Motors, scouting locations for car dealerships, and the family moved between Texas, Oklahoma, Michigan and Tennessee six times in nine years. They settled in Detroit in 1934, when Elmore was nine.

During Leonard's sophomore year in high school, a boy sitting near him told him Elmore was no kind of name for a kid and dubbed him "Dutch," after the knuckleball pitcher for the Washington Senators. The nickname stuck.

In 1942, during his senior year, his father transferred to Washington, but Leonard chose to live with his football coach and graduate from the University of Detroit High School. Leonard tried to enlist in the Marines at 17 but was rejected because of a bad eye. A year later he entered the Navy reserves and spent most of his time maintaining airstrips in New Guinea, drinking beer and watching Humphrey Bogart movies.

When he returned from the Navy he enrolled at the University of Detroit and, in 1949, married his college girlfriend, Beverly Cline. Within a year they had their first child, and by 1965 they had their fourth. Leonard's first job out of college was as an office boy for the Campbell–Ewald advertising firm in Detroit. Eventually he moved up to copywriter and worked on car and truck promotions. For two hours before he left for work he would write stories about the West—a place he had never been.

"I decided that if I was going to write I should go about it in a professional way—pick a genre to learn how to write. I chose Westerns because of movies like *Stagecoach*, *The Plainsman*, *My Darling Clementine*, *Red River*."

Westerns were also popular in such magazines as *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* and in pulps such as *Dime Western* and *Zane Grey's Western*. "Before I started doing research I wrote a couple of Westerns and sent them to the pulp magazines, but they were rejected because they were too relentless, too gray," Leonard recalls. "I didn't have any comic relief, no blue sky. I then began to research the Apaches, cavalry, cowboys, the Southwest. I subscribed to *Arizona Highways*, which gave me illustrations. If I needed a canyon, I'd go through the magazine, find one and describe it. It was better than being there."

By 1961, with the publication of *Hombre*, he felt confident enough to give up his advertising job. The Western Writers of America ranked *Hombre* among the 25 best Westerns ever written. But a funny thing happened: The market for Westerns dried up and Leonard didn't publish another book for eight years.

He kept busy, though. "After I quit my job I freelanced for at least four and a half years, writing industrial movies and films for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, all kinds of advertising stuff, everything but cocktail napkins. Television dried up the market for Westerns. At the height of their popularity there were more than 30 Westerns a week on prime time. And people stopped buying the pulps." Leonard still wanted to write books, so he looked around for a subject he was comfortable with. His mind eventually turned to crime.

He proved to be as prolific a crime writer as he had been with Westerns. *Mr. Majestyk* appeared in 1974 and became a movie that starred Charles Bronson. *52 Pick-Up* (1974) was made into a film starring Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret in 1986. Over the next ten years he wrote ten more novels: *Swag*, *The Hunted*, *Unknown Man No. 89* (which Alfred Hitchcock had wanted to turn into a movie), *The Switch*, *Gunsights*, *City Primeval*, *Gold Coast*, *Split Images*, *Cat Chaser* and *Stick*. *La Brava*, considered by many to be Leonard's finest novel, appeared in 1983 and won an Edgar Allan Poe Award from the Mystery Writers of America, edging out John le Carré's *Little Drummer Girl* and Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose* as the best mystery novel of the year. *Glitz*, published in 1985, was the so-called breakthrough book, which stayed on the best-seller lists for 16 weeks. It made Leonard a multimillion-dollar writer.

•

He's rich, he's suburban, he's the grandfather of six, he's nothing like his

low-life characters. Leonard looks at the con men and killers he writes about and sees a common thread. "They're lazy. They don't want to work, they don't want to do it the hard way. They don't want to have to learn how to do anything. It's like being a drunk: If you devoted as much effort to something worthwhile as you do to drinking, it could be worth money." Drinking is an area where Leonard can write from personal experience. His battle with alcoholism lasted 35 years.

"I got into drinking because I was shy, somewhat introverted, self-conscious, and it brought me out. It was the macho thing to do."

His experience with alcohol brought out some of his sharpest, most descriptive writing. In *Freaky Deaky* he describes the ritual morning after: "Being sick was part of waking up. Cleaning up a bathroom that looked like somebody'd been killing chickens in it." Elsewhere he described the day's first drink: "Vodka sitting on the toilet tank while you took a shower, something to hold you till the bars opened at seven."

He joined Alcoholics Anonymous, the same year his 25-year marriage to Beverly came to an end. "Admitting you're alcoholic is not necessarily accepting that fact," he concedes. "Once you accept it, if you have any sense at all, you realize you can't drink. It's that simple. You're going to die or you're going to have mental problems if you continue."

It took him nearly three more years (and three more books) to put booze behind him. On January 24, 1977, at 9:30 in the morning, he poured himself a Scotch and ginger ale, gulped it down and never drank again. "I drank from the time I was 16 until I quit when I was 52. And I had more fun when I was drinking than at any other time."

A new woman in his life, Joan Shepard, helped him get through withdrawal and became his second wife in 1979. Leonard grew to depend on her opinion. She read and critiqued all his work before he sent it out, and she often came up with titles. But in the fall of 1992 she began to have trouble breathing, and by Christmas she was diagnosed as having lung cancer. She died just two weeks later.

"I couldn't believe it," Leonard says sadly. "We both thought that we were going to last forever. Her mother died at 95, mine at 94. Joan was only 64." She used to tell him that if she went first, he should marry a younger woman. He said never, but he ended up doing just that. "I hadn't dated in more than 40 years," he says. "But when I met Christine, it happened so fast."

Christine Kent was in charge of the gardening crew that took care of his flower beds. She was 45 and had married twice herself, and Leonard was taken with her knowledge of movies and books. He

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asked her out in June, six months after Joan's death. Two months later they married. "I think I need to be married," Leonard says. "And she gets along with my kids—she's contemporary with a couple of them."

To amuse his new wife, he sometimes pulls out his file of letters from readers. In a time when faxes, modems and the telephone have made letter writing a lost art, he still hears from his readers in longhand.

Sometimes it's pleasant: "I have never written anyone a fan letter in my life. My husband is getting tired of me spending more time in the sack with a Leonard book than with him, so I told him, 'Get my attention.'"

Sometimes it's informative, like this one from a convict: "I thought you might be interested in a report on your growing popularity among this prison's hard-core readers. While Harold Robbins, Sidney Sheldon and Lawrence Sanders remain the most generally popular authors here, more and more of our hard-core are discovering you. This group includes a few college-educated whites, quite a few American-born blacks, pre-Mariel Cubans and heroin dealers. Your books don't seem to have attracted the cocaine and crack people yet—they are younger, wilder and less educated. The Italians like you but prefer Judith Krantz and Sidney Sheldon, anything about the lush life in New York City. Jamaicans read Westerns, Africans read nonfiction, Indians and Pakistanis read *The Wall Street Journal*."

The nastier the letter, the greater the charge. His favorite is this one: "I just finished your book *Split Images* and it is dull, uninteresting and, most of all, it used such foul language that is unnecessary. Why did I buy it? Sounded like a good mystery with good statements from the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Detroit News* and others. How much did you have to bribe them to say such nice things about your book? Maybe they are as low-down as you are. I threw it in the trash so no one else can read it, even my husband. Since foul language is all you understand, you are a fucking shitty half-assed person to write such trash! How anyone can stand you is beyond me. Hell, I'm not a prude, but goddamn! A good book can be written without your kind of foul language. Too bad you don't try it. I will certainly never recommend your book to anyone."

"I just finished reading *Bandits*, and the ending was so goofy it made me furious," another reader wrote. "What a stupid ending. Roy gets a bullet, and a murderous Indian and a spaced-out rich girl walk off with all the dough. Please, no more stupid books. P.S. The ending of *Stick* was almost as goofy and unsatisfying. You're a weird guy, dude."

That's OK with Leonard. They may not like his endings, they may not like his grammar or his language, they may think he's weird. But they never write to say they didn't finish reading his books. Because there's one thing about an Elmore Leonard novel: You can't put it down. And as long as even his most severe critics keep reading until the end, Leonard doesn't have too much to worry about.

"Your father isn't a skinhead, dear—he's just bald."

THE WARDEN WAS A KILLER

(continued from page 134)

neo-Nazi Aryan Brotherhood, or AB. In a way he can't quite explain, Marcum felt that he understood neo-Nazis and knew ways to refocus their rage. He'd always had the ability to find something good in people, no matter how monstrous they were, and he began working with the worst racists. He tried to raise their self-esteem and diminish their self-hatred by coaxing them into cooperating with other racial groups to take on the bigger enemy—the prison itself. When an inmate got thrown into the hole unfairly, Marcum would lead everybody out to the yard, where they'd stay until the inmate was released. The tactic began to work. His fellow inmates started to ask for his advice. Some neo-Nazis went so far as to burn swastika tattoos off their hands so they could join his group.

His success at organizing, unsurprisingly, did not make him popular with the prison administration. Often, as soon as he organized a group he would be shipped to another prison. Or if he filed a lawsuit in one location he would find himself moved to another so the local courts would lose jurisdiction. Still, he remained passionate about prison reform not only because he was a prisoner but also because he had begun to see why prisons increase the crime rate rather than reduce it.

"Police and jails have nothing to do with crime until after the fact," he says. "Police apprehend suspects, and the small percentage of those who are convicted are locked up in jails. But psychologically, there's a message to the public that we're doing something about crime. It makes me angry that people in my profession won't tell the public the truth—that our institutions don't work."

Marcum is an idealist, but he also has practical notions of what can reduce crime. "Just as it's important to humanize victims, it's also important to humanize offenders. Because they're people, the same as you and me, and most have the same aspirations we do. They haven't found a way to survive without hurting others, so they've got to be held accountable. But when they're in jail, they're receptive, and you can bring skills and options and programs to them."

Marcum, himself, has long waged war on behalf of prisoners' dignity and rights. In the early Sixties when Marcum entered prison, for example, the two worst legal injustices to inmates were the indeterminate sentence and the civil death statutes. In the former, the parole board decided whether an inmate got out in two years or stayed in forever. The civil death statutes (section 2600 under the penal code) deprived convicted felons of civil rights such as family visitations, freedom to write and keep

what they had written, receipt of books and legitimized marriages. Marcum organized against these practices and attempted to get legislators and the press to understand them better. In 1968, thanks to the perseverance of Marcum and his colleagues, the civil death statutes were repealed in California. The indeterminate sentence was finally repealed in the mid-Seventies.

To no one's surprise, Marcum kept getting turned down for parole. He lay low for a while, then went back to the parole board, only to be rejected again. An attorney who had worked with Marcum on prison censorship issues heard his story, filed a petition of habeas corpus and finally, in 1972, got Marcum out. After nearly seven years in prison, Marcum was a free man.

And absolutely terrified. Things were moving too fast. Everybody seemed to know more than he did. He was afraid to ask for help. He had no social skills. He didn't know how to write a check. He avoided going into banks for fear they'd think he was a robber. He couldn't sit in a movie theater unless his back was against a wall. In prison, as long as he was politically active, people saw him as powerful. But the only people he trusted now were guys he'd done time with.

Twice during his first year out Marcum called his parole officer and begged to be returned to jail. The parole officer—a former Soledad guard whom Marcum had befriended—spent half a day with him each time, helping him adjust. Eventually Marcum joined Volunteers in Service to America and for about five years worked in the jails doing alternative programs.

One of Marcum's VISTA co-workers was Michael Hennessey, a fellow progressive who decided to run for sheriff of San Francisco County. Nobody dreamed Hennessey would be elected, but in 1980 he was, and he promptly hired Marcum to run his jail programs.

Hennessey's top problem was overcrowding, but despite Marcum's best efforts, there was no quick solution, and the court forced the city to build a new jail. CJ #7 was completed in 1989 and Marcum was appointed director. It was reported to be the first time an ex-felon had been placed in charge of a jail.

"It was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity," says Marcum. "It's really hard to change a place that has its own tradition, but we could start fresh. We implemented something called direct supervision, which is happening in jails all over the country but is new in San Francisco."

In a direct supervision facility, staff are locked up in the housing area with prisoners 24 hours a day. "Theoretically," says Marcum, "the more remote staff are, the safer they are. But the truth is the opposite—the closer staff get, the more control they have. They know everything that's going on in a dorm, and people don't get hurt. When you have to retake turf every time you go onto a tier to do rounds, or—as in remote supervision—when you don't even go in there unless there's a riot or a stabbing, you don't know what the hell you are getting into."

Marcum's approach has paid off. In six years there have been only eight injuries at CJ #7. In that same time, there have been 86 injuries at CJ #3. While fistfights have occurred at CJ #7, no weapons have been used. The worst incident resulted in a broken jaw. Next door at CJ #3, fights have started with stabbings and escalated to riots.

Marcum is no longer warden of County Jail #7. In the fall of 1993, he was appointed assistant sheriff of San Francisco County. A firestorm of controversy ensued. Deputy sheriffs picketed and held demonstrations. The outrage focused on the fact that Marcum is not a police officer rather than on his criminal record. Eventually the uproar subsided, and Michael Marcum, ex-con, settled into his job as assistant sheriff.

"I was controversial when Hennessey hired me and I'm still controversial," he says. "What can I say? I'm a round peg in a square hole."

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RESURRECTION SHUFFLE

(continued from page 92)

Boss was all over the credits.

Jones stuck to the time-honored way with *The Lead and How to Swing It*. "We tried to get it into a pocket where kids would dig it," he says. He also tried to give the kids some names they already dug. The album included vocals by Tori Amos and songs produced by Teddy Riley (Michael Jackson, Bobby Brown), Flood (U2, Nine Inch Nails), Jeff Lynne (Tom Petty, Roy Orbison), Trevor Horn (Seal), Richard Perry (Barbra Streisand) and Youth (Crowded House). His pal Sting doesn't appear on the album, but at least his name is in the liner notes.

(11) A Star Is Reborn: "That old image is going away now," insists Jones. "I still get the horny older ladies saying, 'Take off your jacket!' They still want to see the tight pants and the bulge. But the youngsters, they don't do that. There's a lot of people coming to hear me, now."

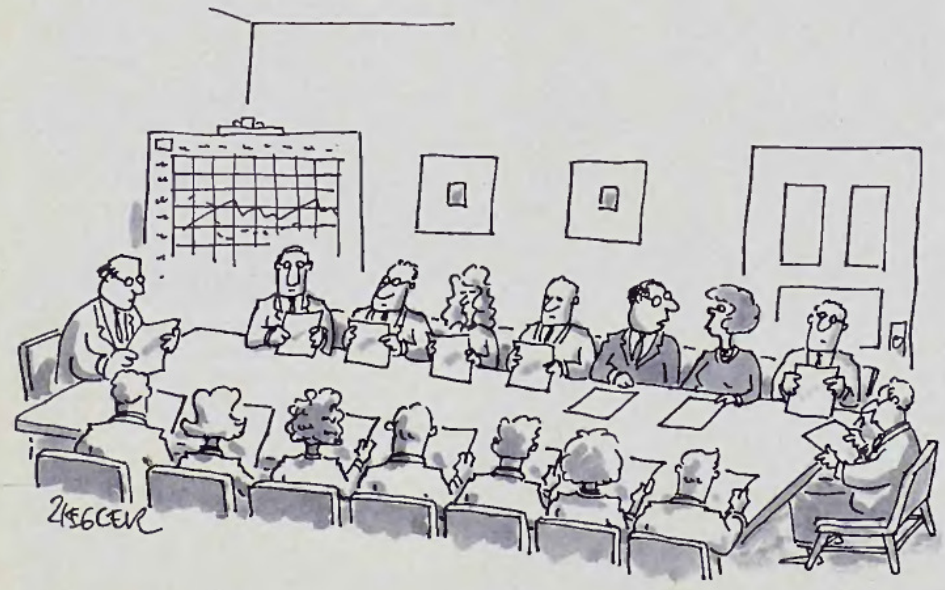
The album got onto the charts, the video got played, Jones hosted MTV's European Music Awards and everybody saw the album cover, on which a fishnet-shirted Jones clenches his fists and screams while standing in front of a jackhammer-wielding woman who is clad in a hard hat and a gold lamé bikini.

For further confirmation of his rebirth, here's a tale of two concerts. In 1993 Jones performed at L.A.'s Universal Amphitheater, playing to a crowd that ranged from aging women comparing notes on Engelbert to black-clad twenty-somethings. He was terrific, a rocking and ballsy entertainer who smiled when underwear was thrown onstage but who never pandered to the pantie flingers. The *Los Angeles Times*, which should know better, dismissed Jones as a middle-of-the-road performer who should be singing show tunes.

A year later, Jones performed at Los Angeles' painfully trendy House of Blues, playing to a jammed room of industry insiders and scene makers. The show was wildly inconsistent; Jones seriously bogged down during long stretches. The *Los Angeles Times*, which still should know better, said the performance was great, thus reflecting the officially changed conventional wisdom on Tom Jones. What a difference a year makes.

Which means that this year may make a difference to a whole new group of oldtimers. Oh, sure, there are lots of artists who've been around for decades who still do great work and deserve resurrections: Charlie Rich, Dion, Waylon Jennings, even 900-number impresario Jerry Lee Lewis. But what about other, more unlikely, candidates? Could Pat Boone become a hot property if he were to trade in his white bucks for a pair of white Doc Martens? Would we be surprised if we were to find that, in addition to his Hendrix fixation, Lenny Kravitz is a closet Tony Orlando fan, and is working on an Orlando album called *The New Dawn*? If the two remaining members of Nirvana offered to back Perry Como, would he jump at the chance? Where's Sandra Dee, and shouldn't Madonna be looking for her?

Just asking. By the way, if Elvis comes back, we'll need to come up with a new name for this phenomenon. Pop Resurrection won't cut it anymore, at least not for those other guys.



"I love you, Miss Nelson, and I want you to know that I'd love you even if your hand weren't currently down the front of my trousers."

HEROIN CHIC

(continued from page 68)

rumors alleging drug use during New York's annual Bryant Park fashion show, fashion bigs placed narcs in the backstage changing tents. (Ironically, Bryant Park had just been renovated to chase away the street dealers.)

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"It's the new film noir mentality," says Rudolph (his full, real name), a 50-year-old nightclub impresario. The staccato of house music clatters at his Beverly Hills club, Tatou, while Shannen Doherty, director Rob Weiss and rich guys in suits dance away upstairs. "Basically they're trying to experience in real life what film noir is about—that certain bliss which will inevitably lead to doom."

That's why today's hipster heroes seem tarnished before their time. They have abandoned preppie clothes and tanning booths in favor of junkie pallor, weak beards, hats and baggy pants. "At the high end they wear Moschino and Stüssy," says Rudolph. "It's a matter of looking scruffy on a higher budget."

Recently, all the top young actors queued up for the lead in *The Basketball Diaries* (the protagonist trades shooting hoops for shooting dope) despite the film's low budget. Take a look at Johnny Depp, Brad Pitt, Ethan Hawke, Robert Downey Jr., Eric Stolz, Stephen Dorff, Christian Slater. To a casual observer, they could all be the same jaded, bored, strung-out person. Ditto with the women—Juliette Lewis, Winona Ryder, Patricia Arquette, etc. Their look is enough to fuel the rumors of dope use that swirl around some of them.

The line between real junkies and fashion junkies is indistinct. In fact, outing junkies has replaced outing homosexuals in the industry gossip mill.

"The young actors and musicians have the money to have parties in their own home or hotel suite, so they have a secure environment," says Rudolph. "I've witnessed all of this. Basically, everyone gets together and starts doing junk. You play music and you watch *Drugstore Cowboy* over and over. Sometimes some chick throws up and that's that."

•

As MTV kicked into high gear, TV, advertising, music and film coalesced into one huge enterprise. Record companies spawned film divisions and movie studios formed record labels. Los Angeles' Viper Room mirrors that synthesis by being a place for actors who want to rock to mix with rockers who want to act. Heroin was always a rock-and-roll vice and Johnny Depp's dark club was a facsimile of a low-down rock dive, betrayed only by the cover price. After Phoenix' death, many of L.A.'s bars, clubs and

restaurants along the Sunset Strip were fingered as the new opium dens.

"There are clubs that have rooms or areas to sit and smoke and be relatively undetected," says Dave Valentine, a narcotics detective with the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department's West Hollywood division. Many places, he adds, have their own house dealer, who could sell you a packet if you were with the right crowd. At one upscale joint, the dealer apparently owns the place.

"Heroin use is not something that people love to advertise," says Jim, a cherubic 21-year-old former heroin dealer. "On the other hand, in certain crowds—with people they know—you would be surprised how open they are."

"You go to school with a bunch of rich kids who have nothing better to do than do drugs," Jim says. "Before you know it, you owe a couple of guys a little money, and the easiest way out is to 'Sell this for me,' you know?"

If you have a big clientele and a small habit, you can leverage your efforts into a profitable enterprise. Pretty soon Jim was dealing to faces right out of *People* and *Vogue*, pocketing up to $20,000 a week. Jim tooled around in a fancy car, hitting clubs, parties and a drug-fueled sex orgy or two. Many girls, including a TV star who was once a household name, traded a blow job or more for what he had to offer.

Although Jim's presence here at the station suggests he's supplying Valentine with useful names and addresses, bringing the law down on privileged dopers is problematic. Shortages of manpower are exacerbated by the hassle of making cases stick against defendants who have high-priced lawyers. On the other hand, Valentine says that for well-heeled kids to "get handcuffs on and go to the station to get booked can be a traumatic experience."

•

Most heroin achievers get high with five or six people and know of a few more. Jonathan, the Hollywood party boy, is part of one cluster. Another orbits around Kim and Trevor's loft in downtown Los Angeles.

Kim paints dark portraits that sell. And art is just her sideline. She makes her living as a cook and is on the verge of opening her own restaurant. Trevor, her live-in boyfriend, plays bass for a band that recently signed a major-label record deal. Both are in their mid-20s.

Kim was turned on to heroin three years ago by a fashion photographer she was dating. But she was clean when she moved in with Trevor last year—and so was he—though not for long. "How we got hooked on it together is, you know, I broke down that day," she says. "I went, we bought it. We bonded on it." Kim and Trevor buy their balloons from a nearby street dealer who, she says, "really takes care of us." He sells them a brown, gravelly heroin. They've tried China White but weren't impressed. They find the Bonnie Brae tar disgusting and their heroin goes for half the price. "The reason why it's so expensive on Bonnie Brae is that people from Hollywood are going there," Kim explains. Some of them have discovered her street. "These assholes don't understand being discreet about it—you worry about your dealer getting busted. It's just so obvious that these are little rich kids trying to score heroin, because it's so glamorized right now, you know?"

To her, heroin makes economic sense. "Even if you go out to drink, how much is a night at bars going to cost you? You know, a lot of money. In the beginning you can spend $7 or $14 and just hang out and have a beautiful night together."

By beautiful night, Kim and Trevor mean sex. Talking about sex makes a junkophile's eyes glaze. Their voices go soft, tinged with reverence.

"It's just so euphoric," Kim says. "Because there are no boundaries. All those things in your head you would love to do sexually with your partner that you think are perverted—it totally is just so intense." Many women report being able to relax into escalating peaks of multiple orgasms. Like accomplished tantric practitioners, men are gaga for the four-hour sexual marathons—and they don't even come. Even male IV users, who rarely get a hard-on when high, speak fondly of rolling around soft and naked with their partners.

Tonight, as they do about once a week, Kim and Trevor hold a soiree at their loft. There are respectable credentials all around: a film editor, a movie producer, a guy who just published a book. It's a select group; Kim's friends from cleaner days say they rarely see her anymore.

The room is lit by candles while sage and incense burn in an urn. The guests place their foil, lighters and personal straws near a votive candleholder that contains a razor blade and a clump of dope. Like most of today's smackheads, this crew chases the dragon: They heat a brown speck on a sheet of aluminum foil and, as the vaporizing junk uncoils off the foil, inhale the smoke through a straw. A dour Nick Cave CD plays on the stereo as a subtle odor—burnt, bitter, almondy—fills the room.

Watch enough heroin being consumed and eventually you'll see someone puke. This time it's Kim. She breaks off in midsentence and says, "Uh-oh." Then she's off to the bathroom. "See, you can lean over, puke and continue your sentence," she says when she returns. "It doesn't hurt. Um, it's horrible. I mean, it's pathetic."

The guests are chippers—occasional, weekend users. Because only Kim and Trevor know where to score, the others

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use only when they are visiting. "I like doing it this way," says Joseph, the producer, who's just back from working on a film in Europe. He says keeping it out of his house makes it easier to control. Like many people in the film business, Joseph says he was turned on to heroin because "basically, it was all around me. Everyone I knew was doing it."

•

"People are just not taking it seriously," says Dr. Richard Sandor, a psychiatrist and addiction-treatment specialist at St. John's Hospital's chemical dependency program in Santa Monica. "They don't believe that it's as addictive as straight guys like me are saying. Heroin sets up a hunger in people that just doesn't go away," he continues. "When people try to stop using, they get—we have a wonderful word for it—dysphoric. It's not just unhappy. The receptor sites in the brain, for the internal chemistry that helps you feel good, have been reset. You don't have the substances around to feel pleasure. So you just feel god-awful. It's very difficult to resist the calling that the drug has."

Dr. Sandor's casebook contains tales of many chippers who advanced from smoking on the weekends to shooting it every day. Like many people in drug enforcement and rehab, he talks about the idea of "generational forgetting." This new group is too young to have any experience with the heroin casualties of the Sixties and Seventies. But according to Dr. Ethan Nadelmann, drug policy director at the Lindesmith Center in New York, that presents an opportunity for a more sensible view of heroin. "A lot of those horror stories were inaccurate. True, many people got hurt with heroin," he says. "But many never suffered real problems. For a long time heroin was the worst drug in the world. Then cocaine became the worst. Cocaine, in fact, is worse in certain respects, because it is more difficult to develop a maintenance relationship with it."

A maintenance relationship is key to the addicted achiever's lifestyle. Because heroin does not destroy body tissue, as long as you have access to a reasonably pure form of the drug you shouldn't have problems. In theory, anyway.

"Heroin is an extremely demanding mistress," Sandor says. "And you can't maintain the punishing schedules that these folks are engaged in and feed this jones. You just can't do it."

Addicts try to maintain themselves, their careers and their lifestyles despite the time, money and energy siphoned off by their habits. Often, they don't even get high. They fix so they won't go into withdrawal and get sick. However, even this status decays. It's what doctors call tolerance and what William Burroughs, author of *Naked Lunch*, calls "the algebra of need."

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Kim calls it the creep. She's weeping profusely. She's feeling, well, dysphoric. It's two weeks after her soiree and her sobs sound tinny over the phone.

In the beginning, as Kim describes the creep, you smoke or snort heroin, get a nice, cheap high and everything's great. "But even if you allot yourself like a half a balloon a day," she explains, "you get addicted to that half a day. You feel uncomfortable and you actually need to go a bit further to feel comfortable.

"I refuse to sacrifice my lifestyle," Kim says, a common refrain among achievers. "You're on the verge of maintaining, and to get high you do more. I'd rather get sick a little bit and get my amount down. Then I can creep up and get high a little bit, get sick. I'd rather control it at a small level than control it at a huge level where if I get sick, I'm deathly."

The heroin achiever leads a binge-and-kick lifestyle, a manic-depressive existence that swings from peaks of pleasure to pits of sickness, a cycle interspersed with long, muddy periods of maintenance. Kicking is a matter of scheduling. One achiever with a corporate, suit-and-tie job will take some sick days, check into a fancy hotel and sit in the whirlpool until the jones stops. Even with room service, it's cheaper than detox.

•

Every day Vincent reads the *Los Angeles Times*, *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal* and the *Hollywood Reporter*. His desk is cluttered with clippings about new media, the Internet and artificial intelligence. From among the pencils and paper clips in the top desk drawer, he pulls out a sheet of foil, a metal straw, a lighter, a $50 chunk of heroin and a mat knife. He cuts off tiny pieces and begins to smoke.

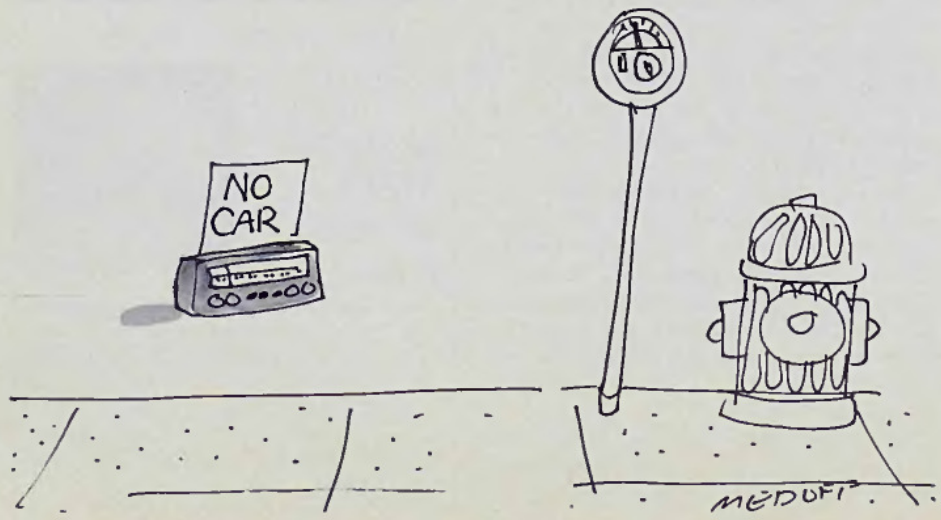
Vincent is the personification of the L.A. service industry. Currently the manager of a trendy nightspot, he has promoted clubs and served as an arbiter of style for local magazines. He earns enough money to buy some dope and live in the shadow of the Hollywood sign. As the black burn spots (sometimes called tin art) accumulate on his foil, he says, "I don't feel like I'm hiding from changes, because I am interested in them. That's why I'm pursuing new media. Heroin creates an environment where you can go and work." He has a new Mac Quadra and a paying project to keep him busy. This is his second heroin wave. He picked it up in the late Eighties with the Jane's Addiction crowd, then got straight, got his shit together—only to find heroin again in the Nineties among his new, wealthier peers.

•

At the podium, a 50-year-old, 30-year-sober lesbian alcoholic recites some kind of stream-of-consciousness poetry to 150 people gathered in a municipal rec center. The foam coffee cups and plastic chairs of the AA meeting are a far cry from the cool textures of a chase-the-dragon party.

During the break, Jennifer, a slender, raven-haired 22-year-old former party girl, steps outside for a smoke. The daughter of well-to-do parents, Jennifer was educated in private schools, got a new car on her 18th birthday—the whole bit. Jennifer began smoking heroin socially, going to trendy bars and clubs, then graduated to a full-blown, daily IV habit. Prostitution followed.

She had a brown-sugar daddy—a successful actor. She recounts tale after tale of sordid sex. When she gave him a blow job, he would take a hit of heroin or crack just before he came. She also fooled around with the owner of a record label. For a while, these arrangements assured her a steady supply of dope. She and the actor and a small group would gather at a dealer's house



on Fridays for all-night heroin parties. "I've seen lots of people put needles in their arms," she says. "These people would do it out in the open at this girl's house and I fucking thought I wasn't one of those people."

Jennifer's life disintegrated to the point where her oblivious parents took notice and forced her into detox at Exodus in Marina del Rey—the Betty Ford Center of the Nineties. Or, as she calls it, "rock-and-roll rehab." Alumni of Exodus include Gibby Haynes of the Butthole Surfers and Kurt Cobain; Cobain's fate gives credence to the perception that detox outfits simply allow celebs to get into shape for a movie or tour.

"It was fucking brutal," Jennifer recalls. "Three days straight I didn't sleep. It was like frying on acid for three days. My bones ached. I had to sit on a chair in a shower so the hot water could hit me because I thought I was going to lose my mind and jump out the window."

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Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* and *Junkie* were written decades ago. Today's tunes about smack are relatively obscure compared with *Heroin*, *Sister Morphine* or *Happiness Is a Warm Gun*. They're just more reminders that today's twenty-year-olds have yet to crawl fully out of the shadow of the boomers. "It's like I'm watching a fucking bad version of my story over and over again," says Dallas Taylor, former drummer for Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. Taylor made a million dollars by the time he was 21 and spent a lot of it getting high. Back then, they had their own heroin achievers. "Whenever anybody said, 'Oh man, come on, it's killing your career,'" he says, "my answer would be, 'What about Keith Richards?'"

Taylor ebbed and flowed through the Sixties and Seventies before sobering up after a failed suicide attempt. Then came a bout with liver disease. "Journalists love it when rock-and-roll drummers are dying," he says. "They wouldn't talk to me before, but now that I'm croaking, they'll talk to me."

Now 47, he is a consultant at Exodus and has chronicled his highs and lows for his autobiography, *Prisoner of Woodstock*. "What people don't realize is that it's the king," says the voice of experience. "It will fuck you up. I tried for 20 fucking years to control my heroin use. It just doesn't work. It didn't work in the Twenties or the Sixties and it ain't going to work in the bad old Nineties."

Hollywood, too, has had its casualties. Jerry Stahl is a 41-year-old former television writer, former scriptwriter, former PLAYBOY contributor and former junkie. He shot speedballs in an NBC bathroom before a story meeting for *Alf*. "If people sitting at the Viper Room smoking tinfoil can get away with it, great," he says. "But there are always going to be people who start there and just head due fucking south. And I was one of those people."

After the usual bottoming out (losing the wife and house, etc.), Stahl worked at menial jobs (moving furniture and flipping burgers, etc.). He, too, has staked space on the bookshelf and a chair on the talk show circuit with his just-published autobiography, *Permanent Midnight*. "Dope has always been cool in the movies and there have always been cool dope books," says Stahl. "It's such a great fucking legacy, it's hard not to buy into it. But the people who wrote about it are the ones who survived and got the fuck out."

•

Two weeks after Kim's conversation about kicking, she finally opens her restaurant. Vincent's publishing venture seems to be receding, but he is maintaining. Kim and Trevor got a taste of the unreliability of contraband when their dealer got busted and they endured a few days of unplanned kicking. But the single biggest factor affecting the drug supply is not police, but the weather. "At some point or another in the Nineties," says Dr. Nadelmann, "there will be a heroin crop failure. The purity will drop, the price will increase and a lot of people who have been snorting or smoking are going to shift to injecting."

The more likely scenario is far less dramatic: The culture will OD on hollow eyes and sad beauty, and trendy people will no longer use heroin. Today's Smack Pack will either morph into the new look or be consigned to the retro bin. Perhaps crystal meth or GHB or drugs not yet synthesized will course through the scene. Or maybe it'll be fresh air. Hollywood can go cold turkey and not miss a beat.

Everyone intends to quit. Trevor is going on tour and says he won't score on the road—especially overseas. Kim has to get clean, too—otherwise either their relationship or Trevor's recovery will unravel. Vincent talks vaguely about when he just won't do it anymore.

"I have to address what drives me toward it," Jonathan says. "Once you're aware that you're an addict, you're on the right path."

Perhaps, he says, he'll fall in love (he dates only drug-free girls) and never want to do dope again. But, like all the achievers, Jonathan says he's not worried. "At some point your career is the thing you're most concerned with," he says, slicing open a just-acquired balloon. "You don't want to throw it all away on fucking drugs."

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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BASEBALL

(continued from page 116)

year in last place. So did their 1993 Series foes, the Phillies, but at least the Phils fell with the team name spelled correctly on their uniforms. Joe Carter played a Jays game in a jersey emblazoned TOROTNO.

• Montreal outfielder Larry Walker vapor-locked in April when he caught a fly ball, flipped the souvenir to a fan and coolly jogged toward the dugout. Too bad there were only two outs. Seeing base runners sprinting and his teammates waving for the ball, Walker ran, resnatched it and fired it to the infield. Score that play 9-fan-9-5.

• Minor-league manager Mike Goff mooned the umpire during an argument at home plate.

• Cleveland's basher Albert Belle, formerly nicknamed Joey, used a doctored bat and may now be called Corky.

• Mitch Williams, the Wild Thing who saved 43 games for the Phils in 1993 but will be remembered for the dead-armed fastball that lost the 1993 Series, quit. He tried to help Houston in 1994 but had nothing left. In June, Williams retired to his spread in Texas. Like Lou Gehrig, who ended by saying, "Today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of this earth," Williams left us with a memorable farewell quote: "It's time for Mitchy-poo to take it to the ranch."

Last winter it looked as if the national game was heading to the ranch as well. Owners were signing scabs, imposters, Oil Can Boyd and assorted tomato cans. But as George Bush, the Texas Rangers owner's dad, said when Saddam Hussein crossed the wrong foul line, "This will not stand."

Scab ball was doomed from the start; it could never succeed because baseball fans are purists. Otherwise we would not drive for hours for the privilege of sitting on hard seats, buying $4 beers and waiting to see if Bonds can find one bangable pitch in the assortment of scooters and darters Maddux gives him. Only purists care whether Cal Ripken passes Gehrig's iron-man record this summer, and how long the newly unretired Mitch Williams can survive on guts and an 80 mph heater. But any of that, as any fan knows, means infinitely more than anything scab ball could offer.

This year, when real baseball returns, the Braves, Yankees, Jays, Orioles, Indians, Reds and both Sox should be the best teams. Even without an official salary cap, there will be de facto caps because many clubs have overspent in recent years. That will lower salaries for all but the most stellar players. Baseball's economy will mirror real society: zillions for superstars, with the middle-class Jody Reeds of the world squeezed ever closer to the minimum salary. That's how it should be.

Owners will get richer as another round of expansion in this growth game brings $125 million to $150 million apiece from two new teams, only four years after the expansion Marlins and Rockies paid $95 million each, and they'll rake in even more when interleague play creates new rivalries by 1998 or 1999. Owners will always get richer. That's what owners do. But the game is the players, and only the best will do. Anything less is meaningless.

"And here I am achieving my first orgasm. . . ."

SPRING TUNE-UP

(continued from page 80)

of Advanced Athletics in Chicago. Grover's clients include Michael Jordan and members of Chicago's national champion 16-inch-softball team, Lettuce. We asked Grover what he does to get clients in shape for baseball. His approach epitomizes the new direction of sports fitness:

"Most of the people I work with are already superb athletes. General conditioning isn't our goal. With Michael, I work on specific areas to increase bat speed and flexibility for fielding. We also use rubber tubes and various stretches, spending the preseason training the vulnerable, easy-to-injure muscles. The demands of the sport are strange: You stand in the outfield for six innings, then suddenly have to perform at maximum.

"For hitting, we concentrate on the torso. We work with medicine balls, and do regular and reverse crunches and hyperextensions for the lower back. If you swing with just your arms, the ball will never leave the infield. Watch Frank Thomas and see how quickly his torso, legs and hips unwind. That split second makes the difference between a power hitter and an infield hitter. For eye-hand coordination, I teach guys to juggle. Some coaches have athletes watch flashing lights. Boring. Juggling gives an athlete immediate feedback." Imagine Michael juggling. Now go for it.

The nickname for juggling balls is "thuds" and tossing these three colorful spheres skyward will do wonders for your eye-hand coordination, from More Balls Than Most Ltd., about $30. Additional balls: $9 each.

Quicksand

(continued from page 86)

removed a paper clip from a manuscript that lay on Ad Magic's bureau. "You still haven't told me how you broke it."

"Government soldiers bashed it with a rifle. Chased me over the edge of a damn ravine—head over heels like a Peter Sellers movie. I landed in a muck-fucking quicksand pit loaded with crocodiles. I lost my shoes. It was insane. I still can't believe it."

Lars straightened the paper clip and held it in the flame of the butane lighter she retrieved from the bureau next to Ad Magic's red-and-white packet of Marlboros. In seconds, the end of the paper clip glowed red. Worried about his breath, Ad Magic took another swallow of paregoric. He hoisted his window and looked down at the street drummers. "Martha and the Vandellas: Your love is like quicksand, and I'm sinkin' deeper."

Lars took his injured hand: "Hey," Ad Magic said, "What are you doing?"

"Don't worry," she said. "Trust me. Be a brave little soldier now." Lars plunged the red-hot end of the paper clip into the base of Ad Magic's thumbnail, filling the air with the pungent smell of burning hair. When she made a second hole, a narrow streamer of blood shot across the room. "Oh man," Ad Magic said, sagging. "You scared the shit out of me but, oh boy. Holy cow! What a relief."

"Didn't I tell you so?" Lars said with a laugh. "You're so tense. Roll over on your belly," she said, pulling him to the bed. Soon her cool fingers were massaging his back and neck. Ad Magic let off a long sigh as the paregoric hit home and warmth filled his abdomen. In another moment he was floating an inch above the mattress. He closed his eyes and saw marvelous swirling lights. "That feels so good," he said. "Don't ever stop. All that shit in Rwanda. I've been as scared as a rabbit ever since I got here. This has been a fucked-up trip."

Her fingers left his skin suddenly and Lars seemed to be rustling out of her shirt. Ad Magic listened as she seemed to unclasp her bra. It sounded as though she were opening up a bank vault. *Could it be possible?*

Suddenly he could feel the sweep of her long hair and the points of her firm breasts on his back as she licked, kissed and nibbled his ears. He quickly grew hard, and as he rolled over Lars pulled off her panties and mounted him. Her breasts stood erect and the nipples tilted up. Implants or real? Lars bent forward and let Ad Magic bury his face in them. In order not to come, he forced himself to think of the numbers that had accrued to date on his mealies letter. He thought of the metric tons of corn that had been purchased with the funds. He thought of the overhead, the transportation costs and the percentage of money Global Aid owed him over and above his salary on a sliding-scale rate. Suddenly Lars found the right position and began to groove on his cock like a bronco rider. She let off a long shuddering groan and then reverted to the push-up position. Ad Magic quit his mental calculations to watch her marvelous breasts for the few seconds that passed before he exploded inside her.

•

Lars did not get off him but leaned back, pinching her nipples as she continued to thrust in a wholly new fashion. Ad Magic worried that she would expect him to remain hard. He did not think himself capable of such a feat but, to his amazement, as he concentrated on her breasts his erection remained intact, hardened even, like industrial-grade diamond. "I'm fucking. I'm *actually* fucking. I am getting laid," he whispered.

The further Lars leaned back, the more confident Ad Magic became in his staying power. As the backbend became extreme, Ad Magic thought she might snap off his penis. Yet there was pleasure in the pain. He slipped out, and she roughly grabbed his dick and reinserted it. Ad Magic found himself doing a kind of neck bridge to accommodate her. As with so many of the beautiful women he had known in the fashion industry, making love to Lars was becoming hard work.

Lars got off him and summoned him to enter her from the missionary position. Then she began a series of low-grade orgasms. She wet her middle finger in her mouth and stuck it up Ad Magic's raw ass. He just about hit the ceiling over that one and began banging her as hard as possible, as if to fuck her to death. She gave off her greatest cry. Finally, Ad Magic thought.

But Lars took Ad Magic's head in her hands and rammed her tongue into his mouth. The furnace heat she was putting out was incredible. She worked her mouth down his neck to his chest, arms and the fingers of his good hand. He held the sore thumb above his head in abeyance until Lars went down on him in such an experienced and smooth fashion that Ad Magic realized he was about to receive the blow job of a lifetime. He clasped both hands gently on her head, closed his eyes and drifted off into ecstasy. It was as if Rwanda and the whole nightmarish trip to Africa had never happened. Lars seemed tireless and when Ad Magic opened his eyes and saw those firm, shimmering breasts, he became as hard as a teenager on testosterone and, in moments, he came.

•

Ad Magic woke to the feel of Lars' cool fingers on his cheek. When he looked up

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at her, she was fully dressed. "Did we do it, or have I been dreaming?"

Lars winked at him. "Oh, it was a dream. What kind of girl do you take me for? This has been a strictly professional visit."

He smiled at this. "I knew it had to be too good to be true." He swept his hair back with his fingers. "Tell me something, Lars. Do you ever feel like a puppet in a Punch-and-Judy show?"

"No," she said. "What kind of question is that?"

Ad Magic realized he was still grooving on the opium. He reached for a cigarette and smoked it cool style, pouting his lips and inserting it into the center of his mouth. "Scatman Crothers as Mr. Clotho: *Ahm just a porter on the Pushman line. Ahm a sheet metal man an' all my ducts look fine.*"

Lars smiled.

"Scatman Crothers in *The Shining*: *How would y'all like a nice big dish of chocolate ice cream, Doc? Heh heh heh.*"

Lars smiled, revealing her teeth.

"And Scatman Crothers as Jimmy Durante—"

Lars unbuttoned her blouse, tossed it on a chair and reached behind her back to unclasp her bra. When her breasts sprang loose, she said, "Yes? Jimmy Durante. Yes?"

"Make dat Ralph Kramden, darlin'. *Hommina, hommina, hommina.*"

•

Pastor Dave Mosley, large and stout, with a full gray beard, was walking around his dirty gray Peugeot 505 station wagon, shifting luggage on the roof rack. He loosely secured ropes, lighting and relighting a big bowl calabash pipe while he experimented with various load arrangements.

Ad Magic's pupils were dilated and his eyes had a glassy opiate sheen as he took the last few slugs from his giant bottle of paregoric. It was warm and getting hot as Pastor Dave continued to fiddle with the Peugeot. Ad Magic, dressed in the thinnest of cottons, watched with increasing dismay as the stout minister worked in the hot sun in a thick cabled wool sweater. He was checking not only the air pressure of the tires but also that of the spare. Ad Magic zigzagged back to his room to pay one last visit to the toilet. When he returned, Pastor Dave's head was buried in the narrow hood of the Peugeot. Christ! Now what? Ad Magic approached Pastor Dave, tapping him on the shoulder. "Are you putting in new head gaskets, or what?"

Pastor Dave stepped back, struck a wooden match and lit his pipe. He took several pulls on it and then held it out before him, a beloved object. He took another few pulls and blue-and-white smoke poured out of the bowl like mist coming off a hunk of dry ice. "I'm afraid the water pump is shot. Are you feeling any better?"

"I feel fine," Ad Magic said. "I thought we were leaving at nine. The water pump is broken?"

"Ho. Not to worry. This is Africa, son." Pastor Dave puffed on the calabash, surveying the landscape. It was such a bright and clear day that the low crater of Ngorongoro seemed deceptively near. The minister nodded at the mountain, summoning Ad Magic to do the same. "Oh, the hell with that," Ad Magic said, waving it off. "If you've seen one fucking crater, you've seen them all."

"Oh ho," Pastor Dave said. "It's the fever still. You're not feeling well, are you? It's a wonderful day."

"It's not that I'm not feeling well. It's just that I thought we agreed to leave at nine. How are you going to run down a water pump? I suppose you want to boil out the radiator, too."

"Joshua is rounding one up now," Pastor Dave said. "Cissy has gone along with him to keep him away from the beer halls."

"God! They have an auto parts store in Arusha?" Ad Magic said.

"Not really. There's a junkyard."

"The whole city is a junkyard!"

"Well, a case could be made. Anyhow, they've gone over there to scavenge a water pump. I thought I would take the time while we're waiting to adjust the timing and top off the oil. I really need to throw a new set of rings into this beast. It burns a quart with every fill-up. I'm almost three quarters of a quart low and I hate to top up since we'll have an open can of oil to carry."

"Just dump it all in," Ad Magic said abruptly.

"Well, you can do that but then there's too much pressure and it can blow the seals. Especially on a hot day."

"Then add three fourths of a quart and throw the oil away. You can't carry an open can in the car. Somebody's going to knock it over."

"I was thinking of that," Pastor Dave said. "But I hate to waste oil."

"Give it to a beggar!" Ad Magic snapped. "He can start a business greasing rusty bicycle chains."

"Oh ho!" Pastor Dave said. "You're a funny man, Derek. This will be a jolly trip."

"I'm going back to get Lars. They've got an X-ray machine at the Methodist clinic. Lars promised to set my thumb if there was time. It feels like a rat is chewing my whole hand off."

"I noticed the bandage at dinner. What happened?"

"I'll tell you about it on the trip," Ad Magic said. "Let me go find Lars." He started to walk back to the hotel and then turned to look at a chicken crate tied above his suitcase on top of the car. "Whose chicken is that? Is Joshua taking a chicken?"

"Oh, the chicken," Pastor Dave said. "I forgot to tell you."

"That suitcase cost me more than $400 in Switzerland," Ad Magic said as he turned and stalked back to his room. "Fuck."

•

Lars sat before a raw pine bureau with a small mirror, brushing her hair. She was dressed in a pair of Banana Republic shorts, Reebok cross-trainers and a thin denim blouse. She smiled as Ad Magic came inside. "You can't go about like that," Ad Magic said, nodding at her shorts.

"Why not?" Lars said.

"Because this is Africa. How long have you been in Tanzania, anyhow?"

"What makes you think that I was planning to go out like this?" Lars asked. "And where do you get off getting so cheeky?"

"Because it's time to leave, only it's not time to leave because the car's water pump is out. Cissy and Joshua are at some junkyard looking for a spare."

"Why on earth are you so grouchy?" Lars said. "Wasn't last night relaxing?"

"I'm hungover on paregoric," Ad Magic said. "My thumb is killing me."

Lars reached for Ad Magic's hand and examined it. "The nail is infected and it really should come off. Let's walk over to the clinic and take a picture of the break. I can probably set it for you."

"What do you mean, probably?"

"I don't know much about orthopedics," Lars said, throwing on a jacket. "But the bone is crushed. What happened to you, anyhow? You're so mysterious about everything."

"I told you. Rwanda. Quicksand," Ad Magic said. "Martha and the Vandellas. I'm sinking deeper. Crocodiles and shit."

•

As Lars and Ad Magic came out of the hotel, Pastor Dave had the alternator of the Peugeot 505 laid out in the lot along with the fan belt, the water hoses and the car's radiator. "Oh my God!" Ad Magic said. "We'll be here all week."

Lars, now decorously clad in her madras skirt, took Ad Magic's good hand and pulled him along as she took great bounding steps forward. "That would be super."

Ad Magic laughed. "I guess you're right. I mean, we're headed for Goma. And then—Mocherville! Let's hope he never gets it fixed."

The side road into town defined itself

only by virtue of the fact that it was a darker color than the sand that surrounded it. It was packed down by road traffic and stained with oil and transmission fluid. Along the roadside were large billboards extolling the virtues of skin bleach, depilatories, Orange Crush, Walls ice cream and Colgate toothpaste. The ubiquitous Coke signs proclaimed nothing. They were just what they were—international icons.

The billboards were separated by flamboyant trees—palms, acacias, ballanites—under which street vendors sold potatoes, onions, tomatoes, mangoes, pineapples and enormous plantains. They sold crude salt, *miswaki* sticks (which the Tanzanians used as toothbrushes) and various unlikely items—Walkman tape players, Nike jogging shoes, Harvard University sweatshirts. Ad Magic watched a man dole out palm oil from a large tin into empty pop bottles. Another vendor offered cigarettes for sale, one at a time or in colorful packets. Others offered a variety of cooked foods—hot corn on the cob, roasted nuts, stews and meat kabobs of uncertain origin. African women dressed in brightly colored *kanga* cloth toted bundles on their heads—firewood, yams carried in large porcelain basins, sacks of kola nuts, stalks of bananas, hogfish—while their men walked ahead of them carrying nothing at all. This was a far sight better than Rwanda, where people were reduced to eating field mice.

Bicycles and motorcycles cruised up and down the road. People stood under the trees passing the time of day, smoking cigarettes, listening to juju music or playing the popular board game *kigogo*, shuffling little wooden balls into slots hollowed out of a log. A child had tried to teach the game to Ad Magic in the refugee camp across the Tanzanian border from Rwanda, and he had promised himself that he would master it as a form of self-improvement, but he had found it to be the most complicated, difficult and utterly pleasureless game he had ever in his life tried. It was the most awful taxing of his brain he could remember since he was required to take a course in botany in college.

"Look at them," he said to Lars. "Happy-go-lucky, sweet, friendly. But God knows how fast that can all change. I thought I had a handle on this place, but not now, not anymore. I'm going to Mocherville and then I'm out of here, never to return. Rwanda is just the start. All these tinhorn countries are ready to blow. And to think I used to feel safer here than at home."

As the side road fed into the main drag, Lars led Ad Magic through the traffic, diesel fumes and 130-decibel noise into the Methodist clinic. This was packed with dozens of ailing Africans, none of whom had anything so minor as a broken thumb. Lars escorted Ad Magic into the surgery with a wave at the clerk sitting at the front desk.

The senior physician took an X ray of Ad Magic's thumb. Lars then whipped out a syringe and began poking him around the base of the thumb with novocaine. Tears began to run from Ad Magic's eyes. "You're so violent with that damn needle," he said. "Can't you give a shot so it doesn't hurt? Like slower? You didn't even give me any time to get ready, to think things over, to compose myself."

"If I go slower, it's still hurting, isn't it?" she said. "We're all through now. Fast is better." Before he knew what was happening, Lars took a pair of forceps and removed Ad Magic's thumbnail. It was a painless operation that sounded like a piece of tape being ripped off a cold glass window. The size of the nail with its bloody root horrified him. As soon as Lars finished cleaning out the nail bed, the house doctor was ready with a wooden splint. He fixed it to the thumb and adjusted the bone by feel. After he bandaged it, he led Ad Magic, now feeling queasy, to his consulting room and poured him a mug of tea. He went back out to the examining room to join Lars.

This gave Ad Magic a chance to poke into the medicine cabinet that sat temptingly open with a key dangling from the lock. He grabbed one of several large blue jars of morphine tablets, popped three with his tea and replaced it. Then he changed his mind and began jamming pills into his bush pockets. When his pockets were bulging, he stuck the jar in the back of the cabinet and positioned the full jars in front of it to conceal his theft. He pulled his shirt out of his shorts to cover the bulk of his pockets. Jeez! He wished he had a sea bag. A shopping cart. This was a once-in-a-lifetime score. Before him was a five-year supply of morphine. There didn't seem to be much else worth stealing until he saw a 100-count bottle of Dexedrine. He dumped these into his near-empty box of Marlboros and was sitting on an old leather-cushioned divan when Lars and the senior doctor came back into the room holding an X ray. "All is OK," said the doctor. He carefully replaced the wooden splint with a curved one made of aluminum, secured it with an elastic bandage and said, "Dr. Lars can take it from here."

•

Back at the Hotel Arusha, Pastor Dave and Joshua seemed to have even more motor parts laid out on the ground. Pastor Dave winked at Ad Magic and Lars

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and they each gave him a little wave. "Good," Ad Magic said to Lars, "We'll be here all week. Good."

"Does that mean you're happy to be with me?" Lars said.

Overjoyed at his narcotics score, Ad Magic said, "Are you kidding? I'm nuts about you. I'm in love with you. Let's go out and buy a ring. I want to marry you and live with you forever."

Lars laughed. "You're silly," she said.

He had expected her to be thrilled and instead she seemed to be mocking him. Ad Magic stared at her blankly. "So hip, so cool, so tough. You got a heart of ice, I swear. Does life ever seem like it's nothing but a big cartoon?"

She took his good hand and led him up to her room. There, buzzed on morphine, Ad Magic became a high-wire man in the circus. He was the Great Wallenda. Break-dancer Wallenda. "No inhibitions today. I'm not shy," he said. He lifted his arms up and extended them out from his shoulders, pointing his forefingers out with a flourish. He thrust out his chin and began to walk the wire. He carefully pointed each foot forward and walked an imaginary line across the floor, toe-heel, toe-heel, toe-heel. He got up on his tippy toes and began to backpedal as if he were about to fall. "When I was a commercial writer, I sort of flipped. Nervous breakdown. I don't know. I mean I don't know if it was all the drugs I was doing or if I was just plain crazy. I heard voices. God talked to me."

"You heard a voice from God?"

"Seemed like I did," Ad Magic said. "I was nearly killed in Rwanda. I'm getting too old for Africa. I'm over here risking life and limb and back in Los Angeles they tell me, 'Don't drive your Jaguar into headquarters, it looks bad. We're a nonprofit organization.' I say, 'Look at how much money my letters pull in.' They say, 'All you do is sit around here all day and flirt with the girls; then you pop into your office for five minutes and write a letter.' I say, 'Well, if it's so goddamn easy, you try it. Who came up with the mealies letter? Look what I've done for you. I've put food in those empty bellies. And what the hell thanks do I get?' Lars, tell me something. Have you ever heard the fairy tale Rumpelstiltskin? Have they got that one in Denmark?"

"Of course."

"Well, I suppose you think the little dwarf was a nasty man because he wanted to take the princess' first baby. Here's a man who comes along, saves her life, weaves straw into gold. Gets her married to the prince of the land. Creates a life of milk and honey for her and when it's time for her to turn over the kid as per agreement, she welshes. I got out of the commercial field, where at least you *know* you're going to get knifed in the back—nobody pretends that it's otherwise. I thought that by doing something for humanity—by doing the right thing—I could come to terms with life. But it's nothing but lies, duplicity and them all hating me no matter how much I deliver. Yet I have been honorable and held up my end of the deal. I have brought in millions and they say, 'Don't park the Jaguar at work. It looks bad. Buy an Escort.'"

Lars stroked his cheek with the back of her hand. "Poor misunderstood genius."

"Christ, Lars, you got a heart made out of ice. Wait until you get a load of Mocherville. They've got some sorry-ass missions in Zaire." Ad Magic held up his hands. "But with these magic fingers I have single-handedly turned Mocherville into the fucking Hilton of Zaire: air conditioners, Land Cruisers, a river launch, a pharmacy, slit-lamp ophthalmology, clean water, three squares a day, HIV prevention and treatment, an immunization program, Hansen's disease eradication—the whole deal. Clothing. There's even a dental service. They have a library. Classrooms. Modern textbooks. It's an oasis in hell, thanks to yours truly. To top it all off, they sent me over to this motherfucker in a coach-class seat, a violation of my contract. They can kiss my ass and let somebody else float the son of a bitch. I've had it. Every time I come back it's 20 times worse. Africa is just going down the shithole as fast as possible. People eating mice——"

"All I'm hearing is self-pity." Lars pulled off her sunglasses. "Have you ever taken lithium? Saliva is flying out of your mouth."

Ad Magic relaxed his shoulders. "Lithium? Yeah, sure. Stelazine, lithium, all that crap." He looked down at his shoes. "My investment portfolio is all over the joint. I've got to get on that when I get home. Maybe I can semiretire." He thrust his lower teeth forward of his lip. Amphetamine. He grabbed her elbow. "C'mon. Let's go. We've got a mission of vital importance."

Ad Magic took Lars in his arms and kissed her. "My God, you're beautiful. I love you. You're the love of my life, I swear."

In moments, Lars and Ad Magic were on the road back to town. With every step, Ad Magic cringed in pain.

"What?" Lars said.

"The heel bone being connected to the leg bone being connected to the hipbone and so on to the thumb bone. The thumb is killing me. I took morphine and it's throbbing any*fucking*how!" Ad Magic looked up at the sky imploringly.

"Why in the hell don't you just strike me dead and get it over with?"

"Derek," Lars said. "This is insane. Stop it!"

Ad Magic was several strides ahead of her. Soon he began to jog until he came to the first fast-food brazier, where he bought two iced bottles of Fanta orange. He popped three more morphine tablets and swallowed them with a bottle of soda. By the time Lars caught up, he was sipping the second bottle and smoking a cigarette.

"Do you want anything, baby? Are you thirsty? Hungry?"

Lars shook her head. "No, *baby*!"

"Look, I know what you're thinking, but don't worry. I'm all right. Just having a little nicotine fit back there. I'm better now. Seriously, do you know where we can find a good traditional doctor? I saw a whole lane of them the other day." Ad Magic handed the stallkeeper the empty soda bottles and when the man offered Ad Magic his change Ad Magic told him to keep it. "Let's go!" He thrust his lower teeth forward. "The winged dragon flies through the night sky." He lifted his palm and presented the sky to her as if it were his to give. "Beautiful, huh?"

"It's not night. It's daytime."

"You can really be a pain in the ass, Lars. What a nitpicker."

A small boy ran up to Ad Magic with a shoeshine kit. Ad Magic put a loafer on the little box and while the boy started slapping on polish and working the shoe over with a stained rag, Ad Magic snapped the fingers on his good hand and worked his arms and elbows in rhythm to the popping of the shoeshine rag. "Shoeshine boy. I'm a *shoeshine boy*." After the first shoe was complete, he handed the boy the equivalent of $50 while Lars shook her head in dismay. "It's all just fucking Monopoly money. I don't have to work for it."

Ad Magic led Lars to a row of herbalist stalls in a side alley off the main road beyond the Methodist clinic. After surveying all the stalls, Ad Magic dragged Lars back to the one with the most alert-looking of the traditional doctors, an old fellow with several crusted eczema patches that he worked over with the tips of his thin fingers. "The motherfucker can't cure himself, but that's not always a factor," Ad Magic said. A hand-painted sign in English advertised cures for lower back pain, impotence, toothache, malaria and worms. He turned to Lars. "My Swahili is for shit. Ask him if he can work some juju. Tell him I have many enemies in America who wish to harm me and that I don't feel so good. Say that I'm a writer and that I need my mojo back. My well is dry. If he's got a quit-smoking cure, have him throw that in, too."

As Lars conversed with the old man,

Ad Magic shifted from foot to foot, alternately squeezing the four fingers of each hand. "What? What?" he said anxiously.

"He thinks he can help you. Five dollars American to sacrifice a rooster. Fifteen for a goat."

"Tell him I want a big bull elephant and I'll pay $500."

Lars translated the message. The witch doctor rose from his seat and spat on the ground.

"You've insulted him," Lars said. "Now he wants $20. The size of the animal has nothing to do with it. He wants $20."

"Seven!"

Lars turned back to the witch doctor and entered into a protracted negotiation. Ad Magic reverted to his jaw-thrusting behavior. Instead of wringing his hands, he kept checking his wristwatch. "We're late," he said. "We're late. C'mon." Lars slapped his good hand. "Relax," she said, as she continued to talk with the witch doctor. Soon both were laughing.

"He has a nephew who has the perfect goat."

"How much?"

"Nine dollars. I don't think I can get him down any lower. If you can pay $50 to have one shoe shined, what's the big deal? It's just Monopoly money, Derek."

"How much for the rooster? What's the bottom line on the rooster?"

Lars turned back to the witch doctor. Ad Magic glanced at his watch. "Oh hell, you're right, give him the nine. Let's get this show on the road."

Ad Magic smoked a half dozen cigarettes in the half hour it took for the witch doctor's nephew to return, not with the goat but with a rooster. Lars spoke with the doctor, who said a rooster was just as good. Rather than watch the ceremony, Ad Magic paid the man and handed him three Marlboro cigarettes. "*Kwaheri*, man. *Muchas gracias*. Next time you are een Bolivia, peek up zee phone and geeve me a call, dude. I weel show you zee nightlife an' get you laid." Ad Magic blew him a kiss and he and Lars fought their way through the narrow alley, turned left on the main road and headed back toward the hotel. "You're beautiful," he said. "You're the love of my life. I feel better already."

"You're stoned," Lars said.

"I'm not impaired, in the real sense, believe me. There's a difference."

"Why were you given Stelazine?" Lars said.

"They gave me that in the nuthouse. It's not bad. Stelazine, life's a dream."

"I see."

"Let's go back to my room and do it."

"I am having my period," she said coldly.

"We can just make out. That's even better. I like that better. You're so beautiful. Lighten up, baby."

"OK, *baby*. But first tell me about the mealies letter."

"Fuckin' Murphy Brown! What a mouth you've got. Shit! Well, the mealies letter. I hate to dwell on past glories, but I'll tell you if I get to kiss those *mmm! mmm! goody!* luscious lips. Anyhow, I got this sack of mealies in my office and I'm eating it. It's a joke. Like, this is what I have to eat on the pay I get. I make it into a big joke and pretty soon everybody is eating my mealies, including all of the uptight assholes who I just hate and would like to knife, strangle or shoot through the brain. So what I do next is mash up some Milk Bone dog biscuits. I'm telling everyone they're protein-fortified—you know, new and improved—mealies and everybody is eating these dog biscuits and going, 'Wow! This stuff is great! This is just super!' I'm getting real satisfaction to think they're eating dog food. But then I read the ingredients on the dog box—good stuff—canola oil and stuff. I try it myself and it's like 200 times more delicious than the real mealies. Anyhow, how do you make the problem of starvation real to most Americans who have probably never missed a meal in their lives? Pictures of babies with swollen stomachs only cuts it to a point. People are donor weary. So I started sending out the crushed Milk Bones in little homemade packets that I stapled

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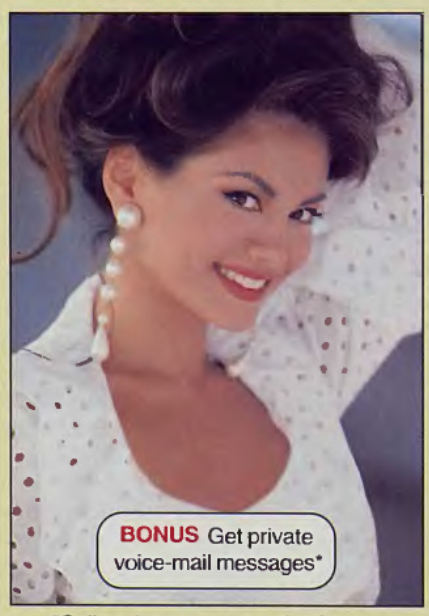

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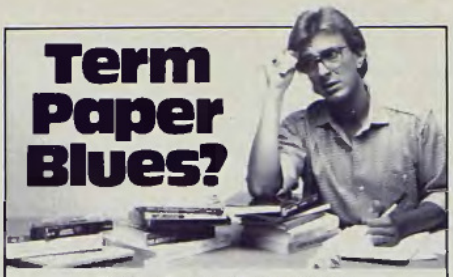

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to the bottom of the letters, and after the initial response, I knew I was onto a real goody. I went over the marketing lists. Jaguar owners, unlike myself, are typically austere types. I added coarse sea salt to the product and bingo! We've got 4300 registered Jaguar owners on our list and we get replies from 2107. The Cadillac and Lincoln crowd are comfort-seekers: These got crunchy granola and brown sugar mixed with their Milk Bones. I had a little factory down in the basement and hired some street bums to crush the Milk Bones and bag them."

"What was in the Saab batch?"

"Rat shit."

Lars made a fist and socked Ad Magic on the very site where she had given him a tetanus shot a half hour before. "You bastard."

"Lars, you Danish yuppie, you. I'm just kidding. Milk Bones have to be some kind of food and drug violation. I think we sent out like 40,000 and broke all records—me and my street crew. I had this super blend that I sent to the corporate clients and that's where we started drawing down some long green. Then my boss got into the act, and they started mailing real mealies and, I mean, what could I say? 'We need to use Milk Bones instead?' The curve started to drop but we were still hauling in well over triple. John Q. Citizen tastes the little sample, imagines himself in darkest Africa eating mealies far from the stresses and strains of 20th century America. Or something. I don't really know what the appeal was. Only that this damn letter has become an instant classic in the industry, I'm up for awards, and in the meantime we are delivering metric tons of corn to the starving Masai, which is the bottom line. I mean, I could get banned if the truth ever comes out. My packaging guys weren't even washing their hands."

"Did you ever imagine yourself to be Christlike?"

"Oh ho *ho*, Lars! Don't play psychiatrist with me. Jesus was a paranoid schizophrenic. There's literature on it. I've got both my feet planted in reality."

"Hmmm!"

"Hmmm! she sez. You are such a beautiful woman. You have such a free spirit——"

"Would you be willing to try the Stelazine again? The lithium?"

"Lars, don't be my doctor, be my main sah-queeze. I don't want to *hear* doctor. I can't work on lithium. Who can work on lithium? If I have to be a little crazy to do this, so be it. I'm not really in it for myself anymore. This is all part of a larger scheme."

Ad Magic hailed a gypsy cab and within five minutes they were back at the Hotel Arusha. There, Ad Magic found Pastor Dave, Cissy and Joshua, a middle-aged, gray-haired African, sitting on the veranda sipping iced tea. The Peugeot 505 was all put together. The heat of the day was weighing down heavily, but as soon as Lars and Ad Magic settled their bills they found themselves crunched in the backseat of the car with Joshua. Pastor Dave ran the motor for a moment, released the emergency brake, engaged into first and wheeled the old car onto the tarmac road leading out of Arusha.

Lars said her eyes burned and her head was pounding, but Ad Magic had just caught a second wind. He reached over and massaged the back of her neck. "Are you OK, *baby*? I don't mean to ignore you, but I've got a new ad coming through. There's a great deal at stake—the diabetes and the leprosy programs are real and vital concerns. We can't just let them go under. People criticize Boots, but without him Zaire would be nine different countries all at war with one another. I'm still hopeful that things can turn around there. You have to be optimistic in this business. The truth is, none of this foreign-aid shit does any real good. It's all just a big waste of time. They won't do things the right way and teach the people to help themselves. We're making it worse by the day. But that's not my problem. I can't even think about that. The natural resources in Zaire are incredible. You can grow 100-pound sweet potatoes, for God's sake. It could become the breadbasket of Africa, if we could get the roads in shape. Build a jungle autobahn."

"Derek, you're talking so fast and so loud I can't think anymore. I have to shut my eyes for a minute. I'm just absolutely drained. Please stop talking for just one minute."

Ad Magic let his jaw jut out, exposing his lower teeth. He was totally alert on the Dexedrine, yet because of the morphine he felt inwardly calm. He realized that he must be doing something wrong, however, since Lars looked frazzled. He put his hand on her shoulder. "Don't fade on me now, Lars. Keep on track. Come on, you're young, you're tough—a real trooper, remember? Twenty-two-hour days in the refugee camp, six weeks of that. You can do it. Together we can do this, *baby*?"

Lars put her hands over her ears, but Ad Magic continued. "You know, Lars—shit, I should call you Erika, it's just that Lars sounds like a first name. Which do you prefer? I can't control myself, I want to call you Lars. At this moment, you look like the person in that painting *The Scream*. I mean, I don't want to split hairs, but you are giving me all this grief about Stelazine and now you're the one who's caving in. Snap out of it! Don't fall to pieces on me. I'm going to have to work the refugee angle to keep money flowing into Mocherville. So much of it goes to greasing wheels. It's a pity, but all of the other agencies are going to come on like gangbusters with the Rwanda refugee thing. Hell, the same shit

happened in Burundi three years ago and nobody even reported it. I always hold up my end of things. It's the others that fuck up. Why? Because they are lazy. Success doesn't come out of thin air, you know. You have to work. They think they can duplicate my style, originality and rapport with the parishioners—in a pig's ass!"

"Derek, stop."

"Yabbetty yabbetty yabbetty! Lars! Listen: Rumpelstiltskin, he goes to court with a valid legal contract and what's Princess Heather going to do? On the other hand, he can weave straw into gold so he could buy anything—babies, hell, you can pick them up for a song in any country in Africa. Shit! Rumpelstiltskin's tragic flaw was anger. You know, like he stamped his foot into the ground and turned into a gnarled bush or something. There's only one guy in all the land who can turn straw into gold."

"Derek, please! If you don't shut up, I'll die! I. Just. Can't. Take. Any. More. *Please. Please. Please!*"

"OK, *baby*! But don't forget: fish oil for the starvation. You are going to get hit with a ton of shit in Goma. Sardines and mackerel. Just a tablespoon three times a day. Works like a charm. You have to be persuasive with the mackerel. It tastes like shit. Sardines are different. Your King Oscar, for instance, is your premium sardine, whether you choose the famous original style packed in olive oil or the more economical style in sild oil. Sild oil is the oil of the herring itself. It's rather mild in flavor. What I can't eat is a sardine packed in soybean oil. Uggh! Soybean oil tastes like some kind of hog runoff. You want to know if you've got a premium batch of sardines, your first consideration is the oil. Number two, just count the fish. What's bad, Lars, is a medium sardine. Six and seven to the can. Yuck, those are tough. Better get out the hot sauce. You're going to need a ton of it, too. And the aftertaste will kill you. It goes on forever. You say to yourself, Will it *never* end? I can't *believe* this. God! It's been *six years* and I can still taste them. Once I was in Russia and got a tin, opened the son of a bitch up and there was like one huge fish inside. One fuckin' fish!"

"Please! I'm begging you. Stop!"

"One jumbo sard——"

"Shut up! Damn you, damn you." Lars twisted away from him, sagged against the door and closed her eyes. Ad Magic reached between his legs and pulled his loose-leaf notebook out of his daypack. He continued to work his chin, exposing his lower front teeth, and began to write:

Dear Mr. John Q. Public:

In the land of the noble Masai warrior, on the horn of Africa, there is no such thing as social security, welfare, food stamps or nursing homes.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY *expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise.*

WIRED

Pages 16–17: "Ergo Computing": **Office equipment:** By *Neutral Posture Ergonomics*, 409-822-5080. By *Microsoft*, 800-426-9400. By *Health Care Keyboard Co.*, 414-536-2160. By *Kensington*, 800-535-4242. "The Sports Page": **Wireless Sports Channel** from *Motorola*, 800-449-4311. By *AT&T*, 800-428-8724. "Wild Things": **Video projector** by *Sony*, 800-937-7669. **Laser radar detector** by *Valentine Research*, 800-331-3030. "Multimedia Reviews and News": **Software** by *7th Level*, 800-884-8863. By *Gametek*, 305-935-3995. By *Origin*, 800-245-4525. **Accessories** by *Silicon Valley Ware Inc.*, 415-969-4177.

STYLE

Page 26: "Duffer Duds": **Jackets:** By *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at all Polo/Ralph Lauren stores. By *John Bartlett*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., NYC, 212-705-2000. By *CK Calvin Klein*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 645 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-4000. By *Basco*, at all Barneys New York stores. "Deprepping the V": **Sweaters:** By *New Republic*, at New Republic Clothiers, 93 Spring St., NYC, 212-219-3005. By *Perry Ellis*, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. By *Gentry Portofino*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. By *Laundry Industry*, at Urban Outfitters stores nationwide. By *Joop*, at Barneys New York stores nationwide. "Hot Shopping: Boston": *Allston Beat*, 617-421-9555. *Alan Bilzerian*, 617-536-1001. *Underground Snowboards*, 617-232-8680. *Beat Nonstop*, 617-236-6534. *Mama Kin*, 617-536-2100. *Boston Pops*, 617-266-1492. "Clothes Line": **Tuxedos and suits** by *Yves Saint Laurent*, at Yves Saint Laurent, 428 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-859-2389. **Jeans** by *Big Star*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-3342. **Boots** by *Tony Lama*, to order call Sheplers, 800-835-4004 or P.F.I., 800-284-8191. **Hats** from *Stetson*, at Wallach's, 150 Broadway, NYC, 212-513-7660. **Skiwear** by *Killy*, at Scandinavian Ski and Sport Shop, 40 W. 57th St., NYC, 212-757-8524. **Racing gear** by *Simpson*, 800-654-7273. "The Acid Test": **Alpha hydroxy acid products:** By *New West*, at fine department stores nationwide. By *Polo Sport*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. By *Aramis*, at fine department stores nationwide.

SPRING TUNE-UP

Pages 80–85: "Windsurfing": **Windsurfing board** by *Mistral*, at Can Am Sailcraft, 48 Charles St., Cambridge, MA, 617-661-7702. "Blading": **In-line skates** by *K2*, TK. "Tennis": **Rackets** by *Wilson*, 800-272-6060. "Golf": **Driver** by *Taylor Made*, 800-888-CLUB. "Cycling": **Bike** by *Specialized Bike Components*, at Specialized Bike Components, 15130 Concord Circle, Morgan Hill, CA. "Running": **Running shoes** by *Reebok*, 800-443-4444.

SMOKIN'!

Pages 90–91: **Cigars and accessories:** By *Davidoff of Geneva*, 800-328-4365. By *Alfred Dunhill of London*, at Alfred Dunhill, Water Tower Place, 835 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 312-467-4455. By *Villazon*, 800-526-4653. **Humidor and Diana 2000 cigar**, at Up Down Tobacco Shop, 1556 N. Wells St., Chicago, 800-5-UPDOWN. **Braces and tie** by *1492*, 800-452-1492. **Traveling humidor and case** by *Haven Humidors*, 818-821-3168. **Cigar matches** by *Swisher International*, 800-322-2317.

SINGULAR SENSATIONS

Page 118: **Jacket** by *Donna Karan*, at Stanley Korshak, 500 Crescent Ct., Suite 100, Dallas, 214-871-3600. **Shirt** by *John Bartlett*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., NYC, 212-333-4040. **Pants** by *Industria*, at Industria, 755 Washington St., NYC, 212-366-4300. **Shoes** by *Emporio Armani*, at Emporio Armani stores nationwide. Page 119: **Suit and vest** by *Emporio Armani*, at Emporio Armani stores nationwide. **Shoes** by *Giorgio Armani*, at To Boot at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. **Socks** by *Gold Toe*, at department stores nationwide. Page 120: **Shirt and tie** by *Hugo–Hugo Boss*, at Collezioni, 79 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-206-1400. **Jacket** by *Victor Victoria*, at Vasari, 865 Market St., San Francisco, 415-777-3501. **Jeans** by *Joop*, at Allure, 1509 Walnut St., Philadelphia, 215-561-4242. Page 121: **T-shirt and pants** by *Donna Karan*, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Overshirt** by *Victor Victoria*, at Sami Dinar, 9677 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills, 310-275-2044.

ON THE SCENE

Page 157: **Integrated phone and digital answering machines:** By *Sony*, 800-937-SONY. By *AT&T*, 800-222-3111. By *Toshiba*, 800-631-3811.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 ANDREW GOLDMAN (2), DAVID GOODMAN, SUZANNE KEATING, JOE LEVACK, RON MESAROS (3), RANDY O'ROURKE, ROB RICH, PHIL SHOCKLEY, LORI STOLL, KATHI VOLZKE; P. 10 ARNY FREYTAG; P. 22 © SONY PICTURES CLASSICS; P. 24 JILL GREENBURG/ONYX; P. 25 GREG GORMAN; P. 26 STEVE CONWAY, JERRY VILLADIEGO; P. 65 MARIO CASILLI; P. 110 KARL GEHRING/LGI, ALAN LEVENSON/LGI, TIM MOSENFELDER/LGI; P. 111 PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE (2); P. 126 ARCHIVE PHOTOS (5), WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (3); P. 160 DAVID CHAN; P. 161 JAMES IMBROGNO (2); PP. 127-133 HAIR AND MAKEUP BY ALEXIS VOGEL; P. 136 MAKEUP BY LORI BENSON, HAIR BY ALLEN PAYNE, STYLING BY CAROLINE LETTIERI/CLOUTIER.

Ad Magic tore the sheet loose and crumpled it up. He let his jaw jut out. "I can do this," he said to himself. "But first, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present a little Ad Magic." He leaned forward and began to speak to Cissy, Joshua and Pastor Dave. "Before your very eyes I shall convert straw into gold. Yasss, folks, the hand is quicker than the eye. Watch very carefully. I am going to lean back and apply the pen to paper any moment now. Mr. Derek has to write another ad and then another and another, on and on forever and ever. No one will ever thank Mr. Derek for doing good things in the world. They will give him a few junky toys and badmouth him behind his back and try to fire him, but Mr. Derek is smart. He is one step ahead of them. He feels much better now. He can weave enough gold to fill Fort Knox. So do not worry about Mr. Derek. His little deadlines are mere triflings. *Heaven in motion; the strength of the dragon. The righteous man nerves himself for ceaseless activity. Creative fire!* How's it goin' up there, Pastor Dave?"

"Splendid, Derek. How's yourself?"

"Just peachy. Sardines, anyone? Miss Cissy, can I interest you in the mackerel? How about a glass of cod-liver oil? I have a liter of North Sea oil, vintage 1945."

"Nonsense. The death penalty may be cruel, but it certainly isn't unusual. Especially here in Texas."

"We're just fine, Derek."

"Tell me, has anybody here seen my rooster?"

"A rooster," Cissy said, pushing her glasses back on the bridge of her nose. "You mean that skinny old bird on the roof?"

"He jes a li'l' red rooster, thass all. He could be dead of exposure up there." Ad Magic let his head drop to his chest and pretended to sob. Pastor Dave swerved around a curb and Ad Magic fell back in his seat. "The jumbo sardine is number ten," he muttered. "The worst."

Pastor Dave struck a wooden match against the dash and lit his huge pipe. The car had cleared the outskirts of town and the road began to weave downward. Everyone settled into quiet. Ad Magic set his notebook on his knees and began to scribble:

Alabama State Penitentiary
Luncheon Menu, 5/22/95
Death Row:
Ham and beans, creamed country peas
Corn bread & margarine
Jell-O
Coffee, milk or tea

Dear ***Ms. Goodfuck:***

The American public spends more than $85,000 a year to keep a convicted criminal on Death Row. The thousands of Africans in the Global Aid Refugee Camp in eastern Sudan have committed no crime except to have been born poor. For this, most of these good people have been condemned to death by starvation.

Starvation is not a pretty sight, ***Ms. Goodfuck.*** *The choice is yours. You can reach for your handkerchief or you can reach for your checkbook.*

Be a lifesaver. Write to Global Aid now. All donations are tax deductible.

Ad Magic quickly struck the last line and then looked over at Lars. She was snuggled against the window with a small pillow. She was beautiful in profile even as her mouth dropped open and a little string of spittle hung suspended from her lip. With a smile of satisfaction on his face, Ad Magic regripped the pen to accommodate his thumb splint and continued the assault on his latest direct-mail appeal. As Ad Magic's pen floated over the pad, he looked at Joshua and said, "Dude, can I interest you in a sardine? You lookin' a bit peaked. That mingy-ass chicken on the roof could use one, too, I bet. Up there shitting on my fancy Swiss suitcase."

Joshua turned away from Ad Magic and fixed his gaze out the window. In the front seat, Pastor Dave and Cissy stiffened. Lars, who seemed to have melted into a puddle, began to snore. Ad Magic realized he had gone too far. Yet again. He picked up the notebook, repositioned his pen and continued to sketch out his next direct-mail appeal.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

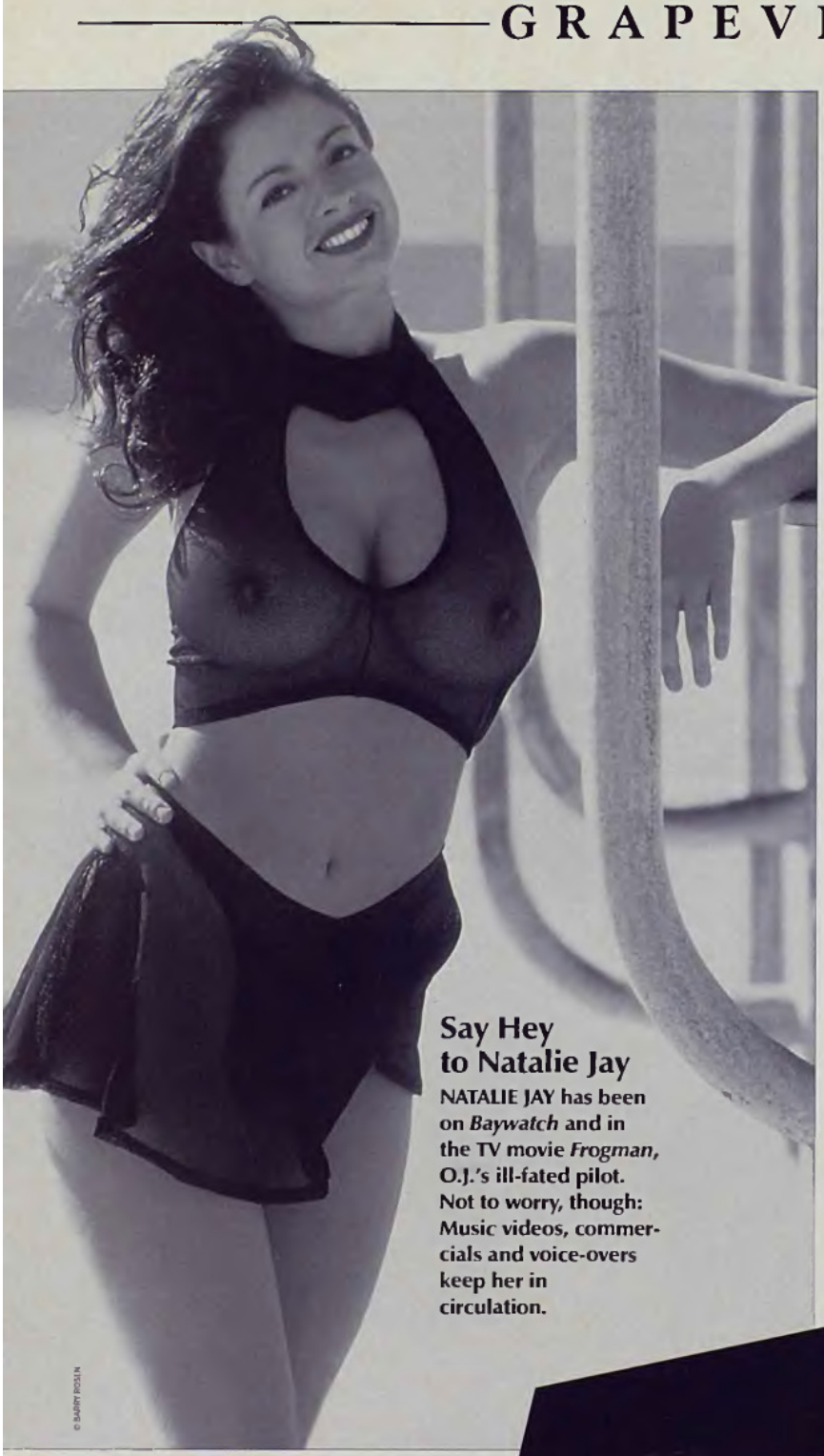
GET THE MESSAGE

Electronics manufacturers are thinking smart: Instead of forcing us to clutter our desktops with gadgets, they're combining useful technologies in ways that make great sense. Take the marriage of telephones and answering machines. Several companies, including Sony, Toshiba and Panasonic, now offer cordless phones with digital messaging systems built into the base. Owning one of these devices means enjoying the convenience of a top cordless phone and the instant-access advantage of a tapeless microchip recorder. There are also integrated phone-answering machines with multiple mailboxes and voice prompts that route your calls. Some of these virtual receptionists can even play music for callers who are on hold. No Michael Bolton, please.

You don't have to worry about Sony's SPP-A5000 running out of juice. The 25-channel cordless telephone with digital answering machine (pictured on the table) comes with two handset batteries—one that keeps the cordless operating for up to a month, and another that charges in the base for an instant exchange, about $270. Left and right insets: AT&T's 1545, about $230, with a speaker phone, 26 minutes of digital recording time and four voice mailboxes; and Toshiba's FT-9305 cordless phone/answering machine with conversation record function, about $200.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 155.



© BARRY PIOSIN

Say Hey to Natalie Jay

NATALIE JAY has been on *Baywatch* and in the TV movie *Frogman*, O.J.'s ill-fated pilot. Not to worry, though: Music videos, commercials and voice-overs keep her in circulation.

Rabbit Redux

Stand-up comic and sitcom star MARGARET CHO is the first Korean American high-profile presence on TV. We like her style—both in humor and in fashion. Her show, *All American Girl*, has the critics' attention and her Rabbit has ours.

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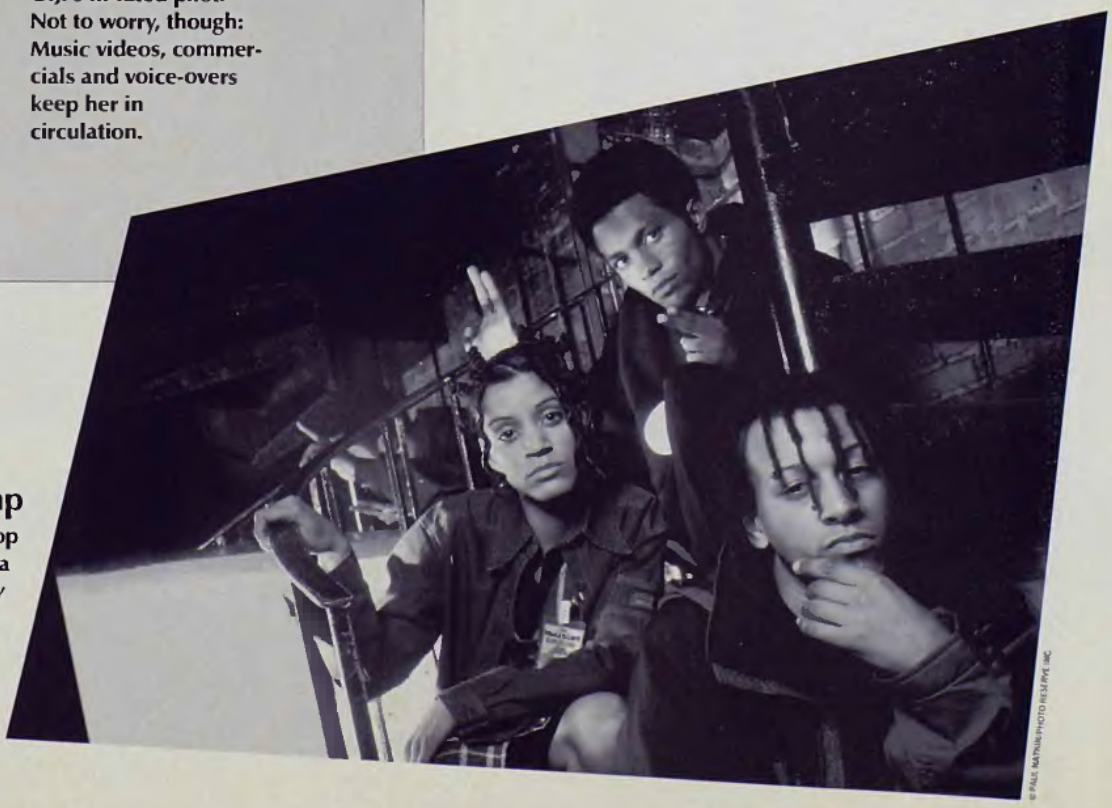


© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

No Sophomore Slump

DIGABLE PLANETS' cool jazz, hip-hop beats and smart stage persona claimed fans when *Reachin' (A New Refutation of Time & Space)* came out. Their latest album, *Blowout Comb*, has gone gold. The Planets are now headlining a tour. Go out of your orbit and catch them.

Big Al, Miked

MICHAEL KEATON (above, left), AL PACINO (center) and MICHAEL DOUGLAS (right) are three of Hollywood's biggest names. Each is working on a movie for 1995. Keaton stars in *Multiplicity*, Pacino in *City Hall* (that's what the cigar is for) and Douglas in *The American President* with Annette Bening. Each can carry a movie, and does.

Celeste at Rest

Starlet CELESTE WEAVER is just starting out, but she has already been featured on *Melrose Place* and will be seen in *Batman III*. Holy celestial body, Batman.

Batter Up

TIFFANY is an *MTV Spring Break* bikini-contest winner, an actress on syndicated TV's *Bandit* and a poster and calendar pinup girl. She hits a home run with us.

LONG, LONG TRAIL A' FOLDING

Hikers and bikers know that on a windy, wet day, a paper map is almost impossible to read. So more people are taking to hills and dales out West sporting oversize cotton bandanas imprinted with detailed trail maps of Slick Rock (Moab, Utah) and Mount Diablo and Mount Tamalpais (both in northern California), among other areas. The price: $10 each from the Bandana Map Co., P.O. Box 2638, Mill Valley, California 94942. Call 415-267-0615 for information on other trails available.

WILLIAM CONE

USE YOUR IMAGINATION

Little Annie Fanny. The Spirit. Superman. Pogo. Scrooge McDuck. These are the names that comic book dreams are made of. Now the work of 13 renowned artists (including PLAYBOY's Harvey Kurtzman and Jack Cole) who have been elected to the Jack Kirby and Will Eisner Hall of Fame is showcased in *Masters of Imagination*, a hardcover containing more than 250 illustrations. It's available for $32 from Taylor Publishing at 800-759-8120.

THESE GLOVES ARE NO DUMBBELLS

If you've ever dropped a dumbbell on your toe while doing aerobics, jogging on a treadmill or when climbing Mount Stair Master, then you'll appreciate Aerogloves. These finger- and palm-free neoprene gloves have one- or two-pound packets of lead shot sewn into their backs. The weight is thus distributed across the tops of your hands, providing comfort and freedom not found with handheld weights. Two sizes are available: small-medium and medium-large. Color choices include pink, electric blue, purple, teal and black. Price: $24.95. Call Aerobic Glove, Inc. in Jacksonville, Florida at 800-304-AERO for information on sports stores nationwide that stock the gloves.

GLENN ARVIDSON

DOWN TO THE SEA IN STYLE

Dave MacFarlane, president of Alden Yachts, went sailing with a wet wardrobe once too often. So he made a list of requirements for the perfect seabag and commissioned S&S Fabric Products in Rhode Island to create it. The result is a 34"-long bag made of rugged cotton duck that's lined with nylon. Inside, waterproof compartments keep clothes shipshape. Heavy-duty zippers and a comfortable shoulder strap complete the design. MacFarlane's seabag worked so well that S&S is now manufacturing it for $140 in navy, red or linen colors. To order, call 800-441-2252 or write to S&S at One Maritime Drive, Portsmouth, Rhode Island 02871.

LOVE FOR SALE

"Even Coco the gorilla refuses to mate unless the setting is quiet and private" is just one of the erotic tips in *How to Romance the Woman You Love—The Way She Wants You To*, by Lucy Sanna with Kathy Miller. Subtitled "Women Reveal Their Most Secret Desires," the book isn't printed on fireproof paper, but it should be. Call 916-632-4444 and spend $14.95 to find out what women really want.

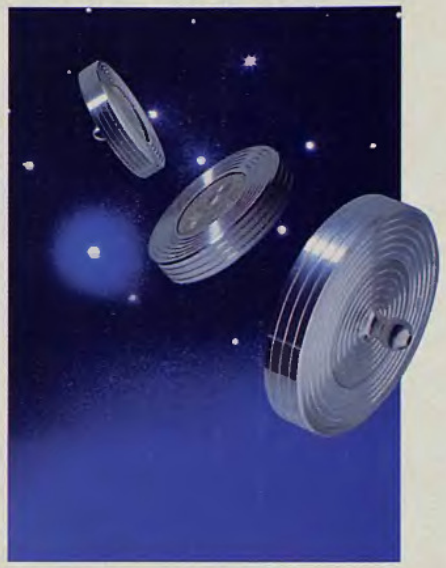
JOHN SCHNEIZER

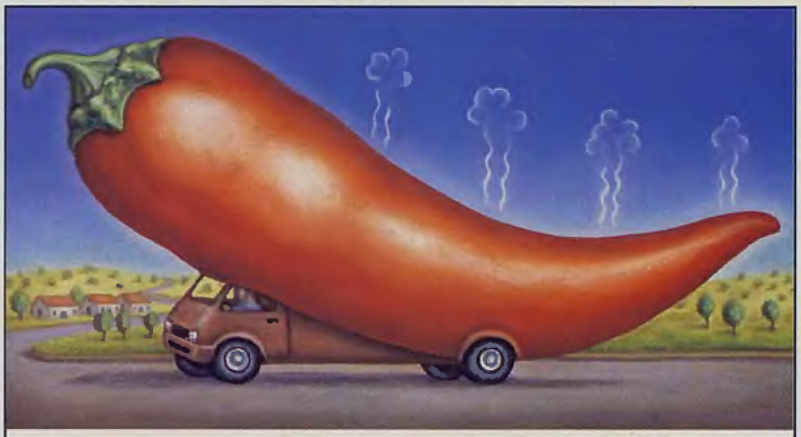
OUR CUPS RUNNETH OVER

"Ponder your position in life as you enjoy your favorite beverage" is how Muggers at P.O. Box 730, Duvall, Washington 98019, markets its ten-ounce Erotica coffee cups. Set A consists of four cups that feature drawings of sexual positions: Beginner, Intermediate, Advanced and Expert. Set B is decorated with daring doodles titled Neophyte, Precocious, Artiste and Virtuoso. The sets cost $32 each.

YOTSA LUCK

The YOT, pictured here, is a solid aluminum disk that holds a silver dollar–size coin. You can remove the coin instantly if you know how, or you can ponder the YOT for years and never figure out its secret. (The solution requires logic, intuition and imagination.) Seventeen milling and assembly steps make the YOT a precision product, not a toy, and it's a great desk trinket even after you've solved the puzzle. Order one for $29 from Hi-Q Products at 800-99-MOUSE and win some bets while driving your friends nuts. Hint: The word "sphinx" is a clue to the solution. Think about it.





AMY CRITCHLOW

HOT TO GO

Chile Today–Hot Tamale prides itself on offering "the hottest gift boxes in the world," including one titled Eat Heat. But its latest creation, the 100 Percent Gunpowder Gift Box, should be delivered on a fire truck. For $34 you get six types of hot pepper powders and flakes—*habañero*, smoked *habañero*, jalapeño, smoked jalapeño, chimayo and red Amazon—that you can use to jazz up everything from soup to nuts. Call 800-HOT-PEPR to order.

ROSES AND RODNEY

Still think Rodney Dangerfield doesn't get any respect? Tell that to his gorgeous wife, Joan. Her company, Jungle Roses, specializes in shipping huge blooms grown in South American rain forests. Sure, she sells long-stem roses, but her latest creation, Pure Petals, consisting of 500 petals and a bottle of bath oil, should definitely leave her husband pop-eyed. Call 800-SEND-ROSES, and the petals will be delivered for $97. Prices for a dozen long-stems range from about $120 for a standard bouquet to $170 for the Jungle Majesty Collection, which includes exotic blooms. Other floral arrangements are available.

CAROLYN VAN HOUTEN

NEXT MONTH

THE SAFE GENERATION

SKEEKS

RUSS MEYER'S VIXENS

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

RUSTY MIKE—A LOT OF PEOPLE THINK THAT WHEN **MIKE TYSON** GETS OUT OF THE JOINT, BOXING'S HEAVYWEIGHT CLASS WILL BE HEAVY ONCE MORE. BUT CAN THE EX-CHAMP RECLAIM THE TARNISHED CROWN? **VIC ZIEGEL** WEIGHS IN WITH THE ANSWER

A MAN ABREAST OF HIS TIME—A PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO **RUSS MEYER,** THE MOVIEMAKER WHO GOT THE BEST PERFORMANCES—AND MUCH, MUCH MORE—OUT OF HIS SILVER-SCREEN VIXENS. **ROGER EBERT** PENS THE ACCOMPANYING TEXT ON A VISIONARY WHO TURNED EXPLOITATION INTO ART (AND VICE VERSA)

DR. JOYCELYN ELDERS—IN HER MOST REVEALING CONVERSATION TO DATE, THE FORMER SURGEON GENERAL DISCUSSES MASTURBATION, POLITICS, PURITANISM AND RACISM, AS WELL AS HER EMBATTLED STINT AS THE CLINTON ADMINISTRATION'S MOST OUTSPOKEN MOUTHPIECE. A LANDMARK PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID NIMMONS**

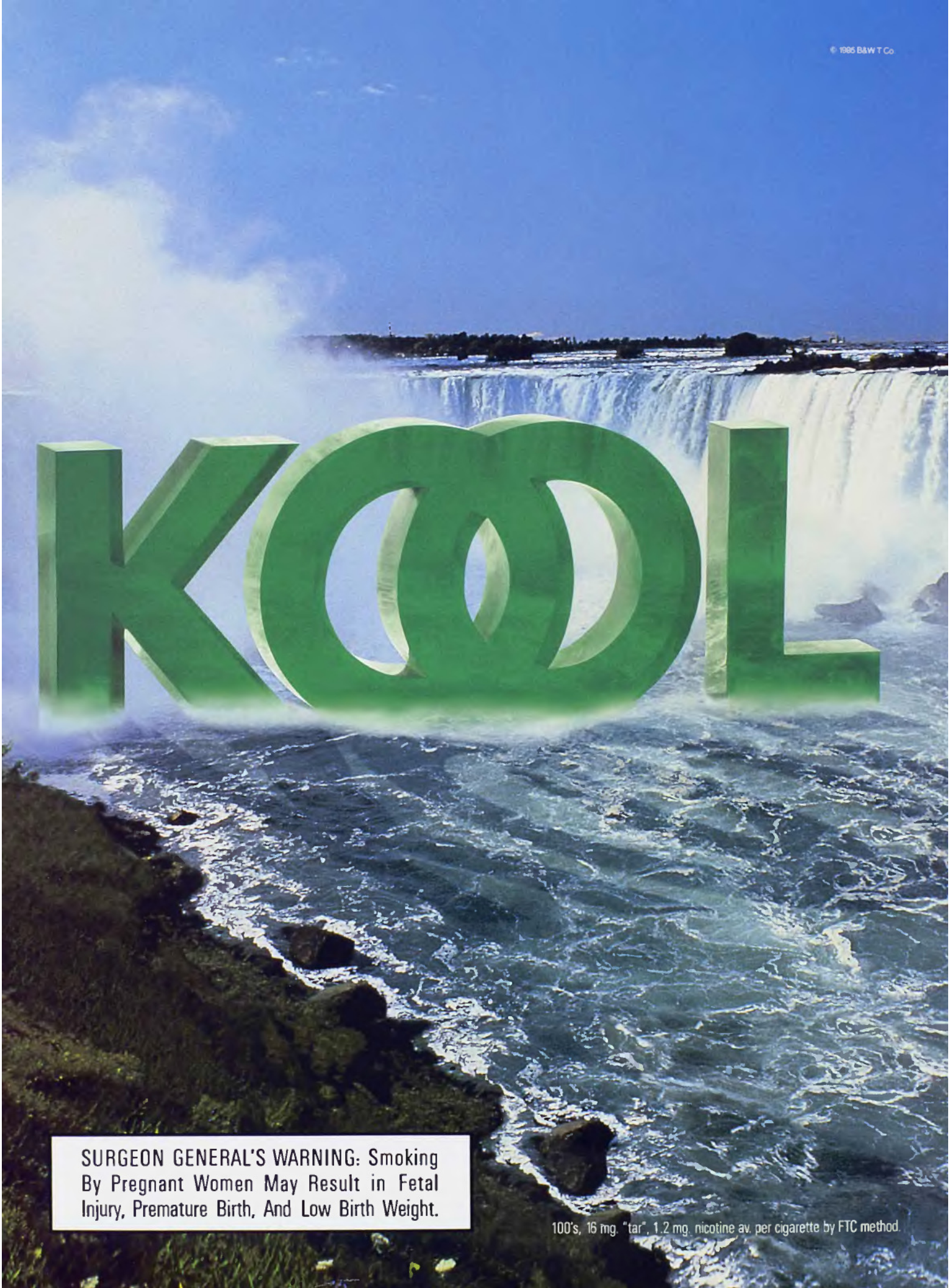
SKEEKS—WHEN AMERICA'S BEST-LOVED TELEVISION STAR DIES, IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT BOY CARTWRIGHT, ACE TABLOID REPORTER, SETS OUT TO GET THE REAL STORY BEHIND THE FATE OF HOLLYWOOD'S CANINE WONDER. ANOTHER COMIC TALE BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

TOM ARNOLD—FINALLY OUT FROM ROSEANNE'S SHADOW, THE ACTOR AND COMEDIAN TALKS ABOUT MEASURING UP TO THE OTHER ARNOLD, HIS MEMORIES OF MEATPACKING AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT UNWANTED TATTOOS IN A BEEFY 20 QUESTIONS BY **DAVID RENSIN**

THE SAFE GENERATION—OUR CAMPUS SURVEY ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS MAKES US WONDER IF YOU CAN YELL FIRE EVEN WHEN THERE IS ONE. FIND OUT WHAT THE NEXT GENERATION THINKS ABOUT SEX, CENSORSHIP AND THE FIRST AMENDMENT

CITIZEN TURNER—**TED TURNER** OWNS SEVEN NETWORKS, TWO MOVIE STUDIOS AND A WAREHOUSE FULL OF SAILING TROPHIES. HE'S WORTH ALMOST $2 BILLION, IS MARRIED TO JANE FONDA—AND STILL ISN'T SATISFIED. A BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT HIS WILD RISE IN A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **ROBERT GOLDBERG** AND **GERALD JAY GOLDBERG**

PLUS: SWIMWEAR, GREAT GADGETS AND GIZMOS FOR DADS AND GRADS, VIRTUAL REALITY HELMETS AND OUR MOST DESIRABLE, QUITE SENSATIONAL, OH-SO-SECRET-UNTIL-NOW-REVEALED PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR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KOOL
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
100's, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Be afraid. Be very afraid.

(yes, it's real gold.)

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